

Collier's

MAY 8, 1948

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Beginning
SHADOW OF FU MANCHU
By SAX ROHMER

Hate—With Russian Dressing

PAGE 20



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May 8, 1948



Father and son! Young Studebaker toolmaker Bill Wolter arrives for his night shift duty as his father heads for home. The elder Wolter, William F., has been with Studebaker nearly 30 years.

“We ought to be in Hollywood, Dad, instead of here at Studebaker!”

STUDEBAKER craftsmen usually do a lot of good-natured wisecracking when we are shooting their pictures.

But deep down inside themselves, they're tickled pink with the idea.

Man after man is proud to be identified with this unique working force that all America respects.

You see, painstaking craftsmanship is more than an honored tradition to the solid

citizens and friendly neighbors who man the Studebaker production lines. It's a way of life that has been root, branch and stem of Studebaker's reputation for nearly 100 years.

That's why father-and-son teams are a common sight in nearly every department. Many of their family names have been on Studebaker's roster for generations.

You pay nothing extra for all this when you buy a far-advanced new Studebaker car

or truck. But it's a plus of value that assures fine transportation every mile you drive—and every year you own—a Studebaker.

STUDEBAKER
Builder of trustworthy
cars and trucks

© 1948, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

Wanda Hendrix's smile wins role in Paramount's "My Own True Love"—

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Wanda Hendrix, Paramount Starlet, plays a leading role in Paramount's new picture, "My Own True Love." Wanda has smiled her way through only four pictures, but she's hailed by movie critics and fans alike as one of the year's best bets for stardom. She was a junior high school student in Jacksonville, Florida, when a talent scout discovered her in a local "little theater" play. He sent her to Hollywood for a screen test and she stayed . . . with a contract! Wanda's smile is as bright as her future—it's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've used Pepsodent Tooth Paste since my 'little theater' days," Wanda says, "and I wouldn't change now!"



Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used in our advertising you will receive professional model fees.

You'll find people all over America agree with Wanda Hendrix. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
and Liberty Films present

SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
VAN JOHNSON

ANGELA LANSBURY • ADOLPHE MENJOU • LEWIS STONE

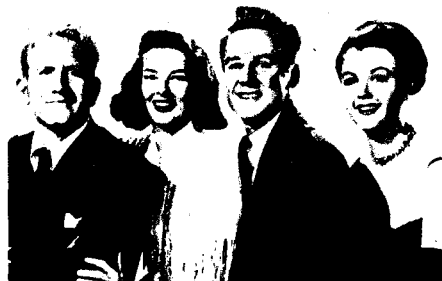
in FRANK CAPRA'S
STATE OF THE UNION

Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and
Russel Crouse

Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly

Associate Producer Anthony Veiller

Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With anticipation whetted by advance reports, we sat in the projection room and had served up to us a perfect screen dish. The recipe: Take big stage hit by big authors, season with big stars, trust cooking to eminent chef Frank Capra, serve in M-G-M manner. The result: "State Of The Union"—piping hot!

Liberty Films produced this picture on the M-G-M lot for M-G-M distribution and it emerges as about the most exciting movie ever made, as topical as today's newspaper, as comical as a circus with a plot, as intensely romantic as the elopement of a beautiful couple. In response to queries "How is the State Of The Union?", the answer is "It's Great."

Spencer Tracy plays the famous part, which has been toured in the flesh from coast to coast. And he plays it, as they say, to the hilt. Is there a greater actor today than Mr. Tracy? We doubt if there is. Katharine Hepburn plays the woman who fights for love and family. Never has anyone seen this actress show more evidence of a unique talent than in this performance. It is a flower-sending job.

Van Johnson as the press agent is so good that we suggest M-G-M hire him to advertise the "State Of The Union." Angela Lansbury as the famous publisher—important. Adolphe Menjou as the campaign manager—dynamic. Lewis Stone as the great Thorndyke—stirring. Very astute examples of casting.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, should be more than pleased with the wonderful adaptation which Producer and Director Capra has made of their play. They will be equally pleased with the sparkling screen version written by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly.

Let us state it very briefly—"State Of The Union" is the "must" picture of 1948.

COLLIER'S

May 8, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

MISLED

DEAR EDITOR: Who is the dolt who referred, in your issue of April 24th, to "the late Dr. Walter Damrosch"? Dr. Damrosch is still very much alive.

F. O. S., New York City

Dr. Damrosch is, at 86, a good deal more alive than the upstart who captioned his photograph. Collier's extends its apologies to Dr. Damrosch and a sharp rap of the baton to its erring editor.

HORROR IN THE NURSERY

DEAR SIR: Of all the unadulterated bunk I ever read, Horror in the Nursery by Judith Crist was the limit (Mar. 27th). I, my two brothers and most of the people I know have practically grown up on comic books and, as far as I know, none of us have ever killed anyone, stolen anything or given hypodermics with fountain pens.

HARRY J. SCHWALB, Miami, Fla.

... Why don't parents wake up?
GENE THOMAS, Dallas, Texas

... Unthinking parents may read the article and launch an attack on the comics. I suggest that first they put their own homes in order, being sure that love, understanding and security are there.

Since the story of Jack the Giant Killer appeared, action, excitement and a taste for blood have been enjoyed by children and adults. Some papas read murder mysteries, I am told. Parents, teachers and librarians must meet that need for an interest in so-called good thrillers before taking away the bad upon which children are now feeding.

MRS. DALE MORRISON,
San Antonio, Texas

... The great majority of comic books is viciously undermining every moral concept of our society in the most effective and loathsome way possible—by infecting and corrupting our children's minds.

If the parents can't prevent this nauseous flood from entering their homes, law-enforcement agencies must.

RICHARD L. VAN ZELE, Iowa City, Iowa

... As an editor, I am inherently opposed to any legislative control of the press—even a bad press. Self-policing of the comic-book field is good, but vague. Best of all is intelligent parental guidance toward sound reading habits.

C. G. HICKS, New York, N. Y.
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40 Years Growth in 2 Years



THE telephone was forty years old before there were six million Bell telephones in this country. Now there are twenty-nine million. The last six million have been added since these little tots were born — in about two years instead of forty. But growth is not the only measure of the increased value of your telephone service. Many new developments, worked out in Bell Telephone Laboratories and now being put into service by your telephone company, are extending its scope and usefulness.

There is the extension of telephone service to automobiles, trucks, busses, boats, trains and airplanes.

There is the \$200,000,000 program to extend and improve service in rural areas. Today there are 50% more rural telephones than when the war ended.

Then there is coaxial cable, no thicker than your wrist, which can carry 1800 Long Distance calls at one time. And along with it is a new system for transmitting telephone conversations by super-

high-frequency radio waves. Both are designed so they can be used for Television as well as Long Distance calls.

And research on new electronic devices, now under way in Bell Telephone Laboratories, brings still wider horizons of electrical communication within view.

It's all a part of progress and our constant effort to make telephone service better and more useful for every telephone user.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



OLD ARM AND A HALF

BY BILL FAY

NOBODY begrudged Ed Furgol his 6 and 4 triumph in the final round of the 1945 North and South amateur golf tournament. It was one of those warm, human-interest stories.

When Furgol announced that he was turning professional to challenge the Hogans, the Nelsons and the Sneads—well, even Ed's best friends told him it was a crazy idea. After all, Ed's left arm was 10 inches shorter than his right. He couldn't bend his left elbow—smashed 15 years before in a childhood accident (Ed fell off a playground swing two weeks after his tenth birthday). Worse, you could encircle his upper arm—between smashed elbow and shoulder—with your thumb and forefinger. The muscle had wasted away.

Only Ed's pert, brown-haired bride approved. "We'll go to a few tournaments," Helen decided. "If we win some money—fine. If we don't, we can always call it a honeymoon."

It's been quite a honeymoon. Ed and Helen have driven 175,000 miles on the pro golf circuit the last three years. They've never stayed anywhere longer than two weeks and Ed has done remarkably well against the Hogans and the Demarets. Old Arm and a Half (as the pros call him) earned \$14,167 last year by averaging 70.67 strokes for 104 tournament rounds. Only five pros—Locke, Demaret, Hogan, Oliver, Palmer—did better.

Ed's powerful right arm compensates for his withered left. He swings the heaviest driver in big-league golf—15½ ounces. "That's about two

ounces heavier than average," Ed explained at the recent Masters' tournament, "because I build up my club handles with gauze and tape to make a thicker grip for my overlapping right hand. The grip of my driver is thicker than a baseball bat handle."

"I need that thickness, because I don't have much 'feel' in my left hand and have to grab the club extra hard with my right—look here!" He held up his hands, thumbs together. The left thumb—squeezed thin by years of practice—was half an inch longer than the right.

It costs a lot of money to play tournament golf. Expenses average \$250 a week. Ben Hogan spent \$15,000 to win \$20,000 last year. The Furgols netted less than \$1,000 of Ed's \$14,000 prize money. "We aren't extravagant," Helen said, "but still the money goes out in a hundred ways. For instance, caddy fees run from \$30 to \$50 a week, and we wear out a new car every year."

The pros figure that Ed is overdue to win a big tournament—perhaps the National Open. That would be something new—a national champion whose left hand never knows what his right hand is doing.

● Dizzy Dean's description of Johnny Mize, the New York Giant's home-run slugger: "When he hits that ball, sawdust comes outta the bat."

● The best day's work turned in by a track athlete? You'll have to rummage through the record books for a long time to find one that compares

with Jesse Owens' performance at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the afternoon of May 25, 1935, when Jesse broke three world records. He broad-jumped 26 feet, 8½ inches; sprinted 220 yards in :20.3; and skimmed the 220-yard low hurdles in :22.6.

Owens' broad jump startled the experts. Many of them predicted the mark would stand forever. But forever is seldom more than a decade in sports. Another lithe Negro jumper—Willie Steele of San Diego State College—is poised to break Owens' mark. Every time Willie takes off there's a possibility he may soar 27 feet.

Willie traveled 26 feet, 6 inches at Salt Lake City last June. He did it with a wrenched left side which kept him from the practice pit for five weeks prior to the N.C.A.A. meet. What's more, Willie miscalculated and left the ground four inches in front of the take-off board—actually, he jumped 26 feet, 10 inches.

Steele's soaring secret is his long, unorthodox take-off run: 168 feet. Most jumpers run between 115 and 125 feet. Owens—a man of great acceleration—raced only 107 feet before hitting the take-off board.

● The East has not produced a national tennis champion since Bill Tilden won the men's singles in 1929. You can't find a bona fide Eastern resident among the first 10 men in the 1947 amateur rankings. Yet every important tournament and Davis Cup match during the 1948 season will take place before Eastern galleries—

thanks to the political cunning of the Eastern officials who dominate the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The situation isn't new. It happens every year.

Eastern officials excuse their monopoly with the stock phrase: "Grass is the only true test of championship tennis." It's a convenient explanation, because there are only a few grass courts west of Philadelphia, but it simply isn't true. Ninety per cent of the world's best players come from California. They learn to play championship tennis on cement, and they will tell you that cement is a more consistent surface than grass.

Protests are futile, however, because the Eastern dictators swing a legislative blackjack which forces Californians to compete on grass during the choice tournament months—July and August. The dictators on the ranking committees rate the players primarily on grass-court results.

Tennis is the only major sport which fails to rotate the site of championship events on a national basis. Only tennis—dominated by a clique of Eastern officials—reserves its finest tournaments year after year for small, socialite galleries at Rye, Seabright, Southampton, etc.

The best thing that could happen to tennis would be for all the Californians to stay home this year, or—better still—for the Californians to pass up Eastern grass courts and compete in summer tournament in the Middle West, South and Far West. Then the ranking committee would be forced to rate the players on clay- and hard-court results—fair enough, because 99.99 per cent of the nation's tennis is played on clay and cement. Also, the sections which produce the outstanding players would have an opportunity—finally—to watch those players in championship competition.

● John L. Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain in the 75th round of the last bare-knuckle championship fight at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1889. The Boston Strong Boy, who could punch or drink with either hand, almost lost his heavyweight title when he swallowed a mixture of tea and whisky at the end of the 40th round. A ringsider reported: "Sullivan's stomach rejected the tea but accepted the whisky."

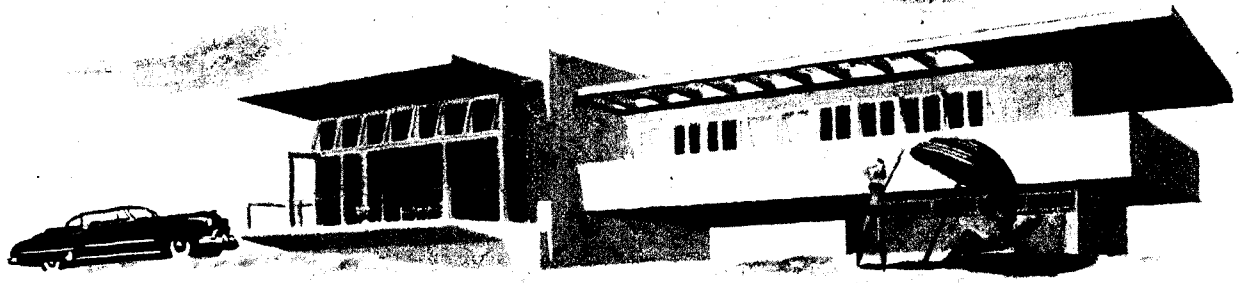
Boxing was a bloody, illegal spectacle in Sullivan's era, but it was superior to modern, legal, gloved fighting in one important respect—nobody got killed. The bare-knuckle brawlers could cut and stun, but they could not hit hard enough to kill. Modern fighters can hit hard enough to kill because they punch harder with taped, gloved fists. Proof: There have been nine ring fatalities in the last two years. Boxing historians have been unable to discover a single death traceable to bare-knuckle fighting.

● Mule-eared Talon, winner of the \$102,500 Santa Anita handicap, would not look out of place in front of a milk wagon. The shaggy South American horse was shipped to this country in company with a sleek lead pony. On arrival, Talon was tied to a tree overnight by an inexperienced groom. The handsome pony dined on warm mash and carrots in a comfortable stall. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY
HY PESKIN

During the Charlotte (North Carolina) Country Club tournament, Ed Furgol is besieged by youthful autograph collectors





FUTURAMIC

The accent's on youth and sunshine—in the Futuramic Oldsmobile Convertible—or this Futuramic beach house designed by Vincent Kling.



White sidewall tires at extra cost

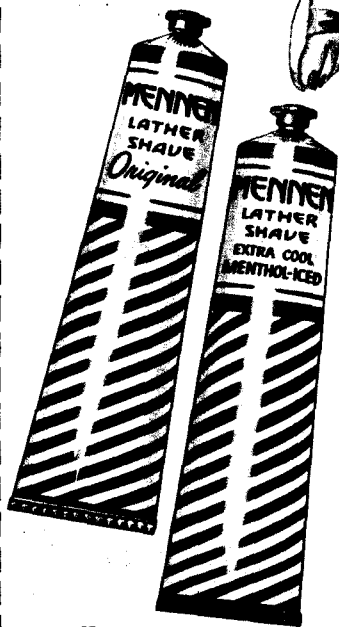
It's Futuramic in more than style . . . this smart new Oldsmobile "98" Convertible. Touch a knob . . . the top goes up or down. Push a button . . . the windows raise or lower. Another simple control . . . the front seat adjusts itself automatically. And when you take the wheel, what a Futuramic thrill is in store for you! You never push a clutch—never shift gears—as GM Hydra-Matic Drive takes over. And if, for safety's sake, you need an extra burst of pick-up, just step down on the accelerator all the way and . . . presto! . . . "Whirlaway" goes into action. This *plus*-performance feature of Hydra-Matic Drive gives you thrills such as you have never known! (Hydra-Matic Drive is available at extra cost in all new Oldsmobile models—both the Futuramic "98" and the Dynamic "60" and "70.")

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY
**FRELING
FOSTER**

The most famous of American "rain makers" was C. M. Hatfield, who, between 1903 and 1928, fulfilled virtually all of some 500 contracts to produce rain for parched farms and cities in southern California and received more than \$500,000 for his services. Hatfield claimed that he simply released the fumes of secret chemicals contained in tanks he set up in the area under contract; and the public believed him because at least a little rain would almost invariably fall there within the time guaranteed. Finally, a noted scientist disclosed that Hatfield's success was due, not to fumes, but to his ability to determine, from weather charts, where and when it was quite likely to rain during the dry season from May to November. By accepting or rejecting a contract on the basis of these facts and by demanding 30 or 60 days in which to carry out his agreement, Mr. Hatfield rarely failed.

A new radio-set gadget, which may appeal to listeners who like to hear nothing but music, automatically fades out a program while the announcer or anyone else is talking. As the device can distinguish only between speech and music, however, it is unable to tune out singing commercials.

Criminologists in various parts of the world have developed some 75 systems of classifying and filing fingerprints. Of this number, the 51 most widely used are described in a book on this subject published, not long ago, in California.

Deaf Americans were the first to enjoy "talking" motion pictures which were made especially for them in the sign language as early as 1910, or 16 years before the film industry began producing movies with sound.—By Robert M. Greenmun, Worthington, Ohio.

In the past five years, women have been employed in all but three of the 451 occupations listed by the U.S. Census Bureau—firemen in municipal fire departments, and engineers and firemen on railroad locomotives.

Unlike wet insecticides that, when sprayed, settle only on exposed surfaces, a new exterminating agent is a dense fog—generated by equipment on a small truck—whose tiny particles, being dry and extremely light in weight, float into crevices, holes and other unreachable places. As it is effective in ridding outdoor areas of flies and mosquitoes, the method has already been adopted by a number of race tracks, ball parks and summer camps.

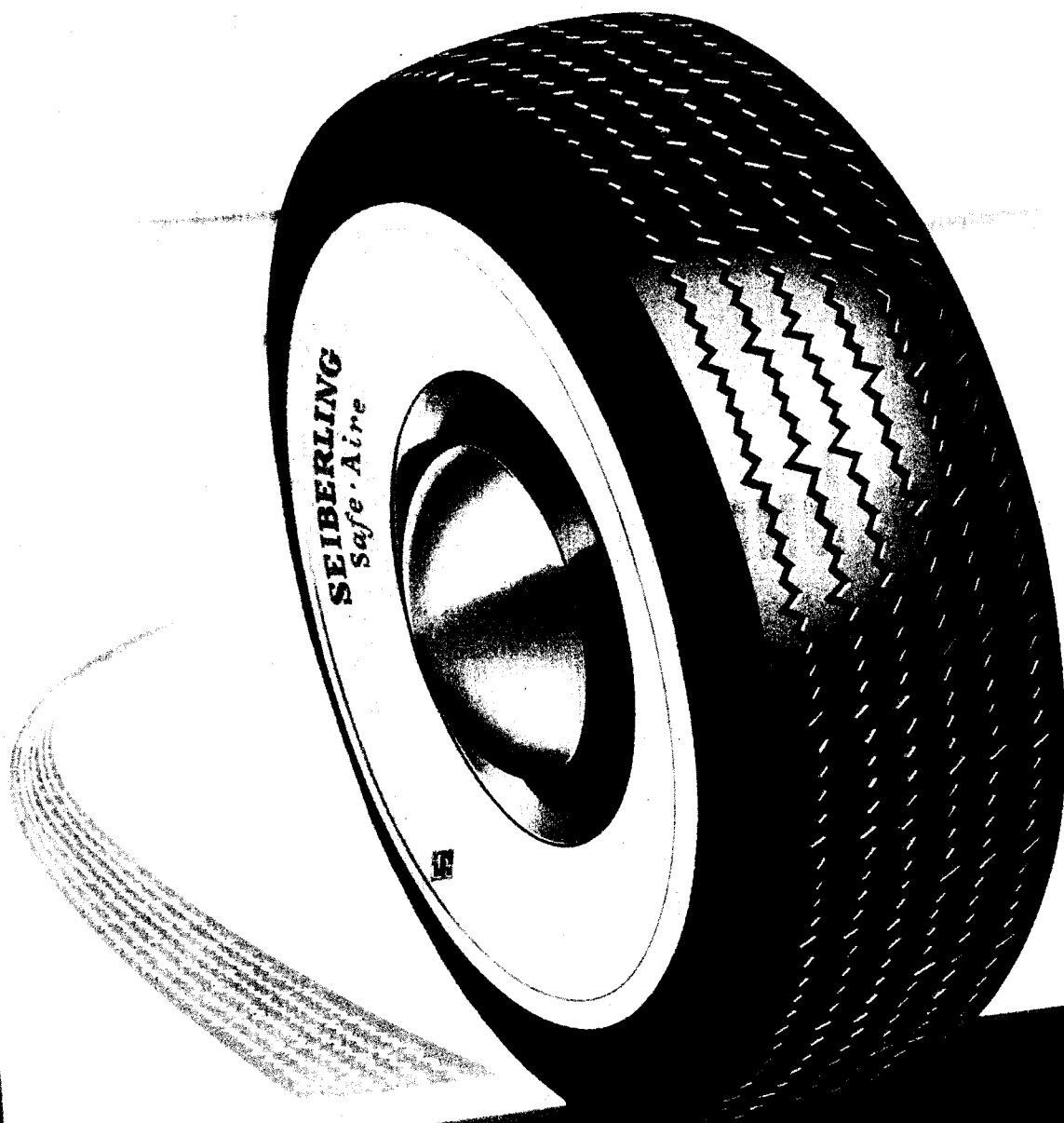
The escape of seven prisoners from Leavenworth Penitentiary on December 11, 1931, was planned and carried out so well that detectives worked weeks before learning how the criminals obtained the guns, bullets and dynamite bombs found on them when retaken, four alive and three dead, shortly after the break. Two of these inmates who worked in the shoe factory had discovered a paste they used came in barrels that, for an unknown reason, were not opened and searched at the prison gate. Following their smuggled instructions, an outside friend went to St. Louis and bought a barrel of the paste from the manufacturer, addressed it with a duplicate stencil and then, posing as an employee of the firm, shipped it to Leavenworth. Within a few hours after the barrel's arrival, the two plotters had maneuvered it to an unused part of the storehouse, removed the weapons and ammunition, and destroyed the barrel and all evidence connected with it.

Probably no other Broadway angel ever lost half as much money backing a show as Edgar B. Davis, a Texas oil magnate, who financed the writing and production of *The Ladder* in New York in 1926. Although the play, which dealt with reincarnation, was a complete failure, Davis so believed in its moral message that he kept the show running for more than two years, a whim that cost him \$1,300,000.

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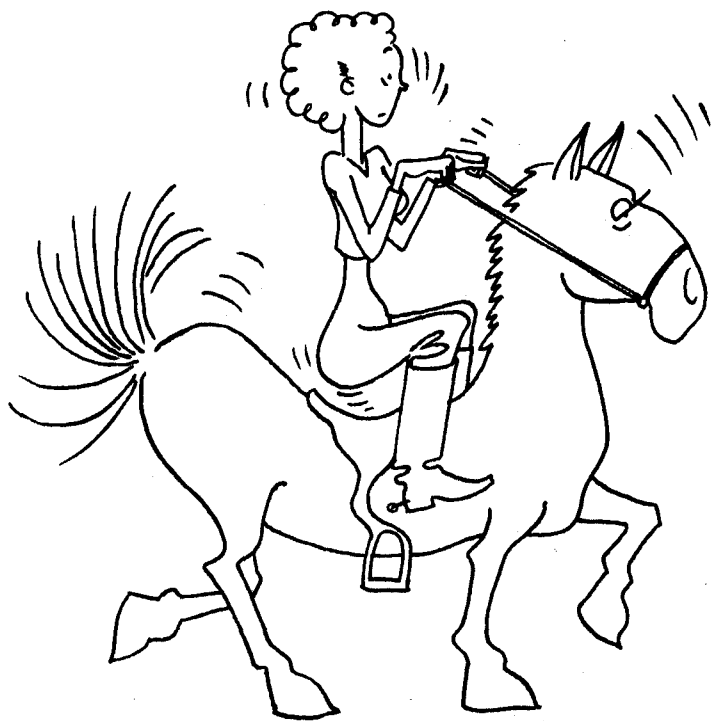
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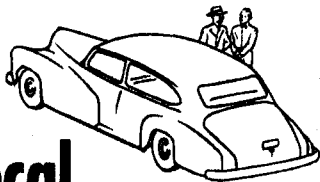
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HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
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DELCO-REMY Starting,
Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



Mrs. (and Mr.) Ernest Lehman adorn a rocky point at Provincetown, Mass.

ERNEST LEHMAN wants it to be known his short short story, *Clear Havana Filler* (p. 64), is in no way autobiographical. "In the first place," he points out, "I don't smoke cigars. Second, I'm not contemplating getting rid of my wife."

"In support of point one, I can if necessary call on Mr. Patrick, proprietor of the cigar store in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where the story was written. He should be able to recall the day, last September, when a desperate author bicycled into town between the teeth of a nor'easter, to harry him with questions about cigars, after said author had discovered he'd written a story about clear Havana fillers, entitled *Clear Havana Filler*, without really knowing what in hell was meant by the expression 'clear Havana filler.'"

"To support my second point," Mr. Lehman concludes, "I am enclosing a picture of my wife. The guy with her is me."

THE author of *Code of the West* (p. 40), Eustace Cockrell, says he's from Warrensburg, Missouri, where his early years were spent in mortal combat with education. "I was, however, one of the best pool players in town in the winter of 1927," he boasts. "Later I tarried briefly with a road-construction outfit, farmed, worked in two political campaigns, and for a publicity man in New York (he was my brother-in-law) and for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey (no relation)."

"But it was no use," he sums up. "I had a sister who had married a writer, another sister who was a writer, and married to another writer. They told me it was nice work if you could get it and I was gullible. Well, I still think it's nice work."

ROBERT O. EASTON last appeared in Collier's with the short story *Bonaparte McPhail* (Aug. 26, '44), and had what he calls the doubtful pleasure of reading it on a rainy hilltop at Nancy, France, in October '44, when 3rd Army Headquarters was stationed there. Mr. Easton, who is thirty-two and from San Francisco, joined up in 1942 with the Field Artillery and Tank Destroyers, later changing to the infantry, or dogfaces, to see Germany on foot. Prior to that, Mr. Easton got himself educated on both coasts, including Harvard.

Since his discharge in '46, Mr. Easton has been editing and copublishing the *Lampasas Dispatch*, a semiweekly paper smack in the geographical center of Texas. He has also been getting

air for a new radio station. In his spare time he plays with his three daughters and does all the writing he can.

Of *The Man Who Went Back* (p. 18), he says, "It is in every sense a true story, based on experiences I had and persons I knew while a platoon leader with the 29th Infantry. I am sorry it doesn't do fuller justice to those living and dead whose story I have tried to tell."

WHILE on an extended reportorial junket behind the Iron Curtain to Russia, Alexander Kendrick wrung *Hate—With Russian Dressing* (p. 20) from personal experiences.

A Philadelphian, Mr. Kendrick worked on the news, editorial and literary sides for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for some time, receiving a national award during the war for an editorial series called *What Are We Fighting For?* He has also spent a Neiman Year at Harvard on a fellowship to study government, economics and history. Right now he's in Paris standing by for crises for both radio and press.

FROM Seedlands, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, Neil Paterson (*My Friend Joseph*, p. 28) advises us that he's a Scot, an Edinburgh University M.A., thirty-two, and married. He professes no chitchat about his early days as a cowpuncher, dish wrasser, underground motorman and copywriter, mainly because, except for six years in the Royal Navy, he's always been a pro writer. "The kind who sits in despair at his typewriter all day before staggering to bed to toss all night," he points out.

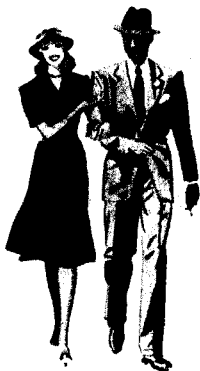
At the moment he's toiling, he claims, like a Flaubert, on a 19th century novel to be called *Thirza Gare*. "It's a fat, full-blooded, robustious rollick of a story, with a vile and arrogant will of its own," he says. "It knows damned well that

I'm out to tailor it into a neat best seller of 200,000 words, but it goes right on. . . . If I live to finish it, I mean to come to America for a grilled steak and some new underwear."

This week's cover: *Mystery Girl*. As an extra helping of Sax for the new Rohmer serial, Artist Vincent Guise chose Lillian Brokal, Conover model, to pose in the mood macabre. She lives in New Jersey, is married, and has had Hollywood offers. She had a hard time looking horrified for Mr. Guise because she and her husband had on that day finally found an apartment. . . .

TED SHANE

"I want my husband to
look as smart as he is..."



...so when he chooses his new
straw hat, I invite myself along!"



The Mallory Baku—\$10. Others, \$7.50 to \$15.

HE: The Mallory Baku, eh? Gosh, it's light—weighs only two ounces, you say? Hmm...

SHE: And don't overlook, my handsome heart throb, how that jaunty oyster band sets off your brand-new tan!



The Mallory Pana-Twist—\$7.50. Other Mallory "Panas," \$6 to \$20.

HE: Dad always used to wear a Panama—but he never had one like *this*! Spark to that gay tropical band, will you, dear? Quick—what's the verdict?

SHE: Just a little more tilt—there! Now you look like a millionaire playboy if I ever saw one!



His hat's The Mallory Nassau Palm—\$5.

HE: On the other hand, this nifty cocoanut palm is mi-i-ghty tempting! Comes in half a dozen colors? Let's see 'em all!

SHE: That one's almost *too* attractive, if you ask me—unless you'll agree to take me along whenever you wear it!



The Mallory Sailor Straw—\$5. Others, \$5 to \$7.50. Hers, a Mallory too, is The Bonny—\$11.95.

HE: Ah, the famous Mallory Sailor Straw—with the spiffy new narrow band! And, like all the rest, it's Cravenette showerproofed! Lady, I give up—you decide!

SHE: They're all so handsome, let's leave it to the daisy in your buttonhole. Baku, Pana-Twist, Nassau, Sailor—Baku, Pana-Twist...

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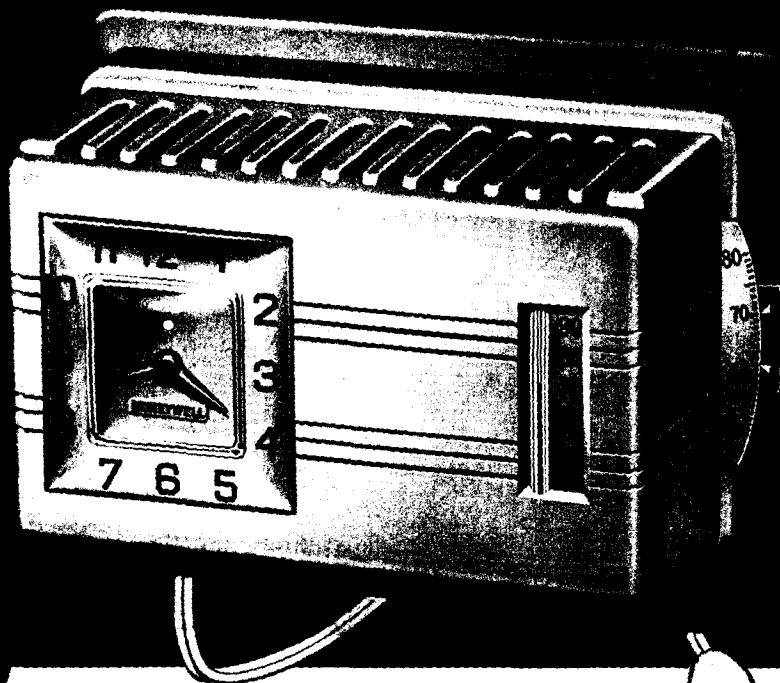
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a few minutes does it...and

SAVE FUEL

(LOTS OF IT)

ELECTRIC CLOCK THERMOSTAT



\$36⁰⁰

FED. TAX INCL.

TAKE IT WITH YOU
IF YOU MOVE



HERE is amazing good news for every homeowner or home renter with automatic heat in his home. With a continuing fuel shortage staring the nation in the face, and with mounting fuel prices, Honeywell engineers went to work to help solve the double problem. Result, Honeywell announces the new "Plug-In" Chronotherm with its fuel-saving, comfort-giving features—and you can connect it yourself in a few minutes! This remarkable electric clock thermostat actually cuts your fuel bill 10% or more each season. For instance, if your average bill is \$150, the "Plug-In" Chronotherm can save you \$15 or more—if it is \$200, the savings can be \$20 or more, and so on. In other words, Chronotherm pays for itself and then keeps on saving for you, year after year.

At this point, we know you have two questions:

FIRST:—"How does Chronotherm do it?"

ANSWER:—It automatically lowers your heating plant to a fuel-saving temperature at night, while you are sleeping. Then, again automatically, it brings your house back to cozy daytime comfort *before you get up in the morning*. Lowering the temperature at night, when you don't need so much heat, saves fuel. Connect the Chronotherm according to directions—that's all you have to do.

SECOND—"How do I get the new Chronotherm?"

ANSWER:—Tell your heating dealer: "I want one of those new Honeywell "Plug-In" Chronotherms." He will set the Chronotherm for your heating system and then you can follow the simple instructions.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

"Plug-In" Chronotherms are now in production. We suggest you order now.

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2837 Fourth Avenue South • Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Send me the fuel-saving, comfort story of the new "Plug-In" Chronotherm, telling how it can be easily connected in a few minutes.

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For the Whole Fuel-Saving Comfort Story
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The outlines of a face materialized in the crystal. They became the features of an old Chinese. "You called me, Doctor?" The voice though distant was clear

I
WHO'S the redhead?" Nayland Smith snapped. "The one lunching with that embassy attaché."

"Which table?"

"Half right. Where I'm looking."

Harkness, who had been briefed by Washington to meet the dynamic visitor, was already experiencing nerve strain. Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, spoke like a Bren gun firing, and thought and moved so swiftly that his society, if stimulating, was exhausting.

Turning, as if to light a cigar, Harkness presently discovered the diplomat's table. The grill was full, but

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he knew the attaché by sight. He turned back again, dropping a match in a tray. "Don't know. Never seen her before."

"Haven't you? I have!"

"Is she important, Sir Denis?"

"A woman who looks like that is always important. Yes, I know her. But I haven't quite placed her."

Nayland Smith refilled his coffee cup, glanced reluctantly at a brier pipe which appeared to have been rescued from a blast furnace, and then put it back in his pocket. He selected a cigarette.

"You don't think she's a Russian?" Harkness suggested.

"I know she isn't."

Smith surveyed the crowded, pan-

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

An old enemy of Western civilization returns in secret to America—and confronts the evil forces at work in our midst with a sinister conspiracy of his own

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

eled room. It buzzed like an aviary. Businessmen predominated. Deals of one sort or another hung in the smoke-laden air. Nearly all these men were talking about how to make money. And nearly all the women were talking about how to spend it.

But not the graceful girl with that glowing hair. He wondered what she was talking about. Her companion appeared to be absorbed, either in what she was saying or in the way she said it.

AND while Nayland Smith studied many faces, Harkness studied Nayland Smith.

He had met him only once before, and since then the years had silvered his hair more than ever, but had done nothing to disturb its crisp virility. The lean, brown face might be a trifle more lined. It was a grim face.

He spoke suddenly.

"Strange to reflect," he said, "that these people, wrapped up, airtight, in their own trifling affairs, are sitting on top of a smoldering volcano."

"You really think so?"

"I know it. Why has a certain power sent all its star agents to the United States? What are they trying to find out?"

"Secret of the atom bomb?"

"Rot! There's no secret about it. You know that as well as I do. No. It's something else."

"England seems to be pretty busy."

"England has lost two cabinet ministers, mysteriously, in the past few months." All the time Smith's glance had been straying in the direction of a certain party and suddenly he rapped, "Right! Thought I was. Now I'm sure! This is my lucky day."

"Sure of what?" Harkness was startled.

"Man at the next table. Our diplomatic acquaintance and his charming friend are being covered."

Harkness craned around again. "You mean the sallow man?"

"Sallow? He's Burmese! They're not all Communists, you know."

Harkness stared at his cigar, as if seeking to concentrate.

"You're more than several steps beyond me. No doubt your information is away ahead of mine. But, quite honestly, I don't understand."

Nayland Smith met the glance of Harkness' frank hazel eyes, and nodded sympathetically.

"My fault. I think aloud. Bad habit. There's hardly time to explain, now. Look! They're going! Have the redhead covered. Detail another man to keep the Burmese scout in sight. Report to me, here. Suite 1236."

The auburn-haired girl was walking toward the exit. She wore a plain suit and a simple hat. Her companion followed.

Coming out onto Forty-sixth Street, Harkness exchanged a word with a man who was talking to a hotel porter. The man nodded and moved away. . . .

Manhattan danced on. Well-fed males returned to their offices to consider further projects for making more dollars. Females headed for the glamorous shops on Fifth Avenue, the great bazaar of the New World.

In certain capitals of the Old World, men and women looked, haggard-eyed, into empty shops and returned to empty larders.

Nayland Smith, watching a car move from the front of the hotel, closely followed by another, prayed that Manhattan's dance might not be a dance of death.

Presently he stepped into a black sedan parked farther along the street.

in charge of a chauffeur who looked like a policeman—and was one. After a few blocks Smith snapped:

"Have we got a tail?"

"Yes, sir," the driver reported. "Three cars behind us, right now. Small delivery truck."

"Stop at the next drugstore. I'll check it."

When he got out and walked into the drugstore, the following truck passed, and then pulled in higher up.

Nayland Smith came out again and they went on for two more blocks.

"Right behind us," the driver reported laconically.

Smith took up a phone installed in the sedan and gave brief directions. As a result, long before he had reached his destination the truck was still following the sedan, but two traffic police were following the truck. He had been in the deputy commissioner's office on Centre Street only a few minutes before a police sergeant came in with the wanted details.

The man had been pulled in on a technical offense and invited, firmly, to produce evidence of his identity. Smith glanced over the report.

"H'm. American citizen. Born in Athens." He looked up. "You're checking his story that he was taking the truck to be repaired?"

"Sure. Can't find anything wrong with it. Very powerful engine for such a light outfit."

"Would be," said Smith, dryly. "Investigate all his contacts. He mustn't know. You have to find out who really employs him."

He spent a long time with the deputy commissioner, and gathered much useful data. He was in New York at the request of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and had been given almost autocratic powers by Washington. When, finally, he left, he had two names penciled in his notebook.

They were: Michael Frobisher, and Dr. Morris Craig, of the Huston Electric Corporation's research laboratory.

MICHAEL FROBISHER, seated in an alcove in the library of his club, was clearly ill at ease. A big-boned, fleshy man, Frobisher had a powerful physique, with a fighting jaw, heavy brows—coal black in contrast to nearly white hair—and deep-set eyes.

There were only two other members in the library, but Frobisher's eyes moved rapidly behind his newspaper as his glance switched from face to face in an oddly furtive manner.

Overhanging part of the room, one of the finest of its kind in the city, was a gallery giving access to more books ranged on shelves above. A club servant appeared in the gallery, moving very quietly—and Frobisher's glance shot upward like an anxious searchlight. It was recalled to the main floor by a voice.

"Hullo, Frobisher! How's your wife getting along?"

Frobisher's florid face momentarily lost color. Then, looking up from where he sat in a deep leather armchair, he saw that another member had come in—Dr. Pardoe.

"Hullo, Pardoe!" He had himself in hand again. The deep tone was normal. "Quite startled me."

"So I saw." Pardoe gave him a professional glance, and sat on the arm of a chair near Frobisher's. "Been overdoing it a bit, haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't say that, Doctor. Certainly been kept pretty busy. Thanks for the inquiry about Stella. She's greatly improved since she began the treatments you recommended."

"Good." Dr. Pardoe smiled a dry smile. He was a sandy, dry man. "I'm not sure the professor isn't a quack, but he seems to be successful with certain types of neuroses. You might try him yourself."

"What are you talking about?" Frobisher growled. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"Isn't there?" The medical man looked him over coolly. "There will be if you don't watch your diet." Pardoe was a vegetarian. "Why, your heart missed a beat when I spoke to you."

Frobisher held himself tightly in hand. His wife's physician always irritated him.

"Let me tell you something." His deep voice, although subdued, rumbled around the now empty library. "This isn't nerves. It's cold feet. An organization like the Huston Electric has got rivals. And rivals can get dangerous if they're beaten. Someone's tracking me around. Someone broke into Falling Waters one night last week. Went through my papers. I've seen the man. I'd know him again. I was followed right here to the club today. That isn't nerves, Doctor. And it doesn't come from eating too much red meat!"

"H'm. Irritating habit of Pardoe's, that introductory cough. 'I don't dispute the fact of the burglary—'"

"Thanks a lot. And let me remind you: Stella doesn't know, and doesn't have to know."

"Oh, I see. Then the attempt is known only—"

"Is known to my butler, Stein, and to me. It's not an illusion. I'm still sane, even if I did have a beefsteak at lunch!"

The physician raised his sandy brows.

"I don't doubt it, Frobisher. But had it occurred to you that your later impression of being followed—not an uncommon symptom—may derive from this single, concrete fact?"

Frobisher didn't reply, and Dr. Pardoe, who had been looking down at the carpet, now looked suddenly at Frobisher.

His gaze was fixed upward again. He was watching the gallery. He spoke in a whisper.

"Pardoe! Look where I'm looking. Is that a club member?"

Dr. Pardoe did as Frobisher requested. He saw a slight, black-clad figure in the gallery. The man had just replaced a vase on a shelf. Only the back of his head and shoulders could be seen. He moved away, his features still invisible.

"Not a member known to me, personally, Frobisher. But there are always new members, and guest members—"

Michael Frobisher had bounded from his chair, and was crossing the library.

"That's some kind of Asiatic. I saw his face!" he shouted. "And I'm going to have a word with him!"

Dr. Pardoe shook his head, took up a medical journal which he had dropped on the chair and made his way out.

He was going down the steps when Michael Frobisher faced the club secretary, who had been sent for.

"May I ask," he growled, "since when Chinese have been admitted to membership?"

"You surprise me, Mr. Frobisher. Your complaint is before me. I have a note here. If you wish it to go before the committee, merely say the word. I can only assure you that not only have we no Asiatic members, honorary or otherwise, but no visitor

such as you describe has been in the club. Furthermore, Mr. Frobisher, I am assured by the assistant librarian, who was last in the library gallery, that no one has been up there since."

Frobisher jumped to his feet.

"Get Dr. Pardoe!" he directed. "He was with me. Get Dr. Pardoe."

But Dr. Pardoe had left the club.

THE research laboratory of the Huston Electric Corporation was on the thirty-sixth floor—the top floor—of the Huston Building. Dr. Craig's office adjoined the laboratory proper which he could enter up three steps leading to a steel door. This door was always kept locked.

Morris Craig, slight, clean-shaved and very agile, a man in his early thirties, had discarded his coat to work in shirt sleeves before a drawing desk. His dark brown hair, which he wore rather long, had a rebellious forelock that sometimes fell forward, so that brushing it back with his hand had become a mannerism.

He had just paused for this purpose when the office door was thrown open and someone came in behind him.

So absorbed was Craig that he paid no attention at first, until the heavy breathing of whoever had come in prompted him to turn, suddenly.

"Mr. Frobisher!"

Craig, who wore glasses when drawing or reading, but not otherwise, now removed them and jumped from his stool.

"It's all right, Craig." Frobisher raised his hand in protest. "Sit down."

"But if I may say so, you look uncommon fishy," Craig remarked.

His way of speech had a quality peculiarly English, and he had a tendency to drawl. Nothing in his manner suggested that Morris Craig was one of the most brilliant physicists Oxford University had ever turned out. He lighted a cigarette.

Michael Frobisher remained on the chair just inside the door. But he was regaining color. Now he pulled a cigar from his breast pocket.

"The blasted doctors tell me I eat too much and smoke too much," he remarked. "But I wouldn't want to live if I couldn't do as I liked."

"May I ask what has upset you?"

"Come to that in a minute. First—what news of the big job?"

"Getting hot. I think the end's in sight," Craig said.

"Fine. I want to talk to you about it. How's the new secretary?"

"Fine. Knows all the answers. Miss Lewis was a sad loss, but Miss Navarre is a glad find."

"Well—she's got a Paris degree, and had two years with Professor Jennings. Suits me if she suits you."

Craig's youthful face lighted up. "Suits me to nine decimal places. Works like a pack mule. She ought to get out of town this week end."

"Bring her along up to Falling Waters. Few days of fresh air do her no harm."

"No." Craig seemed to be hesitating. He returned to his desk. "But I shouldn't quit this job until it's finished."

He resumed his glasses and studied

(Continued on page 44)

In a dazzling, crackling flash, Nayland Smith saw a lump of solid steel not melt, but disintegrate, vanish! A pinch of gray powder alone remained



LOW MAN ON THE WALLACE POLL

Senator Glen Taylor, Henry's running mate, is convinced he will be our next Vice-President

BY FRANK GERVASI



HANDSOME in a blue suit, white shirt and striped tie, Glen Taylor looked more like the actor he was before Idaho sent him to the Senate in 1944 than the world-rescue politician he is trying to be. Taylor had just announced his decision to run for the Vice-Presidency on the third-party ticket with Henry Wallace. Now Glen pondered the reasons for his move.

"This," said Taylor, "is the best job (the Senate) I ever had. Believe me I had to wrestle with my conscience before risking losing it. I knew I would probably kill my chances of being re-elected in 1950 if I threw in with Henry. I'm not a lawyer. I've been in show business all my life, living hand to mouth, often in debt. I can't leave the Senate and practice law, like most of these fellows do. It was a tough decision."

The immediate reason, he went on, was the Marshall Plan.

"I had begun to feel very self-conscious opposing the Marshall Plan practically single-handed," he said. "It was like talking against the wind. I figured that I might be wrong. So I went out and talked with people, even riding a horse from town to town to get publicity. The people came, in droves. After every speech I asked them to stand up and be counted if they agreed with me. They did, overwhelmingly."

"Well I came back to Washington and decided to step out where I could do some good, maybe, in putting the brakes on the drift toward war."

Washington insiders ascribe other reasons to the quondam Thespian's leap astride the third-party horse behind Henry. The latter exhorted Taylor for weeks to run.

"You've got to join me," Wallace begged Taylor on at least one occasion. "You won't be able to live with yourself if you don't."

Ultimately it wasn't fear of the occupational malady of politicians that catapulted Taylor into the third party. It was, apparently, a canny notion that he had just as good a chance of being elected Vice-President as he once did of becoming a senator. That notion has since become confident conviction. "I'm convinced," said he, "I'm the next Vice-President of the United States."

Wallace Is More Realistic

Not even Henry himself is quite as sanguine about the chances of a third-party victory next November as Glen has become in recent weeks. Wallace's Presidential ambitions haven't completely blinded him to brutal fact. Henry recognizes the difficulties of getting the third-party slate on the ballots of forty-eight states and of setting up in a few months the whole intricate machinery of electioneering.

Wallace admitted recently that what his candidacy would more likely produce in November would be a split in the Democratic vote, which would hand the election to the Republicans. But that will be all right with Henry. After four years of G.O.P. administration, he believes, the electorate will clamor for another New Deal in 1952. And Henry.

Wallace's private appraisal of the third party's possibilities in '48 and '52 rather than Taylor's ebullient op-

Senator Taylor, ex-cowboy crooner, records a campaign speech to be used eventually at Wallace-Taylor rallies

Collier's for May 8, 1948

timism is reflected at campaign headquarters at 39 Park Avenue, New York City, a gray-faced mansion built in 1863 with walls designed to be thick enough to withstand the assaults of Civil War draft-dodger rioters and since then the home of Wall Streeters—railroad magnates and bankers—whom Wallace and Taylor deplore. The four-story house has a great iron fence, with a huge gate and, perhaps appropriately, a small cemetery full of dead cats, extinct family pets, in the rear. It shares once fashionable Murray Hill with the Union League Club, sanctum of Republicanism.

A Visit to Headquarters

As recently as mid-March a vast confusion rather than confidence in ultimate victory prevailed at Wallace headquarters. On the day we visited the place a tweedy woman with flat-heeled shoes implored a pair of painters to produce the right hues of chrome and turquoise for the *décor* of her front office. A tall Negro wandered aimlessly in and out of the foyer smoking a cigarette and holding a sheet of yellow paper in his hand. Three Japanese emerged from a room off the hall, looked self-consciously about them and went out.

Phalanxes of girls, youths and older men and women with arty magazines or brief cases clamped under their arms besieged the girl at the modernistic information desk with offers to help elect Wallace or with applications for jobs. A few disappeared up the baronial stairway to the upper floors. Sounds of hammering and the scrape and thump of heavy furniture being shoved or dumped into place punctuated the confusion of voices, mostly female, and the shuffle of feet.

On the upper floors, however, the third party's workers had things more or less under control. They separated mountains of mail into hillocks representing individual states, pecked out press releases on typewriters, spun mimeograph machines, wrote speeches and pamphlets.

None but the most starry-eyed lads and lassies believed, however, that the party would win in November. These pointed to the 2,400 to 3,000 letters received at headquarters daily, many containing checks for from \$1 to \$50 and more with which to "Save the World With Wallace," "Whip Wall Street," "Preserve Peace," "Rout Reaction," as proof of their candidates' vote-getting power.

The most optimistic professional in the place, a handsome young matron with a scrubbed face and soft blond hair, predicted a huge popular vote for Henry and Glen—"maybe as high as 20,000,000"—without a single electoral vote. The other pros were more conservative. They agreed, however, that Henry would poll at least 5,000,000 votes, their estimates subject to change upward, or downward.

What most bothered more sophisticated Wallace strategists like John Abt, chief third-party counsel, was actually getting the candidates' names on the ballots by election time. In theory the new party could present candidates in all forty-eight states. But in practice this was questionable.

As of March, Wallace and Taylor were assured of places on the ballot only in two states. The pair will run in New York as candidates of the already legally established American Labor party and in California as candidates of the Independent Progressive party. State laws required the signatures of at least 275,000 persons,

representing 10 per cent of the total vote cast in the previous election on a petition requesting the state government to permit the appearance of a new party on the ballot. The Wallaceites got 484,000 signatures. Only 295,000 were validated.

The third party's difficulties in having its candidates recognized on the Presidential ballots of the remaining forty-six states may be insurmountable. In various Southern states, the Secretaries of State can arbitrarily prevent a new party from appearing on the ballots. Wallace and Taylor could sue to have their names or party included but by the time their suits were settled the election would be over. In other states, election rules are so complex the likelihood of a third-party ticket in more than 20 or 25 states is merely a dream.

In Ohio it is necessary to nominate Presidential electors—their names and not those of the candidates appear on the ballot—in a party convention. But the party must notify the state of its intention of holding a convention 90 days before the primaries which came in April. The Wallace forces should have filed their notification last January in order to run in Ohio. They didn't. Write-in spaces are provided on the ballots of all states except Delaware, but here's another catch. Ballots with write-ins can be invalidated, in many states, as "mutilated."

Similar difficulties exist in most of the other states, plus a new one added recently. In the majority of states no candidate may appear on the ballot if his organization is connected with the Communist party or any organization in any way related with the Communist party.

The ruling, although legally inapplicable to the third party, can be used by Wallace's enemies to keep him and his running mate off many ballots.

Trying to Get on the Ballot

Researchers of the Library of Congress who recently made a survey of electoral laws agreed that "with herculean efforts," the third party could get on the ballot in all but four or five states. If the third party fails to be recognized in most states it won't be for lack of effort. Third-party organizational conferences have already been held in at least seventeen states. Actual conventions have been held in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Louisiana. Others are scheduled.

Sober reflection on the obvious mechanical difficulties—and they aren't the only obstacles to the Vice-Presidency—fails to dampen Taylor's Maytime optimism about his November chances. Other troubles are inherent in the negative objectives of the third-party movement itself. Henry started out to achieve the political destruction of Harry Truman and defeat of the party which abandoned, to his way of thinking, the precepts of his idol, Roosevelt.

Wallace and Taylor should have attracted to their third-party standard the progressives of labor, the middle classes and the intelligentsia, who normally comprise what is known as the independent vote. Due to the character of Wallace's crusade they haven't done this and while Wallace doesn't seem to care so long as he achieves his purpose—defeat of the Democrats—Washington observers were surprised by Taylor's lack of prudence in accepting Henry's invitation to join him.

(Continued on page 72)



At the reception desk in Wallace's Park Avenue headquarters volunteer campaign workers pass the third-party gospel on to curious visitors

Against a luxurious background in the old mansion a group of Students for Wallace meet to discuss strategy for the election of their idol





THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

BY ROBERT EASTON

For many G.I.s, existence was a miracle. But not for Blixen. For him it was a matter of arithmetic

MAYBE Blixen had done something wrong before what happened on Mud Hill; or maybe it was because his father used to punish him when he was a very little boy, so thoroughly that one day when Blixen accidentally broke a flowerpot he went to his father and said, "Please spank me, Daddy! I broke the flowerpot!"

At any rate what happened to him on Mud Hill doesn't happen to everybody. The platoon had pushed out into the trenches on the forward slope and been caught by a full-scale artillery barrage.

The enemy threw everything but Hitler at Mud Hill that afternoon, and it was a wonder more of our people didn't get the urge to leave than did. But for some reason only Blixen

happened to be at that particular spot.

The shell struck a yard or two forward of where he was lying in the bottom of the trench, and burrowed downward until just its nose was protruding through the trench wall, resting as lightly upon the shoulder of Blixen as the hand of an old friend come up behind him on the street.

THEY found his gun and haversack under the nose of the dud where he had left them but the platoon saw no more of Blixen for over a month, till one day back in the rest area when the MPs brought him in.

Already he looked like a man condemned to Fort Leavenworth for 99 years.

Before the lieutenant could say a word he had blurted out, "Lieutenant

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them he was sorry; by standing back and never joining the circle at the stove, by saying please and thank you where please and thank you never were heard, by letting somebody else go first through the doorway or in the chow line. He told them by sweeping the quarters and keeping a fire going in the stove, so that when the men came in from training—training with tanks for the Big Push that was about ready to begin—there would be a nice home waiting.

But the men didn't hear Blixen telling them. If he'd never lifted a finger, if he'd just come in and put his feet up on the table and told them as-brassy-as-you-please what a time he'd had while he was away, and what suckers they were for not doing the same, they would at least have been entertained by Blixen. Then bored by him. In a week they would have forgotten he'd ever been away.

AS IT was, they said Blixen was a no-good bastard who deserved all he had coming. They remembered that he'd always used store-bought words, had never sold his cigarettes, shoes and candy or promised the girls he'd marry them someday and take them back to America. And he was always into a book of some kind. When a place was taken and everybody was looting reasonable items like pistols, watches, cameras, silverware and paintings, Blixen would be upstairs in the library stealing a peek into a book a hundred years old, looking as though he were robbing a bank. And there were worse suspicions. One time Sam Abels had come upon Blixen writing what was supposed to be a letter, but the lines all ran in a column down the center of the page. Sam thought it was poetry.

At any rate, by the time Blixen came to make his public apology, he had kicked himself so far into the doghouse people were glad to kick him the rest of the way. And the day of the court-martial drew nearer.

"Fellows," he said one evening, to the backs of most of the squad gathered in their customary circle around the stove, "I just want to thank you for taking me back into the fold the way you have. It's a lot more than I deserve. I want you to know that I appreciate it."

For a while nobody answered. Conversation continued where Blixen had interrupted it. Letters continued. Steve McDonough kept on carving his girl's initials into the stock of his M-1 and Jean Morel kept on cutting his girl's out. Finally somebody spoke up, "Blixen, you better save them store-bought words. You'll be needing them in a day or two. They're what them court-martial generals like to hear."

After that Blixen went around looking more than ever like a man condemned to Leavenworth.

The lieutenant mentioned the fact to Sam Abels, Blixen's squad leader, when they met over the straddle trench one morning.

"He's a funny kid," admitted Sam. "What do you mean, funny?"

"Well," said Sam, "he's a lot like that guy was with that piece of string."

"What guy was that?"

"A guy Old Tobit used to tell me about," said Sam, though the lieutenant could have no idea in the world who Old Tobit was. "Said this here guy had him a hoggish habit of collectin' string. One day this friend of his saw him out in the gutter snipin' this string and he passes the word around, 'Old Joe's a string sniper!'

Well they kep' a throwin' it at him and they kep' a throwin'—everywhere he went, uptown, downtown, the bank, the pool hall—'Old Joe's a string saver!' Till finally he couldn't stand it any more, laid down and died. Which sure was a greater crime than string savin'."

"You think Blixen's laid down?"

"Only man I ever seen do it standin' up," said Sam.

"Fellows been throwing Mud Hill at him pretty heavy?"

"Lieutenant, he's throwin' that mud all over himself." . . .

After supper the lieutenant called Blixen out into the courtyard of the farm where the platoon was quartered. They stood in the muddy straw and manure and looked up at the enemy searchlights, fixed along the sky over every road leading onto the front line—saying plainly that trying to conceal things from this enemy was no use.

"Looks like they know we're coming, doesn't it?" observed the lieutenant. "Right down to the roads we're coming on."

"They probably do," said Blixen.

"They think they do," said the lieutenant, "and that's just where they're wrong. It's where you're wrong, Blixen."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"You thought you knew what was coming to you on Mud Hill, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Blixen after a minute.

"You think you know what's coming to you now, a general court-martial for misbehavior in the face of the enemy, and you know what that means. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's just where you're wrong, Blixen. We're jumping off in the morning. You're going with us." Blixen's figure stiffened. "You're going with us as first scout. If you do your job, I can't promise anything but I think it will make some difference in those court-martial papers. I know it will make a difference to the platoon and to me. . . . If you do your job."

"I'll do the job, sir!"

"Okay?"

"Okay!"

Their hands met.

"One more thing," said the lieutenant easily, taking hold of Blixen by the arm. "Blix, if nobody made mistakes in this world there wouldn't be any wars and there wouldn't either you or I be standing here in a manure pile in this goddam country."

The words stumbled over one another in their hurry to get out of Blixen, "Lieutenant, you're a kind man. You're too good to me, sir. . . ."

The lieutenant's grip on Blixen's arm tightened. "You'll be in there tomorrow?"

"You can count on me, sir."

"I'll be watching you, Blix."

THE artillery preparation began at 0100. The batteries emplaced around the farmhouse lifted the little building from its foundations and set it down, and started dust crumbling from the wattled walls and ceilings into the eyes of the men who had lain awake waiting for that crumbling to begin, waiting to know that all along the front for a thousand miles, salvo after salvo was crashing into the night, and this was the beginning of the Big Push that would end the war.

The platoon moved out at three, a file on either side of the tree-lined road, five steps between each man, moving under the bare limbs that were no more naked than those men, walk-

ing up under the arch of shells, against the backdrop of sudden flame and the crash of sound and the smoke from the hidden batteries drifting away over the beet fields. The men kept moving, up into a future where great guns were hidden and little men moved all alone, up past the vehicles waiting bumper to bumper, loaded with things to keep them moving up; past the tanks hidden behind the buildings, their motors idling like the purring of huge cats; past last month's shell casings, K-ration boxes, foxholes, and tin cans, burnt-out vehicles, a baby carriage, a solitary bird sitting on the ground instead of a tree and expressing to those men all the weird distortion of their times—when even birds forsook the air, while men moved up over the ruts in the mud which shone in the darkness like steel rails when the sky glared; moving up alone—those men—because all the mighty machinery must wait until they moved and put behind them the signposts at the crossroads bearing in code the names of the great divisions, each with its awesome sound—Master, Victor, Powerhouse, Driver, Basher, Thunderer, Latitude. . . . And somehow the reading of those names imparted an immense loneliness, because when you got right down to it and were moving up, those names were nothing more than a line of frightened men probing like a finger, nobody knew where or why.

Blixen followed with the rest, the outline of the man in front of him. That outline was Sam Abels'. Presently it spoke aloud. It asserted the dignity of the American individual against the imminent presence of death and against authority in the person of the colonel, who had issued solemn warning against so much as a whisper in that inferno of sound, for fear of disclosing his position to the enemy, and the colonel had prescribed a forty-pound combat load to insure no man's having breath enough left to whisper, let alone fight. It was all these in combination which led Sam Abels to say:

"God rest all mules and infantrymen! May lightning strike me if I ever lay hand in anger upon either of them poor critters again!"

"Shut up, you fool."

"Lump it." Sam was from Arkansas.

"Quiet back there."

"Quiet—hell! Tell this war to be quiet!"

"Nervous in the service, buddy?"

The line broke out with chatter and everybody felt better.

"Where's Blixen? Blixen still here?"

Blixen was. He had followed the backside of Sam Abels into a roadside ditch. With the relief of that goal attained the prattle redoubled. . . .

Meanwhile, back in the warmly lighted headquarters, the serious talkers had their fingers upon that ditch, to which their minds had brought the prattlers. On their operations maps in those brain centers of Basher, Masher and Furious the ditch was marked as a blue line upon the acetate: "LD," Line of Departure.

That was all there was to it. From the ditch all you had to do was walk out across an open field into the dawn. Parts of the field were bare, parts covered with dry winter grass. Fences ran here and there. One or two mounds looked suspicious and there was a wood scaffolding like an American signboard without any sign. Beyond were dim outlines of houses.

It was much like any field the world

(Continued on page 53)

The battlefield was isolated. All the show recorded was a man to begin it. Blixen advanced reluctantly.

Chambers, sir, I know I've done wrong! I'm ready to take my punishment!"

"Blixen, it's not my job to punish you," the lieutenant told him. "A fellow who'll go back on his buddies ought to have punishment enough from his own conscience. It's my duty to place you under arrest in quarters, pending trial by court-martial for misbehavior in the face of the enemy."

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant. I want you to know that I'm sorry."

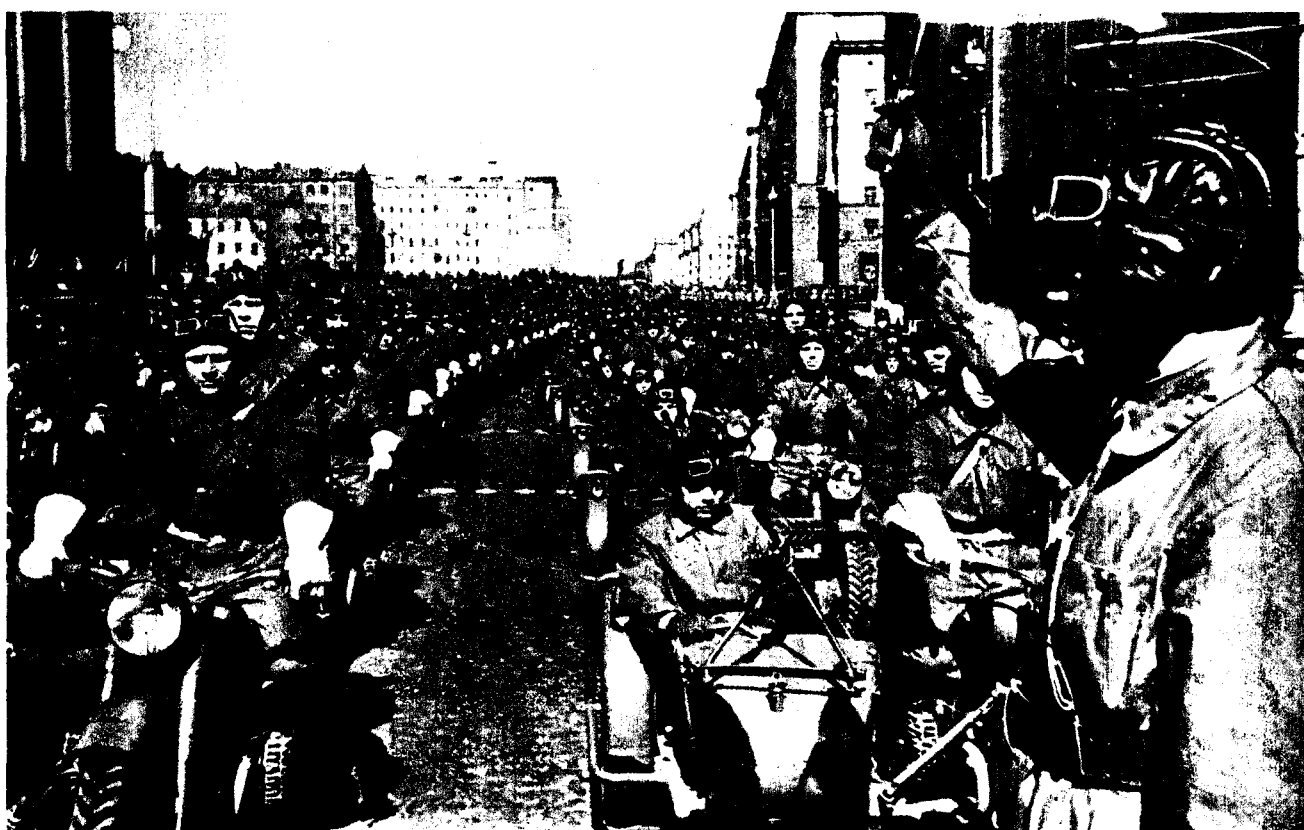
"Tell that to the men you went back on, Blixen, not to me."

Blixen did tell it to the men.

They wanted nothing better than to forget about places like Mud Hill but Blixen wouldn't let them. Every day, in a dozen little ways, he kept telling



An outdoor reading room in Buryat-Mongolia. Russian literature is stressing superiority of the Soviet system



Moscow's Gorky Street, packed with motorcycle units waiting to display their power in Red Square on May Day
Older women of the Red October "millionaire collective farm" in the Kirov region listen to a reading of the news



HATE-

THERE is an American in Moscow who remembers vividly how he was tossed in the air by friendly Russians on V-E Day three years ago. A few weeks ago, the same American smiled wryly and said, "I wouldn't dare take that chance with the Russians now. They'd be only too glad to hoist me but I doubt whether I'd ever come down again."

Bitter and resentful hostility to the United States is infecting the whole Soviet social structure. Not long ago a citizen of Moscow walked up to me in a public place, looked me slowly up and down, and spat out the word "Fascist!" Then walked away.

The impact of the United States' present foreign policy on the Soviets has been enormous. In the year since the Truman Doctrine was enunciated they have engaged in a series of moves—defensive, they say—which have changed the political complexion of a large part of Europe. Under their rival Molotov Doctrine they have stepped up their timetable for consolidating the Soviet security system, organizing one central European state after another on the Soviet pattern and integrating their economies with the Five-Year Plan.

The Molotov Doctrine has been successful so far, but the Russian people have paid a high price. The cold war against America has brought an ice age to inside Russia. While it has improved its economic lot considerably during the past year, politically and psychologically the Soviet Union is passing through a time of uncertainty, suspicion, spy scares, fear of foreigners, ideological hardening and general internal tension.

The most important development has been the virtual retirement of Stalin from direction of the government, and the assumption of more and more authority by Vyacheslav M. Molotov and Andrei A. Zhdanov. The sixty-eight-year-old Stalin gave up the job of Minister of the Armed Forces a year ago. Since then Molotov, his Foreign Minister and principal deputy prime minister, has gradually taken over the duties of premiership, and Zhdanov those of secretary-general of the Communist party.

Stalin has become primarily a symbol. He attends some state ceremonies, but fewer and fewer. He receives high-ranking visitors, but again these are fewer and fewer. He is present when important treaties are signed. His signature is affixed to occasional decrees, and personal messages to other chiefs of state are in his angular handwriting.

But Stalin has not made any public addresses since his election speech in February, 1946, more than two years ago. He has not been in Moscow for the last two celebrations of the Soviet national holiday, which is November 7th. He cannot take outdoor winter appearances any more. He spends more and more of his time at his luxurious villa at Sochi, on the shores of the Black Sea, in view of his native Caucasus Mountains. The year before last he spent three months there. Last year it was more than four months, from the beginning of August to the middle of December. No other chief executive was absent from his desk for so long in crucial 1947.

In Stalin's absence, the statements of policy, the speeches, the treaty negotiations and international relations are handled either by Molotov or by Zhdanov. The latter has created the present ideological climate in the Soviet Union, cracking the whip on the literature, music and art he deemed to be "un-Marxist" or "servile to the West."

Both Molotov and Zhdanov are essentially anti-Western in their views. There is no doubt inside the Soviet Union that this is the Stalin succession, and that it is already functioning.

With Stalin's one-man rule now ended the Soviet government has been quietly reorganized, during the past year, to make it an even more effective instrument of the Communist party Politburo. There are now twelve deputy prime ministers, making up an inner Cabinet. All but one or two are members of the Politburo, too, and each has vast power over some phase of Soviet life.

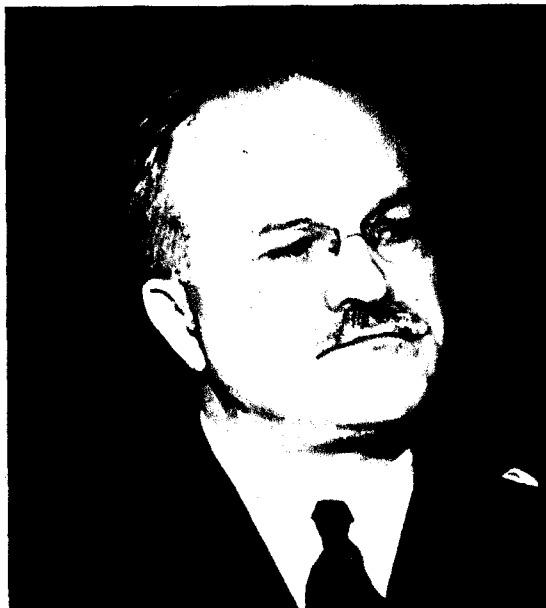
The stocky, square-faced Molotov, who looks like a schoolmaster, has been grudgingly granted top

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WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING

BY ALEXANDER KENDRICK

An American correspondent, just returned from 14 months in Moscow, reports the U.S.S.R. is ridden with spy scares, internal tension and distrust of foreigners. Marshal Stalin has virtually retired. Molotov and Zhdanov, who are essentially anti-Western, have emerged



Foreign Minister Molotov is gradually taking over the duties of the premiership from Joseph Stalin



Andrei Zhdanov, rising to power with Molotov, is running the Communist party more and more

stature by the chancelleries of the world, during the past year. They have revised their previous appraisal of him as "the best filing clerk in Russia," a remark originally attributed to Lenin. The filing clerk reputation was in some measure due to Molotov's modesty.

I stood a few feet away from the Foreign Minister at his last reception at Spiridonovka Palace, on November 7th. As usual, he was drinking champagne toasts with everyone he met, although unlike the others he made one glass of champagne go a long, long way. As I watched, a pair of mauve-uniformed, heavily bemedaled Soviet officers came over. They were Marshals Meretzkov and Govorov, two of the very few wartime commanders who are still around Moscow.

They lifted their glasses, and Meretzkov said: "We drink to you, Vyacheslav Mihailovich. You are a *narodny chelovek*—a people's man."

This is the highest praise that can be offered in modern Russia, but Molotov turned it aside.

"No, no," he said. "I am only a *gosudarstvenny chelovek*—a government functionary."

"*Narodny*," insisted Meretzkov.

"No, no," said Molotov modestly. "*Gosudarstvenny*."

There was a moment's awkward pause. Then Meretzkov brightened up, and raised his glass.

"Well, anyway, *narodny gosudarstvenny*—a people's government functionary," he said.

Molotov's emergence has led Stalin to pay less and less attention to business even when he is in Moscow. Since his return from Sochi he has been seen in a theater box, sitting slightly behind the drapery, at least half a dozen times. His favorite opera is Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin*, and his favorite ballet *The Flame of Paris*. He has seen each twice this season.

He also saw Muradeli's opera *The Great Friendship*, and his inability to whistle any of the tunes on the way out was responsible for the Communist party denunciation of modern music, and of Prokofiev, Shostakovich and other Soviet composers.

Two evenings before Stalin's birthday in December, Stalin and a group that looked like a birthday party dropped in at the Moscow Art Theater to see Konstantin Simonov's made-to-order play about American journalism, *The Russian Question*. This was undoubtedly the most precious array of Bolshevik brass ever to go skylarking incognito, for Stalin had his Big Six with him, Molotov, Zhdanov, Beria, Malenkov, Voznessensky and Kaganovich.

From where I sat, ten feet away, they seemed to be having the time of their lives. Beria slapped everyone else on the back. This seems to be his favorite gesture. Zhdanov laughed until his little round belly shook, and Stalin stroked his mustache in obvious enjoyment at the labored anti-American jokes in the play.

From where I sat I could see something that is not apparent at distances, under floodlights or in touched-up photographs—Stalin's hair and mustache are now virtually silver, or the color of steel, as Soviet writers like to put it.

The war has made him unmistakably an old man. He seems to be in good health, but it comes as a shock to watch his slowing, cautious movements, and his old man's gait.

Stalin's Strange Message to Moscow

During the 14 months I was in Moscow I definitely received the impression that Stalin was out of touch with many things. There is no other way to explain the message he sent from his sumptuous Sochi villa to the people of Moscow, on the city's 800th anniversary in September.

"One of the most serious ulcers of the large capitals of European, Asiatic and American countries is the existence of slums, where millions of pauperized toilers are doomed to misery and to a slow and painful death," he wrote.

"Moscow's service consists in that it has completely eradicated these slums and given the working people an opportunity to move from the cellars and hovels into apartments and houses of the *bourgeoisie*."

Thousands of Muscovites, who live in the most crowded conditions in the world, many in cellars, many in hovels, without adequate lighting, heating, cooking or toilet facilities, might be pardoned for complaining that Comrade Stalin doesn't seem to get around.

But, although Stalin is now taking it easy in governmental matters, he isn't completely idle. He is writing a treatise on world economics, with particular reference to the postwar positions of capitalism and Communism.

His current absorption in economics and economic analysis lies behind the recent downfall of Eugene Varga, the ex-Hungarian who for 25 years was the Soviet Union's leading economist. Varga was removed, and his Institute of World Economy liquidated, because he refused to recant his an-

nounced belief that world capitalism is not quite finished yet, that the Great Crisis in the United States is not just around the corner, and that capitalist states have enough sense to achieve self-preservation even if it means some measure of economic control.

The Varga case, which Soviet censors did not allow to be reported objectively from Moscow, is one of the best examples I know of the effect present American policy has had on Russian thinking. The issues involved have split Soviet economists into two camps. One of these, led by Varga, believes the Politburo is committing a historic and titanic error.

Varga wrote a work last year called *Changes in the Economics of Capitalism as a Result of the Second World War*. In it he put forth the thesis that during the wartime emergency the state had acquired "decisive significance" in the economy of capitalist countries, and that this influence would remain after the war. He expressed confidence there was no danger of an imminent collapse of the American economic system because at least ten years would be needed for the restoration of Europe's war-torn economy, with American help.

Finally, he asserted capitalist monopolies are not to be identified with the capitalist state, that they are often in opposition to the state, and that the state represents the interests of "the entire bourgeois class" as against the private interests of individual capitalists.

His assertions are a complete denial of orthodox Marxist dogma.

At a three-day "discussion" of his book—which in effect was a party trial—other Soviet economists charged he had denied the Marxist law of the development and collapse of capitalism, the law of surplus value, the law of capitalist accumulation, the law of the increasing impoverishment of the working class, and the inevitability of crises and unemployment.

When Stalin got back to Moscow, Varga was removed. Stalin believes the American crisis is not far off, and that it will be caused by inflation, overproduction, unemployment and lack of markets. He believes the Marshall Plan is a desperate attempt to stave it off, that it cannot be staved off, and that "capitalist planning" is impossible because the monopolies are the government, and will never control themselves.

At the same time he has always professed, publicly at least, to see no reason why capitalist and Communist states should (Continued on page 75)



Imported white organdy makes filmy Ceil Chapman gown for the pretty standee. Omar Kiam's lavender Skillman chambray, left, is overlaid with cotton net and banded with cotton grosgrain. The Galey & Lord cotton in Adele Simpson's gown, right, is spiked with gold thread (nontarnish, plastic-coated aluminum). It appeared in a special fabric display at Metropolitan Museum

COTTON GETS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

BY RUTH CARSON

FIFTEEN years ago when Hope Skillman, now designer of high-style cotton fabrics, started in business, cotton to most of us meant sheets, pillowcases, kids' clothes and house dresses. Utility stuff, definitely.

Today cotton is still utility stuff, but something has been added. Fashion has gone to work on it, like yeast on a blob of dough, till there's nothing about cotton that isn't light with style today. Beach clothes to evening gowns, the best designers here and abroad use it—in soft, sophisticated colors, in such stripes, plaids and checks as no kitchen apron ever saw, even threaded with a line of gold, more elegant than satin.

Paris goes dreamy-eyed over Christian Dior's new evening gowns of tucked lawn and lace. Mainbocher and Sophie in New York star cotton as leading fabric in their custom order collections. The postwar reappearance of Swiss organdy in this country is announced not by the showing of window curtains and kids' party frocks, but by as lavish a fashion show as New York has ever seen, exquisite gowns of the frothy stuff lilting along the runway to the pop of cameras. And selling, later on, in showrooms of our top designers, at up to two hundred and fifty per.

Bags, coats and suits flaunt gay cotton linings. And now that fluffy, feminine underpinnings have become the fashion again, cotton camisoles

and petticoats deck the Fifth Avenue windows.

Even cotton work clothes don't escape the fashion spotlight. It was turned on them in a fashion show this year, starring the bus driver, the mechanic, the waitress, the surgeon—each garbed more efficiently and also more smartly than ever before, thanks to the talents of Helen Cookman, designer now hired by a number of industries to smarten up their workers.

All of which is a lucky break for Hope Skillman, who didn't know fifteen years ago that she was getting in on the ground floor of a fashion boom. In fact she didn't know anything at all about cotton, except that it looked like a good, sound industry to get into. It was grown in twenty states and was the main crop in fourteen of them. It was the livelihood, in whole or part, of some 15,000,000 people. It filled at that time more than four fifths of our fabric needs, bulking largest in clothing. It looked like a better bet for a girl who had to make a living than the art-magazine writing in which she had been dabbling.

Today, by dint simply of following her nose, a pert and pretty nose which she has kept close to the grindstone, Hope is head of her own business, which is converting unfinished cotton called gray goods into such distinctive and lovely fabrics that she is credited with being one of the leaders in putting cotton (Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DERUJINSKY, JR.

HATS AND BAGS BY JOHN FREDERICS



Top picture: Girl standing displays Tina Leser play suit of Everfast cotton with cotton petticoat. Girl reclining on Bermuda rock wears Frances Sider's elasticized swim suit of Ameritex bird's-eye piqué

Above: McMullen suit of Galey & Lord cotton with Crown piqué coat by Janice Milan. She also designed pale green sun-back dress with bolero in Skillman cotton

Left: Yellow coverall in crinkled Fuller cotton by Janice Milan; Claire McCardell skirt, halter and bolero in blue shirting by Lonsdale; Tina Leser's bathing suit in printed lawn by Bates, with skirt and scarf to match; Frances Sider's plaid cabana dress in Everfast or Dan River cotton

WHO'LL SIT WITH THE BABY SITTER?

BY
EVERETT M. WEBBER

Sam could take a hint. All she had to do was
beat him about the head and shoulders with it

The rain seemed to have started again.
I tried to shield my face from it and then
opened my eyes. Jill was pouring water
on me. "What happened?" I asked



I AM a person of calm, even temperament, but I was rather irritated when for the second time in ten days Miss Jill Cheyney informed me that she would be unable to baby-sit Butch for the evening. She lives in a studio cottage next door to mine at Land's End and I had gone over to get Butch, whom I entrust to her care in the afternoon when I am painting or drawing. She is only a writer and can watch him while she pecks away at these detective novels she writes.

Now, calmly putting a sheet of carbon between a couple of fresh pages, she said, "I am really awfully sorry, but I couldn't stay with him this evening." Miss Cheyney has greenish eyes and they did not look at all sorry. "And please do not talk so loud," she added. "He's asleep."

I leaned against the porch banister. "This is really quite upsetting. I assured Tabitha Drake I would see her tonight without fail. She was angry at my breaking that date the other evening when I learned at the last moment you wouldn't stay with Butch."

That was, of course, an understatement. Right over the phone, which is a party line out here, Tabitha had said, "That is a fine way to treat me. You can take your Bridal Wreath contract and jump off the bridge." And then as she hung up she added an explosive phrase although it is illegal to talk like that over a party line where ladies might be listening.

Tabitha was hurt, of course, because she had bought a new dress to wear to this party we missed. But finally she cooled off and commuted out to Land's End a couple more times to pose for my current picture for the Bridal Wreath Company, makers of fine lingerie, and my fattest commission.

Running the paper into her machine, Miss Cheyney said, "I am sorry, very sorry, but I have my own life to lead. Perhaps you could get someone else to sit with Butch."

She has a full lower lip and when she pulls it in that way even Butch knows it is no use to argue and he is only four, going on five. But I said, "You know he would howl if I left anyone else with him—even if I could get someone, which I can't."

"Then," she said, "I suggest that you take him with you. He would

like to see the bright lights—and Miss Drake could put him to bed if he became sleepy. Does mayhem have a y in it?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I'm an artist, not a machine."

"I think I'll put one," she decided, "and the publisher can suit himself."

I said, "We plan to go to the theater, so it would be impractical to take Butch . . . Would you mind telling me why you won't sit with him? Is it a matter of money?"

"I have," she said, "a heavy date."

"You?" I said. I realized immediately that this was a *faux pas*. "I—I mean," I stammered, "that—"

"It's quite all right." Nevertheless her cheeks had colored and I felt awful as she pounded furiously at the keys.

Of course it was quite reasonable that she should have dates. She was approximately twenty-three years old; nice, brownish-red hair; good cheekbones and interesting features with pretty mouth and eyes; bosom, waist and hips in artistic proportions.

I had an inspiration. "What are you and your heavy date going to do?"

"Oh—sit around. Dance, maybe."

"Then," I said, "couldn't you do it at my house instead of yours? Or have Butch over here?"

"It so happens," Jill informed me, "that the gentleman in question is allergic to children. I am hoping to show him a pleasant evening—not to scare him away with grim portents of the future. Besides, he's coming to sit with me—not with a baby."

I said, "Very well. But if Tabitha returns my ring again, you will know whom to blame. Not only that, her former husband, Johnny Selfridge, is shining up to her and he is not the type of person I like for her to go out with. If I don't show up, she—"

"Have no fear," Jill answered. "This heavy date I have is with Mr. Selfridge."

There was some relief in that, of course, though not much. I rose from the banister and walked across the yard and through the hedge, leaving the box with the new Trousseau nightgown behind me.

The Bridal Wreath Company never knows just which color will appeal to me most to paint at any given moment and since they want the pictures to be perfect they always send several samples. These are intentionally a little

too small for Tabitha because it makes a more interesting picture, but they just fit Jill and since there is nothing personal about the matter she accepts the ones Tabitha does not pose in. She used to, that is.

This time Jill cried, "And take your old whatever-it-is with you!" and she threw the box at me. It came open and the gown flew out and the wind opened it and sent it across the lawn like a woman dancing. By the time I retrieved it, Jill was in the house. . . .

FINALLY, I long-distanced Tabitha in the city and broke the bad news. This conversation made me realize more clearly than ever that I should never have let myself become emotionally involved with my model; she said I could dispense with her presence in the future.

I put on a cheerful front for Butch when he came home and we went down for a swim in the lake. He is strong and brown; his brown hair is lighter than mine, but his eyes are as dark as his mother's were, and usually he is sober and thoughtful. He gets a kick out of swimming, though, and he laughed while we splashed.

At sundown we ran shivering back to the house and fixed supper and ate it and cleaned up. Then Butch looked at his new animal books the nursery-school woman had given him.

About the time he went to bed Johnny Selfridge came driving up to Jill's in his king-size convertible and played Little Brown Jug on his horns. Jill called to him and he went in. Long after I went to bed I could see and hear them dancing to the record player. Then they shook up some drinks and sat out in the porch swing which muttered screech-scratch, screech-scratch as they swung slowly back and forth.

Selfridge made some wisecracks when a car passed and stopped down the road at a marrying justice's. We get lots of couples from over the line because we have no three-day waiting law and the justices are also deputy clerks and can give you a license and marry you in one fell swoop.

It was ten forty-one when Johnny kissed her. He kissed her several more times after that, and at ten fifty-nine he said he had a hard day tomorrow at the wheat pit and they walked out to the car.

Presently she said, "Well—tomorrow night, then."

She went in humming and I turned over the other way as she has on a few occasions forgotten to pull down the shade to get ready for bed.

I was not feeling cheerful. I analyzed my feelings to see why this was and I concluded that I not only was disappointed about missing my date with Tabitha, but that I was subconsciously frustrated because Tabitha wouldn't even come back for me to finish the picture of the Trousseau nightgown tomorrow and thus I wouldn't get to see her at all.

I awakened in the morning to a dreary drizzle. But Jill loves such weather and she was in a raincoat on her side porch pecking away, before the lady came to haul Butch to the nursery school in the little town down the lake a mile from Land's End.

In my studio I dispiritedly looked over the Trousseau picture. The head was only blocked in with pencil, as was most of the background. The scene showed a girl lying on a bed in the gown, her arms extended outward as if she were either stretching luxuriously or fixing to embrace someone. This, of course, was in order to sell the gown to women both singular and plural.

The gown is what is known in circulating-library bedroom scenes as diaphanous. I began to think: Now, supposing that girl in the picture were Jill. And supposing Mr. Johnny Selfridge were to see it, he would probably drop Jill like a hot tip from his worst enemy in the wheat pit.

After all, his divorce with Tabitha was over the way she did some posing in the altogether for artists in the city. If Johnny were worthy of Jill, I told myself, I would not consider such a thing as I had in mind. But he wasn't. And if he dropped her, why then if I needed a baby sitter I would have one as my just reward for getting her rid of him.

But supposing I did the picture that way. How would I bring it to his attention in an unobtrusive manner? Maybe if I had a little party. . . .

MULLING that over, I got out an opera glass with which to get a close-up of Jill and went to work. I didn't want the resemblance to be photographic—just enough to make Jill recognizable. Then of course I would change it a bit more before I sent it out as I didn't wish to cause her any embarrassment.

I didn't like the picture as it progressed, though. Oh, it was all right. An ordinary artist would probably have been pleased with it, but it just didn't hit me. The gown I had taken to Jill was lying on the couch and I kept thinking how it looked dancing in the wind.

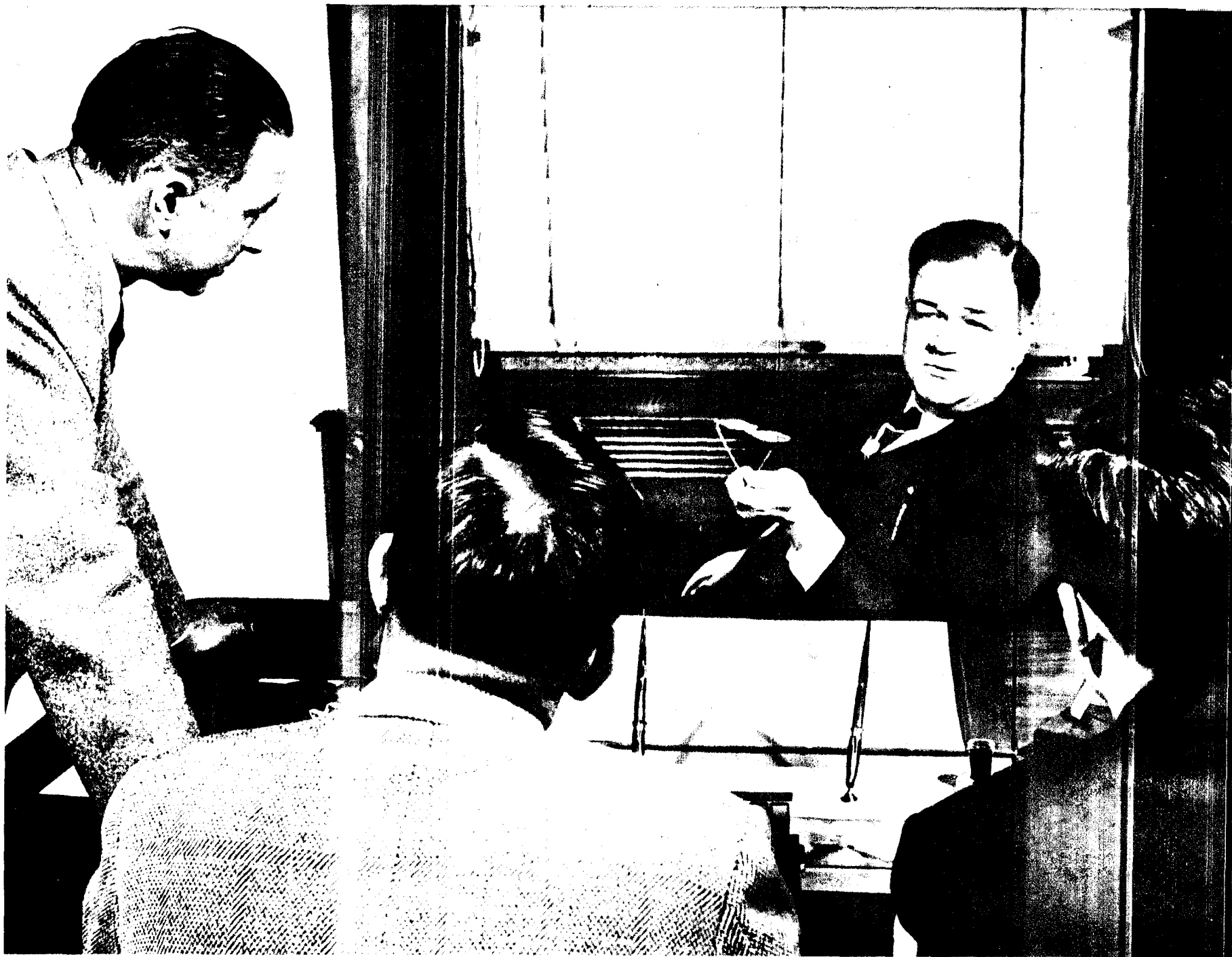
Suddenly I knew what to do. I put it on a hanger and turned a small fan on it to make it shimmer. I started a fresh picture and I could tell by the way I felt as I slapped the paint on that I had something. I worked hard and fast, letting the scene go as it wished, and instead of Jill in a room I had her dancing under a silver moon with blossoms from a near-by acacia tree in her hair.

It wasn't a literal picture but an abstraction of what I felt as I closed my eyes to see her dancing the better. And much to my surprise a couple of elves presently appeared in one corner playing pipes, and satyrs and nymphs hazily danced in another.

I was about half through and pretty
(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARY MAYO





Congressman Homer A. Ramey, head of a subcommittee investigating practices of some veterans' schools, talks about the G.I. Bill with a group of veterans

LET'S STOP ABUSES IN

PEOPLE who have no business trying to educate others have moved in on the G.I. Bill of Rights. They have ignored the clear intent of its provisions for veterans' education and through loopholes in the present law have established schools that are highly questionable in character—schools in which are taught subjects that are of no benefit to the veteran-student, and that milk the federal Treasury of the taxpayers' funds without giving any worth-while return, either to the veteran or to the public.

Some of these schools, for instance, have been teaching veterans to be dancing instructors. This is no complaint against legitimate dancing instructors, but so many veterans have been induced, often by high-pressure methods, to squander their educational benefits on such instruction that if all of them were actually to become teachers there would be enough to make the entire population of the United States completely familiar with both the rumba and the samba within a year.

As Collier's showed in an article on

veterans' education last week, other schools—scores of them—have been set up to teach veterans horseback riding, chicken sexing and flower arranging.

In still other institutions that have been training veterans for recognized occupations—as bartenders, for example—there is clear evidence that courses have been stretched out, in many instances, from a reasonable few weeks to as much as seven full months. By so doing they have been able to extract from the Treasury the maximum possible amount of tuition, as much as \$500 per student instead of the \$100 or \$150 their instruction may actually be worth.

Through advertising, scores of schools have enrolled tens of thousands of veterans for training in occupations like radio and barbering that cannot possibly absorb more than a small percentage of their graduates. In their haste to lay hands upon every available federal dollar some operators have not bothered to consider whether their graduates have any chance of putting their new learning to good use.

The extent to which these operations have grown up around the educational features of the G.I. Bill of Rights would shock the country if fully exposed. Investigation by the subcommittee on education of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, of which I am chairman, brought to light only a small fraction of the whole picture.

But even these explorations more than justify an estimate that the federal government is spending close to half a billion dollars a year supporting schools that fall far short of serving as benefactors of the veteran.

With Hospitals Short of Help

The squandering of such sums would be scandalous under any circumstances. To permit it to occur while veterans' hospitals have been forced to discharge essential help, because there is not enough money to pay them, is completely unconscionable.

Our subcommittee first started its investigations when 800 indignant veterans marched to the House Office

Building in Washington last January to complain bitterly that the Veterans Administration had forced the Columbia Technical Institute, of Washington, D.C., to close its doors and leave them stranded. At first glance it appeared that some misguided bureaucrat might have acted arbitrarily in the matter, trying for some reason to injure a legitimate school and its veteran student body. But as our hearings progressed we were shocked by a series of strange disclosures.

We found that the Veterans Administration had requested this school to submit a financial statement to justify the tuition fees it was charging for evening courses. These charges may have been extreme. They may have been reasonable. The V.A. could only have determined whether they were one or the other after examining the school's financial statement.

But the authorities at the Columbia Technical Institute had flatly refused to submit such a statement. The Veterans Administration was thus jockeyed into the position of having to hold up further payments to the school. Then CTI officials, who had

Collier's for May 8, 1948

STUDY OF SPECIAL PROBLEMS ARISING UNDER THE SERVICE-
MEN'S READJUSTMENT ACT

(The Bureau of the Budget, February 9, 1948)

INTRODUCTION

occupationally.

no intention or prospect of

his training

DANCING LESSONS

Social or ballroom dancing is another training activity in which there is departure from the intent of the law that veterans should be assisted to reach legitimate occupational objectives.

Latest estimates indicate that several thousand veterans are taking dancing lessons at the expense of the Federal Government. Most of these veterans are taking social or ballroom dancing courses of close to 100 hours in length and instructor courses of about 200 hours in length. Costs for these courses are usually between \$3.50 and \$3.90 an hour. Thus, a typical course of 100 to 120 hours costs between \$350 and \$450 for tuition payments, in addition to any subsistence allowances required.

State accrediting agencies have attempted to confine their approval to "instructor" courses as a general rule. There is no method, however, open either to the accrediting agencies or to the Veterans' Administration to insure that veterans taking such course enter them with the idea of becoming dancing instructors or that they will stay in the courses long enough to become qualified dancing instructors.

In a number of instances schools have frankly stressed the recreational or social aspects of the dance instruction. One school explains to veterans that they may drop out after 100 hours of basic instruction without taking advanced instruction or at any time they believe themselves to be proficient. Another advertised dance lessons for two at the cost of one and urged veterans to learn rhumba, jitterbug, waltzes, and fox trots "in time for fall weekends and dances."

GEOGRAPHY COURSE

This is part of the testimony presented at subcommittee hearings. It was taken from an official study of the G.I. Bill

Congressman Ramey discusses corrective moves recommended by his investigating subcommittee. Several measures that would amend the G.I. Bill of Rights have been introduced

BY HOMER
A. RAMEY

U.S. CONGRESSMAN FROM OHIO

actually brought the crisis about, blandly announced they were being forced to close by the Veterans Administration.

In the course of our hearings it was disclosed that the principal owner of the school, and his wife, were not in Washington at all. Instead, they were living in Florida, leaving administration of the institution to an underling. When we finally got the man to leave his Florida home and come up to Washington he testified he "controlled" the school by mail, writing daily letters of instruction to his dean. For this remote-control job he was drawing a salary of \$18,000 a year. His wife was getting eighteen thousand more. Small wonder the school's officials weren't anxious to explain the details of its finances to the V.A.!

It appeared to me that the people who ran this school had done a great injury to their 800 veteran-students by refusing the financial information. At the urgent behest of our committee the absentee owner finally assumed a less truculent attitude. He submitted the data we wanted and soon reached an agreement with the Veterans Ad-

ministration that permitted the school to continue its training of veterans.

This case—and many another like it, revealed during our hearings—clearly highlighted the extremely limited power of the Veterans Administration to maintain forcibly anything like a decent standard among the thousands of schools offering training to veterans. As our hearings proceeded it became more and more apparent that the Veterans Administration was in the position of a mere paying teller, with virtually nothing to say about the quality of the education offered and very little to say about its cost. Schools of every sort—or anything that wanted to call itself a school—could enroll veterans and collect money from the Veterans Administration if they could simply be approved by a state approving authority.

To explain fully this situation I must go back to the writing of the G.I. Bill in 1944. Its educational sections, especially, presented a host of problems for which there were no precedents.

Some members of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee thought, for

example, that they ought to allow the Veterans Administration to supervise closely every single school proposing to serve the veteran. The majority of the committee, though, believed this would be an almost impossible task, at least for the Veterans Administration as it was then constituted. They listened to testimony from many educational authorities and state officials, who emphasized that the supervision of education is traditionally a function of the states. They did not want our bill for veterans' education to serve as the opening wedge for a great bureaucratic system setting up federal control of all education.

So the act, as finally passed, provided that in each state an approving authority, usually the commissioner of education or board of education, would be given the task of judging the legitimacy of each veterans' training school and of supervising its course of instruction.

Even at that time there were some members of Congress who feared this system would constitute an open invitation to irregularities. Errett Scrivner, a member of Congress from

Kansas, repeatedly stressed the magnitude of this danger. He warned us that, while most states would probably be vigilant in protecting the interests of their veterans, some approving authorities might be weak, or casual, or even corrupt.

I supported Congressman Scrivner in his view that we ought to write a tighter law—one that would legislate at least a modicum of supervision and control by the Veterans Administration, which would have to foot the bill. Four or five others on the committee felt as Mr. Scrivner and I did, but the majority honestly believed we had no alternative but to turn the matter of approving and supervising schools over to state officials.

Surely, they argued, we should be able to trust state superintendents of public instruction, or state boards of education, to safeguard the veterans' interests and to apply reasonable, or even rigorous standards in selecting schools for approval. The G.I. Bill, as it finally was voted by Congress, placed its faith in the men the people of each state select to supervise and regulate education.

Only Abuses Are Spotlighted

I would, however, like to point out here that the light of publicity is almost invariably turned onto the mistakes and failures. Many schools operating under the present law are beyond reproach. It is not these with which our subcommittee is concerned, and our faith has been justified in many states. I know from personal investigation that in Ohio, Michigan, New Mexico and Arizona, in some of the New England states, and in New York, the state approving authorities have done an honest and workmanlike job in examining and supervising schools of all kinds.

Unfortunately, however, an accumulating and overwhelming mass of evidence has forced the members of our subcommittee, most reluctantly, to the conclusion that many a state approving authority has failed in its trust and placed its seal of approval on institutions formed primarily for the purpose of exploiting this federal bounty.

Through evidence presented before our subcommittee at its recent hearings, we found that the number of schools for teaching flying have jumped from the few hundred that existed at the end of the war to nearly 4,000. Many are legitimate, well run and give both the veteran and the government a full and fair break.

But what could anyone say in favor of the Florida school that advertised widely in the North like this: "Veterans, come to Florida. Enjoy the sunshine. Enjoy the breezes. Bathe in the ocean while you learn to fly. Exercise your rights under the G.I. Bill and we will refund \$30 of your travel expenses after one week of training"? Such a school appears to have little interest in training veterans to pursue flying as a vocation. It isn't looking for that kind of serious-minded veteran—the man who wants to study and practice to qualify as a commercial pilot. It is looking for a boy who is fool enough to squander his educational benefits for a Florida vacation.

What can be said in favor of the flying school in Mobile, Alabama, which is being investigated by the F.B.I. for allegedly billing the government for flight training it never actually gave veteran-students it had enrolled?

What can be said for the Macon, (Continued on page 57)

MY FRIEND JOSEPH

BY NEIL PATERSON

The Story:

I first encountered JOSEPH outside London; he was boxing in a traveling side show. A huge, inarticulate man, known as the Pole, Joseph's viciousness in the ring was matched only by his gentleness toward the birds and animals he took to live with him. He spoke little English and seemed to have no friends.

At that time I was terribly in love with MOLLY, the adopted daughter of JACOBUS, the boxing manager. Jacobus, who lived with his domineering housekeeper, MRS. STEVENS, above his gymnasium, did not know that Molly and I were in love. Wanting to ingratiate myself, I told Jacobus about Joseph. Jacobus took him on, and Joseph, billed as Joe Hamilton, knocked out his first three opponents. It turned out that I was the only person the unpredictable Pole enjoyed being with—or would even listen to, so Jacobus asked me to look after him.

This was no easy task. After I talked him into returning a valuable Abyssinian duck he had stolen, Joseph turned up with a young lion. Desperately intent on keeping Joseph reasonably happy so that he would co-operate when the British Board of Boxing Control met to qualify him as a British subject and thus be eligible for a crack at the title, Jacobus didn't dare take Joseph's beloved lion away from him. He even brought Joseph to live with him and his housekeeper.

Mrs. Stevens was trying hard to force Molly to go and live with RAGS GORMAN, a successful bookmaker. Then, to everyone's surprise, Gorman actually proposed to marry Molly. If it weren't for my meager finances, I would have married her in a minute myself, to spare her from such a fate, and because I loved her. Meanwhile, she went home to another bitter harangue from Mrs. Stevens about Gorman while I, completely miserable, went to the newspaper office where I work and waited to hear from her.

Conclusion

THE next day was the longest I have ever lived through. Molly was to phone in the evening. She was to slip out and ring me whenever she got rid of Rags Gorman, and I sat waiting by the office phone for three interminable hours, from 8 till 11 P.M. A crowd of the boys came in then and sat down at the reporters' long table, and I could hardly bear to listen to their bright talk. I had to get out. I had to get to Molly. I left the office at a run, jumped a number thirteen at the traffic lights, and got off just opposite Jacobus' gymnasium fifteen minutes later.

It was then exactly twenty-two minutes past eleven, and there was nobody about.

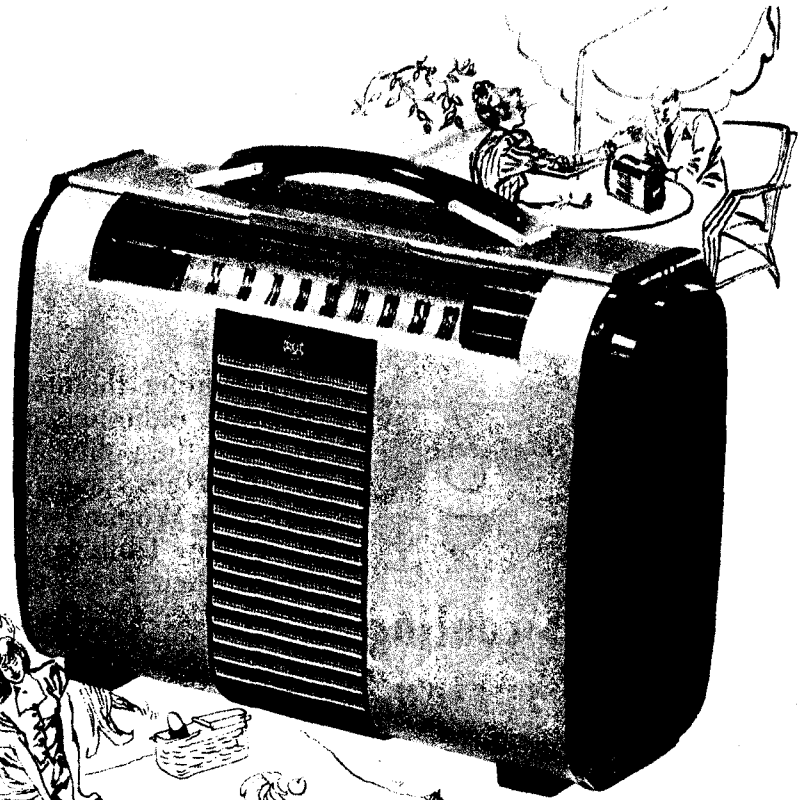
I climbed the yard gate and, keeping to the shadow of the house wall, tiptoed up the flight of stone stairs that led to the kitchen door. I don't know exactly what I meant to do. I hoped to see Molly, but if I did not see Molly I think I meant to hammer on the door

(Continued on page 66)

The Pole picked up Rags and threw him down the stairs after Jacobus

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

The pick of the Portables

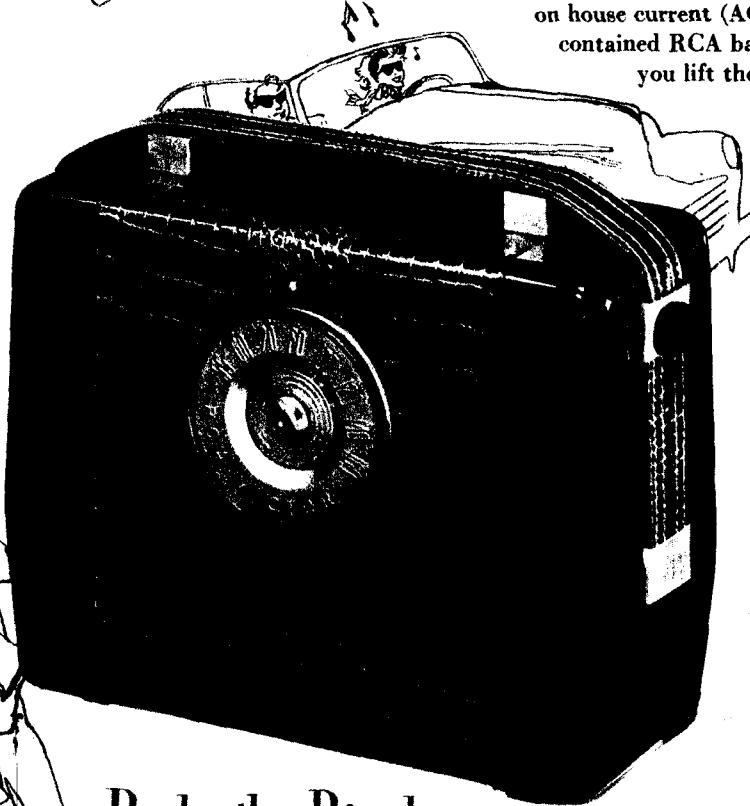


Powerful

Extra range and power are yours with the "Globe Trotter," amazing sensitivity, plenty of volume even for outdoor dancing. That handsome case is lightweight aluminum and plastic with a special, weather-resistant finish on the aluminum. Plays on house current (AC-DC). Plays on its self-contained RCA battery and turns on the second you lift the dial cover. It's a star performer with the marvelous tone of the famous "Golden Throat."

Pocket Size

Just 6¼ inches high, this tiny "Personal" gives you room-size volume. It's built like a fine camera, has rugged RCA batteries, tiny but sturdy RCA Victor tubes. Plays instantly when you open the handsome case. Choose yours in black, brown, red or ivory alligator-grained plastic!



the "Golden Throat"

FINEST TONE SYSTEM
IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

Always buy RCA batteries . . .
they're radio-engineered
for longer life.

Prudently Priced

Like all RCA Victor instruments, this stunning new portable is an outstanding value. It has fine volume and the glorious tone of the "Golden Throat." Plays on AC or DC house current or on its long-life RCA battery. Lightweight—in durable maroon plastic with non-tarnish golden finished trim and a handsome saddle of smart luggage-type covering. It's a welcome companion at home or wherever you go!

When you're in New York,
see the radio and electronic wonders
at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL.
Open free to all. 36 West 49th
Street, across from Radio City.



RCA VICTOR

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"VICTROLA"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

by don herold



"Clean that cooling system in spring"

Start your spring and summer driving season with a cooling system that is clean as a whistle.

You can see the mud that winter leaves on and under your car. But you can't see the muck that winter driving can leave inside your cooling system.

Unless you have this cleaned out now, summer driving may overheat your motor and cause: (1) poor performance, (2) wasteful gas consumption, (3) possible staggering repair bills.

Mere draining won't help the situation. You should go to your Nor'way service man and have him do a complete job with NOR'WAY* preparations.

3-STEP TREATMENT

1. First thing, your service man will give your cooling system a spring purge with NOR'WAY CLEANER or QUICK FLUSH, to give the bum's rush to rust, scale, oil, grease and other mire.

2. Then he'll use NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to sure-seal any leaks.

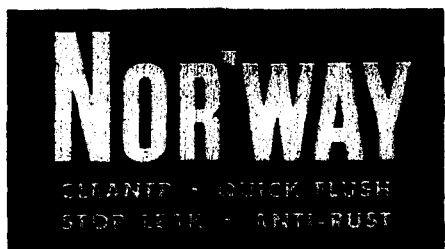
3. Next comes NOR'WAY ANTI-RUST to prevent summer corrosion and clogging of the tiny passages of your radiator.

COOLING
SYSTEM
DOCTOR



A miracle has happened!

Ask for this spring cooling system treatment by name: NOR'WAY.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Products of Commercial Solvents Corporation
17 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

Concluding the story of the first big radio network with a look at the political past—Al Smith, Huey Long and F.D.R. Also the Winning of the West—or how Hollywood's rulers made their peace with radio

IV

IN ANY objective study of history, the radio must have a place of honor beside the steam engine, the dynamo and the automobile as a fountainhead of social revolution. It has brought drastic changes in entertainment, education, religion and politics. Especially in the latter. And these are so profound that the political stage before 1920—the year of KDKA's broadcast of the Harding-Cox election returns—was just a primitive prelude to today.

The Coolidge-Davis campaign of 1924 was the first one to make any effective use of radio. It was an important element of strategy during the Hoover-Smith battle in 1928. It was not, however, until the Hoover-Roosevelt combat of 1932 that broadcasting became a decisive factor.

As head of the National Broadcasting Company, I had to maintain close contacts with officials of the government. My earliest ones were with Herbert Hoover, who, as Secretary of Commerce under Coolidge, supervised American radio activities. The impression I gained of him then has remained throughout all these years: Here was a fair-minded, amazingly able and utterly reasonable public servant, a just man who had at heart the best interests of both the public and the broadcasting industry.

My occasional meetings with Calvin Coolidge gave me ample opportunities to form an estimate of the man. I found him to be cordial but matter-of-fact, hardheaded and taciturn.

It was this latter characteristic which almost disrupted a broadcast that we had planned as a great human-interest presentation. On Inauguration Day, March 4, 1929, after escorting his successor, Herbert Hoover, down Pennsylvania Avenue, Coolidge was driven to the Union Station, where he boarded a train for Vermont. I had arranged with David Lawrence, our correspondent in Washington, for a microphone in the retiring President's railroad car, from where he would broadcast a few words of farewell to the nation.

Lawrence was awaiting the Coolidges as they entered the car and began the broadcast immediately. Turning to the former Chief Executive, he said, "Won't you say a word, Mr. Coolidge?"

To Lawrence's consternation Coolidge looked grim and said nothing.

Dave had to think fast—and he did. Being an old Washington hand, he knew that the charming Mrs. Grace Coolidge could handle her husband better than anyone else. So he turned to her: "Would you like to say a word, Mrs. Coolidge?"



The author (left) with Al Smith after a campaign broadcast in 1928

The gracious lady smiled and reached for the portable microphone. She responded vivaciously, talking of her regret at leaving Washington, and thanked the women of America for their good wishes. Mrs. Coolidge was doing so well as extemporaneous speaker that the amazed Cal was suddenly tempted. Without warning he grabbed the microphone from his wife's hand and spoke his thanks to the people for their help while he was in the White House. It was quite a lengthy speech for Coolidge.

During the 1928 Presidential cam-

paign, I gained a close insight into the heart and the mind of another great political figure—Alfred E. Smith.

Although most of the "top brass" of radio were Republican sympathizers, and therefore for Herbert Hoover, I made extraordinary efforts to maintain the political impartiality of NBC. Then, too, there was the affection I had for the Democratic nominee—an affection that was shared by one of the titans of the broadcasting world, Owen D. Young.

Young was so deeply interested in

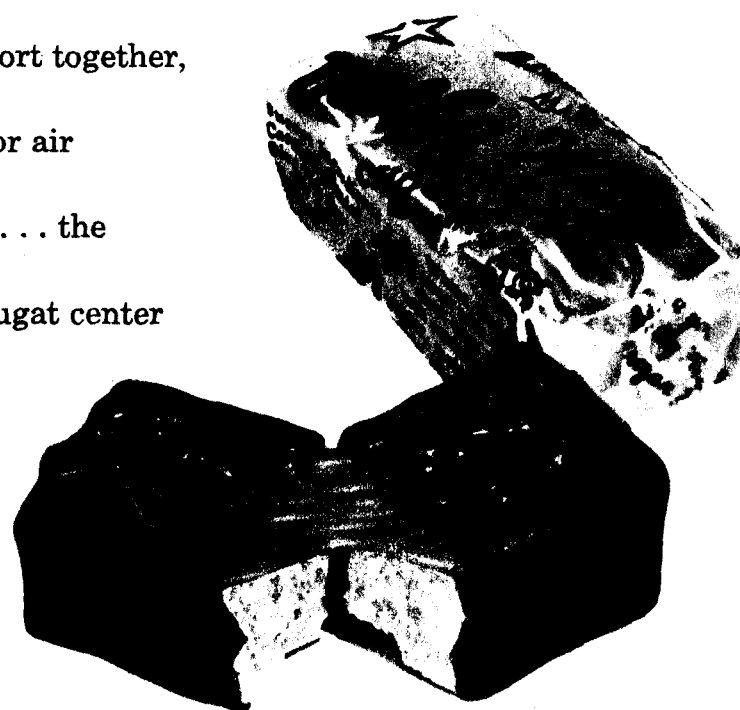


OUTDOOR TREAT

Wherever the sun shines on good friends, enjoying good sport together,
you can always find Milky Way candy bars. For the fresh, outdoor air
seems to add to that rare taste blend of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the
golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center
so richly flavored with real malted milk.

When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way





DID SOMEONE SHUT A DOOR?

THE NIGHT SEEMS ENDLESS . . . when you can't get to sleep. And as you twist and turn in your bed, you begin to feel uneasy.

So uneasy, that you start imagining things—things you'd never think of in the daytime!

But why are you so restless and jumpy? Why are you sleepless, for that matter?

It might have been that cup of coffee you had. One cup may be all it would take, if you're one of those affected by the caffeine in coffee.

But don't be alarmed. You needn't give up your coffee drinking.

Just change to Sanka Coffee.

Sanka is perfectly delicious coffee—temptingly fragrant, rich and full-bodied. Yet Sanka can't possibly keep you awake, or jitter up your nerves, because 97%

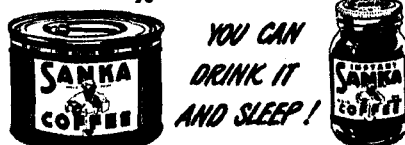
of its caffeine has been taken out.

So drink *all* the coffee you want—just make sure it's Sanka! Sanka is all coffee, real coffee, grand, flavorful coffee. Start enjoying it tonight!

TUNE IN! The Hilarious NEW Sanka Coffee Show . . . starring funster Danny Thomas! CBS, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE



Drip or Regular • New Instant
Products of General Foods

Al's personal fortunes that he made suggestions, at the candidate's request, which were incorporated in the latter's speech accepting the Presidential nomination. I shall never forget the night in Young's apartment when we tuned in Smith's delivery of this address.

The candidate had spoken only a brief time when the great industrialist shook his head sadly. Speaking to no one in particular, he said, "Al, that won't do at all."

Young, like most of us, recognized that Smith was an outstanding American. But on this night, it became plain that he could not overcome the limitations of his background, at least on the radio. For Smith was essentially a product of the Big City, a hundred per cent New Yorker. His hoarse, rough voice, slovenly diction and an accent that was pure New Yorkese doomed him over the air waves.

Not Much Radio Aptitude

Al's deficiencies as a radio speaker saddened Young; so the great industrialist suggested that I take Smith in hand and, if possible, help him to improve his microphone technique. I worked with the governor faithfully for some time, but it was all in vain. He never could quite understand the "radd-i-oh," as he called it. His words, as they came over the air, simply failed to convey any intimation of his greatness.

Smith was also burdened with a typical New York provincialism. Broadcasting from Colorado, he spoke as if his remarks were intended solely for the residents of his own community. And even when he lifted his sights, Al's speeches had a limited appeal. He had received his early political schooling before the coming of radio, barnstorming from town to town and delivering the same talk with only slight local variations. Radio, however, demands something new each time.

Throughout his energetic campaign, Al seemed utterly oblivious of his radio defects. The flattery of his immediate advisers was responsible for this, for they insisted that the election was "in the bag." I had startling proof of his self-delusion when he came to my office on the day before the ballots were cast. Resplendent in brown suit, with four big cigars bulging in his vest pocket, the Democratic nominee parked his pearl-gray derby on my desk. Then, he drew a deep breath and said jubilantly, "Merlin, I have it! I'm elected!"

I knew that he was feeding himself on a dream that would never come true. But being so fond of him, I did not dare to tell him what I thought. I merely remarked, "Well, Governor, it won't matter even if you don't win, because I know you really don't care."

Al looked at me in silence. Then, after a moment, he said in the most self-confident manner possible, "Merlin, all of my friends tell me that I'm in."

"The only trouble with politics," I said, "is that sometimes your friends surround you."

The Al Smith radio story was one of defeat; that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of triumph. Roosevelt was a virtuoso of the microphone. With the exception of Huey Long, he knew more about its use as a political instrument than any other American public figure. He could really tame the people with his magnetic voice, the charm of his personality and his uncanny mastery of radio oratory.

By the time the campaign year of 1932 came along, F.D.R. was already an expert. As governor of New York, he had availed himself many times of our facilities, but not until after his nomination that summer did he develop to the full those qualities which made him the country's Number One radio speaker.

That was a desperate period of American history. The depression, with its sorrowful cavalcade of strikes, bank failures, bread lines and general unrest, had sown suspicions in the minds of men. The radio spared no pains to maintain its reputation for impartiality. And because of our desire to play fair with all political factions, we were, in one sense, unwittingly instrumental in bringing about the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

At a certain stage of the drama-filled Democratic convention in Chicago that summer, certain national committeemen combined against F.D.R., who was the leading contender. The movement gained in strength and the Roosevelt leaders were frantic. They sent a hurry call to NBC for time on the air. Their plan was to broadcast speeches by outstanding figures who, while ostensibly addressing the country, would in reality be appealing to the national committeemen.

I knew that if I consulted many of my good friends in the newspaper and the radio fields about this request, they would have advised me not to lift a finger to stop the anti-Roosevelt drive. But I believed that the F.D.R. chiefs had a right

BUTCH

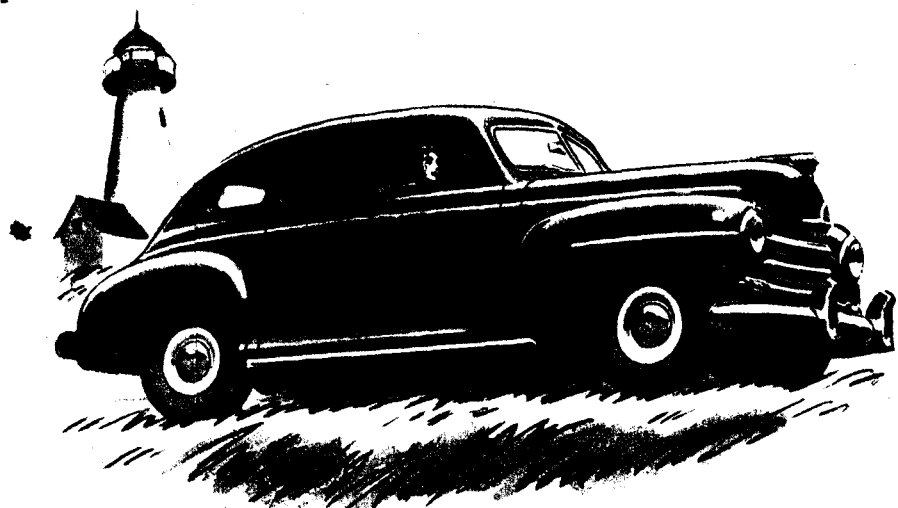
by LARRY REYNOLDS



"You'll find it lots more comfy without these lumpy thousand-dollar bundles"

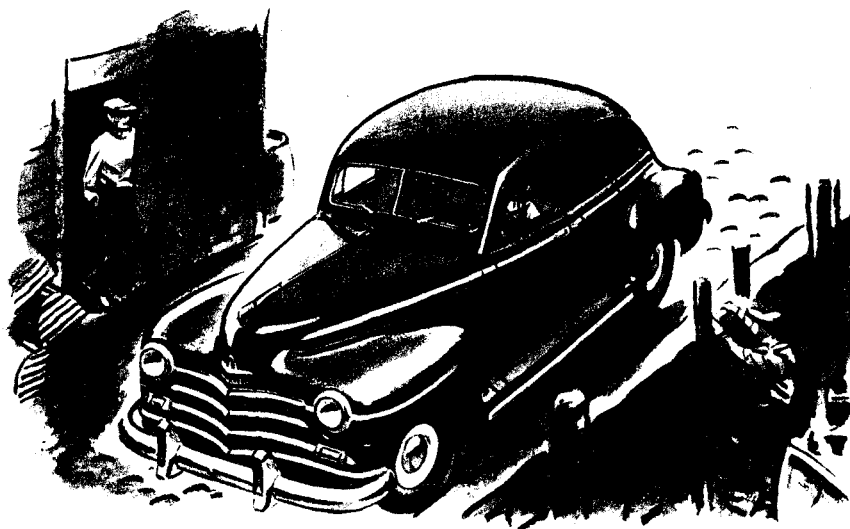
COLLIER'S

Look at the advanced features you get with PLYMOUTH!



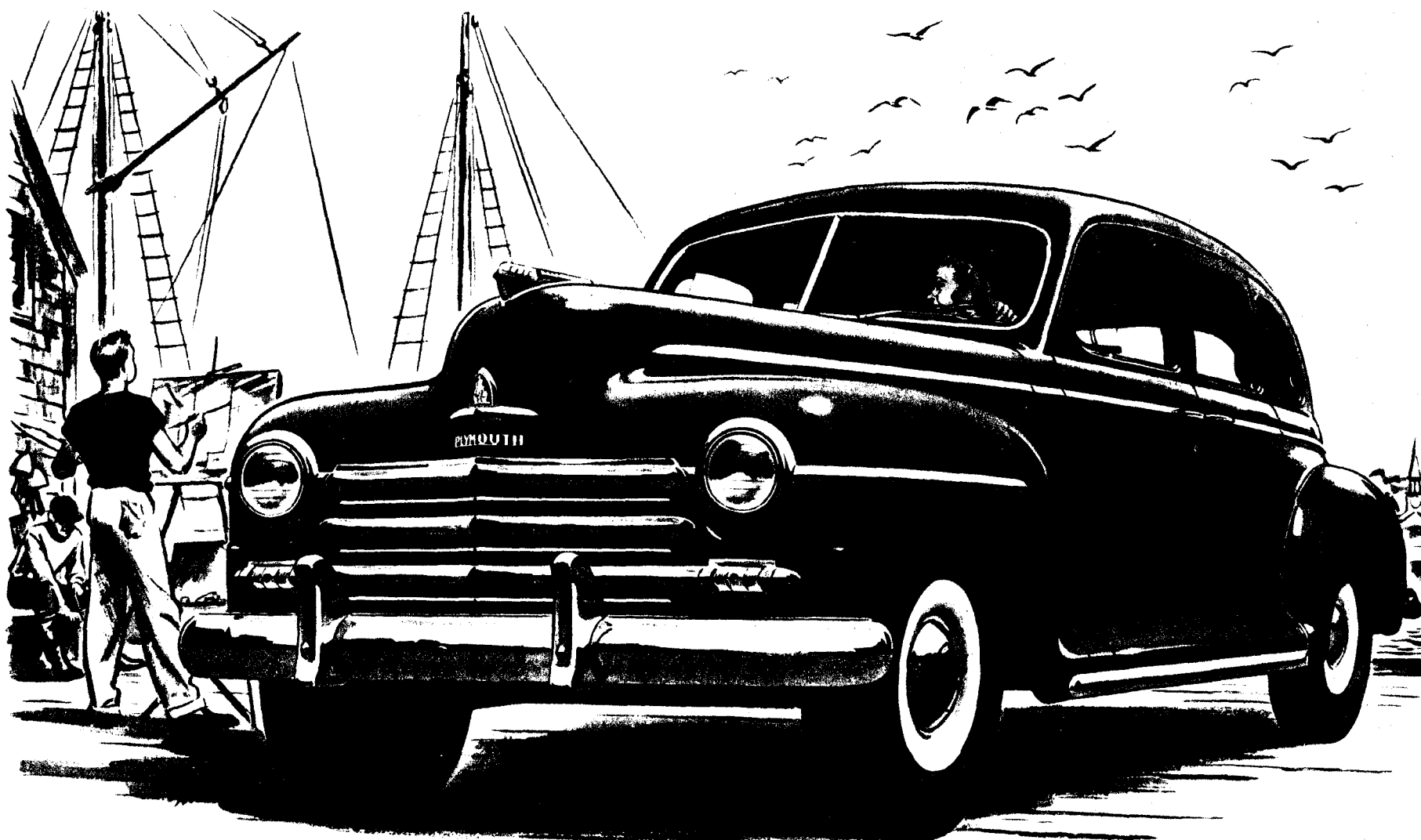
All cars have TIRES but in the lowest-priced field only
PLYMOUTH has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

Softer-riding, cooler-running Super-Cushion Tires soak up road shocks, reduce chances of tire failure. But if trouble occurs you have the added protection of new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels. Both are standard equipment with Plymouth.



All cars have BRAKES but in the lowest-priced field only
PLYMOUTH has SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES

There's hold on those hills with Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes. Light foot pressure holds your Plymouth smoothly and evenly as you take it down the steepest grades. These revolutionary new brakes are a third more effective!



Easy-riding luxury and the great safety team of Super-Cushion Tires, Safety-Rim Wheels and Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are just examples of how low-priced Plymouth gives you top value. You can see many others in the Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's.

You'll note that Plymouth has 20 of 21 quality features found in most high-priced cars. You can make your own comparison and see, too, that

neither of the other leading low-priced cars has half as many of these features as you get with Plymouth. Won't you check the chart for yourself and find out just how much difference there is in low-priced cars?

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS... GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

• Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Mich.



If it's **VALUE** you want—
it's **PLYMOUTH** you want

the **LIGHTER** that
STAYS LIT in the strongest **WIND!**

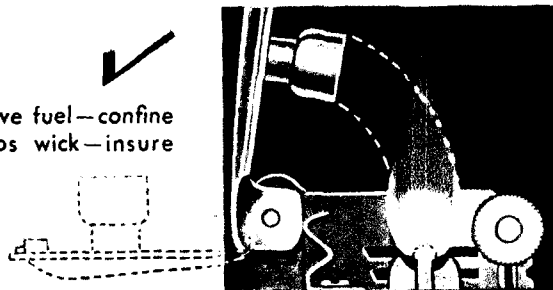
DOUBLE-JOINT LID
FOR PIPE LIGHTS

ACTUAL SIZE

Everything...
YOU WANT IN A LIGHTER!

☞ **Sure lights:** ✓

Two sealing cups conserve fuel—confine fumes around asbestos wick—insure instant lighting.



☞ **Fewer Fuelings:** ✓

Sealing cups, plus precision-fit fuel cap, hoard fuel for more lights per filling.



☞ **Wind defiance:** ✓

Airfoil windshield defies the strongest breeze.



Precision made—sturdy, all metal construction—handsomely finished in Chromium and rich tortoise enamel.

ALL THIS AND beauty TOO... RECORD-BREAKING VALUE AT

LID UP FOR
CIGARETTES
AND
CIGARS
FOR
PIPES

RAMA



SPIN

to be heard—and so I did not consult them.

Instead, I phoned the late Arthur Mullen, Roosevelt floor leader at the convention, and granted his request to put him and Jim Farley on the air that night. And instead of assigning them a late hour, when they would be heard by only a few listeners, I gave them the best we had. They went on from 8 to 8:30 P.M. New York time, displacing our first important commercial account, the Cities Service Hour.

I was the only one in the studio with Jim Farley and Arthur Mullen as they faced the microphone that night. Both were so nervous and keyed up that, as they spoke, they dropped parts of their speech manuscripts. So, forgetting my dignity as president of NBC, I had to get on my knees, pick up the scattered pages from the floor and hurriedly reassemble them in their proper order.

Jim Farley would be the first to admit today that this incident demonstrated the political fair-mindedness of radio. He would also tell you that this broadcast was a decisive factor in holding the rebellious committeemen in line, until the delegates from California and Texas mounted the band wagon and assured F.D.R.'s nomination.

How the Fireside Chats Began

At no time in the history of our country was public interest keener in the doings of a new Administration than during the first months of Roosevelt's tenancy of the White House. I therefore believed that radio could render the highest service to the people if it could bring to them at regular intervals a report by the President himself on the state of the nation. I suggested this plan to Louis Howe, F.D.R.'s secretary. He was enthusiastic and discussed the proposal with his chief.

A few days later, Howe informed me that the President had turned my offer down.

"He thinks it's a first-rate idea," Louis told me, "but he does not wish to go on the air as a regular attraction. However, he will adopt your suggestion of using the radio to report to the people. He will do this whenever he has anything important to tell them; but he will choose his own time and do so at his own convenience."

This was the origin of the famous "fireside chats."

Several years later, I saw an especially vivid demonstration of New Deal power in action. It was on an evening in 1944 when Senator Harry Truman, following his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, spoke at President Roosevelt's request, on the same platform with Henry Wal-

lace at a rally of the Liberal party in Madison Square Garden. Prior to the meeting I was sitting in a room at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with Hugh Fulton, former counsel for the Truman Committee, and, in fact, the motivating genius of that body. We had decided to remain there to listen to the Truman address over the radio. More or less in fun, I had had 25 special campaign buttons manufactured especially for me. These bore the name of Truman, but not that of Roosevelt. Both Fulton, an intimate friend of the Missouri senator, and I put one on. At that moment the senator came into the room, and, of course, noticed the buttons immediately.

"Where's Roosevelt's name?" he asked. "Where do these come from?"

We laughed and explained that these were special buttons, not for general distribution. Truman asked for some for his daughter, Margaret, and we gave him the remaining 23 buttons, which he put in his pocket before he left for the rally.

Hugh Fulton had spent six weeks traveling with the Vice-Presidential candidate, and, at his request, had written Truman's campaign speeches on that Western trip. Fulton had also prepared the Truman address for the Madison Square Garden rally. He had done so because he disagreed with a pro-Wallace speech which my friend, Paul Porter, an ardent New Dealer and a member of the Democratic National Committee, had written for Mr. Truman to deliver that night in the interests of party harmony.

However, Fulton and Porter could not get together on the content. So Mr. Truman's final draft of the address, as he prepared to leave for the Garden, contained some of the Fulton sentiments and many of Porter's pro-Wallace thoughts. When Truman asked Fulton what he thought of the completed script, Hugh said, "Harry, I would rather take a dose of salts than deliver that speech."

Nevertheless, Vice-Presidential Candidate Truman did deliver it. And today he and the Democratic National Committee are certainly getting that "dose of salts" in their efforts to cope with the problems of party harmony and Henry A. Wallace.

Mention the New Deal to me and almost automatically I recall some of my experiences with one of its most virulent foes—Senator Huey Long of Louisiana. When I was chairman of the Colorado Public Utility Commission, at the age of twenty-eight, I met him while he was holding a similar post in his state.

Years later, after I had taken command at NBC, I learned that he had been elected to the United States Senate. Soon thereafter, we renewed our acquaintance



COLLIER'S

"Of course, my secret ambition is to be a surgeon"

HANK KETCHAM



"Let's raid this camp—they've the best of everything!"

It's a mighty thoughtful host who serves the whiskey
thousands are switching to . . . mellow, milder

Calvert Reserve! For Calvert's unmatched blending experience
always rewards you with a *better tasting* drink . . .
cocktail, highball or neat. Why not try it?

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

CALVERT RESERVE—Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Add this to your piano— watch the party perk up!

WHAT PERKS UP A PARTY—adds loads of fun? The Solovox!

The Solovox makes a star performer of any piano player, because it *adds instrumental solos to piano accompaniment*.

Pick 'most any instrument you can name—violin, sax, trumpet, oboe, cello, even organ. These effects and many more are yours with the Solovox.

It's amazingly simple. You play a choice of instrumental solos on the small keyboard of the Solovox with your right hand, while your left hand plays your piano accompaniment.

The Solovox makes piano playing more fun for everyone. It's perfect for duets!

What if you play only a few simple chords or a few melodies by ear? It doesn't matter. Your music all sounds wonderful, because the Solovox offers such a variety of musical effects. Any

tune can be played dozens of interesting ways.

The Solovox can be attached to or removed from any piano in seconds. Does not mar the finish. It will not affect the normal operation. The piano can be played separately at any time.

Don't put off seeing and playing the Solovox.* Go to your dealer's soon. Learn how much fun it can be for you and your family—how easy it is to play. Or, send the coupon to learn how to get more fun out of your piano!



Solovox

Made by the makers of the Hammond Organ



Hammond Instrument Company, 4244 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me full information about the Solovox.

☐ Check, if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

P.O. Zone _____

State _____

*U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© 1948

under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

It was NBC's custom in those days to greet each station joining the network with a special gala program. Always, a high light of the ceremonies was the presentation of a few formal remarks by the two senators of the state. In line with this, we had planned an elaborate broadcast to welcome the addition of our New Orleans outlet. Our program men had lined up bands, vocalists, glee clubs and, of course, the two Upper Chamber solons. As was customary, the senators were informed that they would be allotted three minutes each.

The following day, "Scoop" Russell, our vice-president in charge of the Washington offices, phoned me, greatly perturbed.

"I don't believe Huey will agree to limit himself to three minutes," he told me. "That fellow likes to talk."

I did not want any trouble with Long. Therefore I went down to Washington and gave Russell these instructions: "As he speaks, you stand near the microphone. After three minutes, if I know Huey, he'll turn to you, while he's on the air, and ask, 'Is my time up?' Then, you yell as loud as you can, right into the mike, 'No, Senator, just keep talking!'"

The Senator Runs True to Form

I knew my man. Long did exactly as I had anticipated. Four times during his 48-minute address he wanted to know whether his time was up! He held the air so long that the bands and the other musical features we had scheduled did not go on. However, the listeners did not mind.

Huey's audience was so captivated by his performance that night that, although he had spoken 45 minutes longer than his senatorial colleague, we received thousands of letters berating us for not having given him sufficient time! Some even accused us of having "cut him off the air."

Immediately after the broadcast, Russell informed him that I was in the next room. He dashed in and greeted me with a hearty slap on the back. "Deac, they're after NBC on the Hill," he volunteered, "but after what you did for me tonight, I'm going to protect you."

And he did. At that time, numerous bills were being introduced, any one of which might have disastrously hampered the development of radio. Whenever that happened, I would phone Huey, get him out of the cloakroom and call the matter to his attention. Most of the time he had never even heard of the proposed measure; but he would go onto the floor

and launch a diatribe—and an intelligent one—against it. He did this for years, and was probably responsible for the scuttling of more antagonistic radio legislation than any other man in Congress.

Whenever the senator visited me in Radio City, he was accompanied by two ominous-looking bodyguards. These frowning huskies made me nervous and for that reason I always refused them admittance to my private office. Huey, therefore, had them take seats in the ante-room. However, I occasionally revenged myself for the discomfort caused me by his companions. Knowing that the mere mention of F.D.R. would send him into a lashing rage, I sometimes gave play to a mischievous impulse by placing Roosevelt's picture directly behind my desk. It was a photograph the President had sent me, inscribed, "To My Dear Friend."

So when Huey looked at me, he would behold the smiling countenance of F.D.R. "The —!" he would exclaim. "He's an anarchist! I'll have nothing to do with him!"

Then we would settle down for a pleasant little chat.

One day, while Huey was visiting me, he mentioned the Rockefellers.

"You know, Deac, I could sell more oil in Louisiana than the Rockefellers," he said. "If I could go on the radio for them, and they gave me the freedom to say whatever I wanted to, I'd show 'em what a real salesman is like."

That was putting me on the spot. It would have been difficult for me to have persuaded the Rockefellers to hire Huey Long.

"Well," I remarked, "I don't think they'd like that."

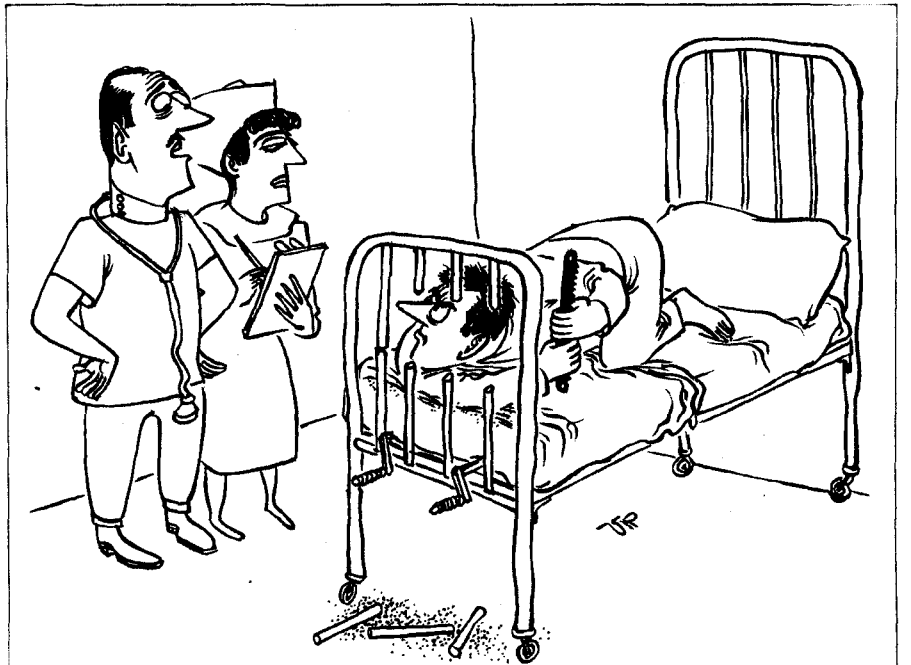
"Why not?" he demanded.

"You're a big senator, a famous man, Huey," I said. "They wouldn't think it right for you to become commercial."

Huey grunted. "Well, I can get along without 'em, anyway."

And he proved that he could. For example, there was a small orange-juice company down in Louisiana, doing a limited amount of business. Long went on the air for it in a series of informal talks, comprised of political comment and grandiloquent dissertations on the virtues of orange juice. The listener response was so heavy that within six months the sponsor was forced to build two new factories!

A master demagogue, shrewd and conniving, and a man who might have become a ruthless national dictator, Huey was blessed with many warmly human and generous qualities. These, in combination with his mastery of the microphone, made him radio dynamite. If he had lived, I doubt that Roosevelt would



COLLIER'S

"Don't you want to stay till you're well, Mr. Steger?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

*In Colors or White
It's "Blended" Just Right
To Stay Sparkling Bright!*

*A HOME where Laughter Lingers
and Loveliness Lingers, too!*

The New "Dutch Boy" Paint is BLENDED to Stay Bright

Your home . . . that happy blend of beauty and protection . . . keep it beautiful and protected with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint.

Here's house paint that not only stays on but stays good looking! In Colors or White . . . it's BLENDED Just Right . . . to STAY Sparkling Bright!

Specially BLENDED to Fit the Job . . .

Why is "Dutch Boy" Paint Blended? Because different types of service call for different kinds of paint. To give you house paints with the greatest beauty and protection, the white cannot be made like the trim colors . . . nor the tints like the porch and deck paint.

Now the "Dutch Boy" brings you the completely new line of outside paints described at the right . . . each scientifically blended by paint experts to do its own special job especially well.

"Dutch Boy" Blended Paints are the triumph of more than 30 years of continuous outdoor paint tests . . . the longest research project of its kind. So remember, your home's best friend is the "Dutch Boy" Blend.

See your "Dutch Boy" Dealer now . . . look for his name in your classified telephone directory.

1. BRIGHT WHITE Stays White — it's BLENDED!

"Dutch Boy" Bright White is self-cleaning! The surface continually renews itself . . . permits rain to wash away dirt. Sets a new standard for hiding and for a dazzling white finish that stays white!

2. TINTS Stay True — they're BLENDED!

"Dutch Boy" Tints go on crisp and fresh . . . and they stay crisp and fresh! Specially blended to assure lasting, uniform color, they keep their sparkling good looks!

3. TRIM COLORS Stay Bright — they're BLENDED!

"Dutch Boy" Sash and Trim Colors add the finishing touch to your home's protection. They're blended to hold their gloss . . . to stay bright and gay! Ideal for garden furniture, too.

4. PORCH & DECK Stands Up — it's BLENDED!

"Dutch Boy" Porch & Deck Paint is blended for extra toughness. It stands up under heavy foot traffic and weather!

5. PRIMER Seals, Hides and Holds — it's BLENDED!

An undercoat of great sealing and hiding power that holds fast! When used under a topcoat of "Dutch Boy" Bright White or Tints you get a superior two-coat paint job, even on unpainted wood!

FREE Color-Scheme Booklet!

Over 40 full-color illustrations show you how to style your home for lasting beauty with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint. For your free copy, address Dept. 37, care of the nearest office listed below.



... Mail Coupon Today ...

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY,

Dept. 37 (Address nearest office) New York 6; Buffalo 3; Chicago 8; Cincinnati 3; Cleveland 13; Pittsburgh 12; St. Louis 1; San Francisco 10; Boston 6 (National Lead Co. of Mass.); Philadelphia 7 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.).

Please send me a free copy of your new color-illustrated booklet: "Blended" Beauty For Your Home.

Name

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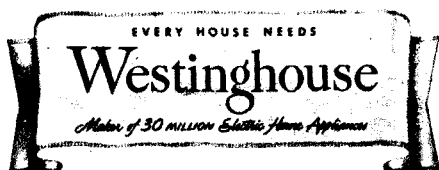
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "DUTCH BOY" WHITE LEAD



AN Easy Step..

**FOR FRESH, COOL WATER
WITH STREAM HEIGHT REGULATOR**

Westinghouse Water Coolers all have a Foot Pedal Control to operate the bubbler at the touch of a toe. This feature, plus the Automatic Stream Height Regulator, is planned for convenience and sanitation. In addition to six Pressure Coolers, Westinghouse also has a Bottle Cooler; seven models in all. All require only 14" x 14" of floor space . . . all carry the 5-Year Protection Plan. See them, and other members of this famous family, at your Westinghouse Supplier, now.



Tune in Ted Malone . . . Every Morning, Monday through Friday . . . ABC Network
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Electric Appliance Division Springfield 2, Mass.

have been elected for a third term. His fanatical hatred of F.D.R., added to his spellbinding ability, might very well have turned the tide against President Roosevelt.

No discussion of radio in politics would be complete without some mention of the freedom of the air.

One day, Morris Ernst, the New York lawyer, champion of liberal causes, asked for time on NBC.

"And what are you going to talk about?" I asked.

"I'm going to attack radio for its failure to maintain freedom of speech," he said.

As president of NBC, I gave him the time; but on the day he was scheduled to appear, I phoned Ernst and said, "When you deny that there is freedom on the air for all shades of opinion, don't forget that you yourself will be on NBC tonight without any kind of editorial restriction."

Ernst laughed as he hung up, and that evening, as he faced the microphone, he told his listeners, "I must confess that credit is due to Merlin H. Aylesworth, who has permitted me to say whatever I please."

Conceding to Public Opinion

Critics of radio sometimes decry the dearth of liberal commentators on the air today. This is no indication of a conspiracy to throttle free speech. Public opinion undergoes startling changes in this country and this change is always reflected in the media of expression. Radio is no exception. For the moment, it is not radio that has turned thumbs down on the liberals and the radicals, but the country itself.

News commentators are no ordinary mortals to millions of listeners. They are major prophets, endowed with a miraculous wisdom and a superhuman insight into the most complex problems of statecraft. Walter Winchell is a good example of this.

When he came to NBC, first on the Lucky Strike Hour, Walter created an immediate sensation because he not only editorialized, but he did so in the most vigorous manner possible. His opinions were always expressed in the most decisive terms. There was never any doubt as to where he stood on any issue.

As a result, during his early days on the air, there were a considerable number of people in the industry who were frightened by his bold manner. Eventually, the rising voices of these critics rose to an angry roar, which invaded the quiet of the presidential offices at NBC. "That fellow ignores all the rules. . . . He's a wild man. . . . No one can handle him" were some of the reports that came to me.

It seemed as if Winchell would not remain on the radio very long. So I invited him in for a talk.

Walter knew why I had asked him in. He himself brushed aside all conversational preliminaries by coming to the point. "Let me see your printed rules for commentators," he said.

"I haven't any printed rules," I told him.

"Then why are those youngsters downstairs trying to blue-pencil my copy?" he asked.

It suddenly occurred to me that some of those lads were neither old enough nor experienced enough to tamper with Winchell's copy or anyone else's. I determined to do something about that. But, even more important, here was an opportunity to discuss with Walter, in a long-range manner, his function in the radio picture. Here was a chance to offer a few observations which, if heeded, might save for American broadcasting one of its most potent influences.

"Walter," I said, "you must remember this: Radio is not only a new medium but a mighty one. It differs, however, from the newspaper. You, of course, are a newspaperman and you have a tremen-

dous influence because you are syndicated so widely all over the country. But there is one point you must never lose sight of—the difference between the radio and the press. Your column in The New York Mirror and the other papers is one thing; your broadcasts are another.

"In order to read a newspaper, one must buy it; but we in radio go into the homes of the people uninvited, with the only purchase price the original cost of the set and its maintenance. Also, when you are on the air, entire families, including many children, listen to you. And it is to these home folks, to these children that you owe a special duty."

Winchell listened intently and I could see that he realized my advice was sincerely offered.

"Someday," I went on, "you'll become a very important factor in American radio. You'll probably be that even if you quit writing a newspaper column. I hope you'll remember that."

Winchell's actions on that day gave the lie to those who reported that he was "unreasonable" and "hard to handle." For he not only agreed with the principles I had outlined, but actually requested me to assign some competent person to go over his copy.

I promptly chose Don Shaw, of the NBC staff, for this task and their association was a long and harmonious one. There seldom was any difficulty and, if sometimes Shaw believed that certain statements might not prove to be suitable microphone fare, Walter usually accepted his verdict without complaint.

Since those early days, when Winchell was primarily a gossip and human-interest columnist, he has become a whirlwind force in national and international affairs. From a reporter, he has developed into a fighting torchbearer for the causes he espouses. Millions of listeners agree with him and other millions are driven to fury by his staccato words. But—and here's the real test—they all listen to him. That explains why his Hooper rating frightens even Jack Benny.

Not only politicians and news commentators posed questions of policy. There was also Hollywood. I was in a particularly ticklish position on this question back in 1935.

Hollywood Celebrates Lavishly

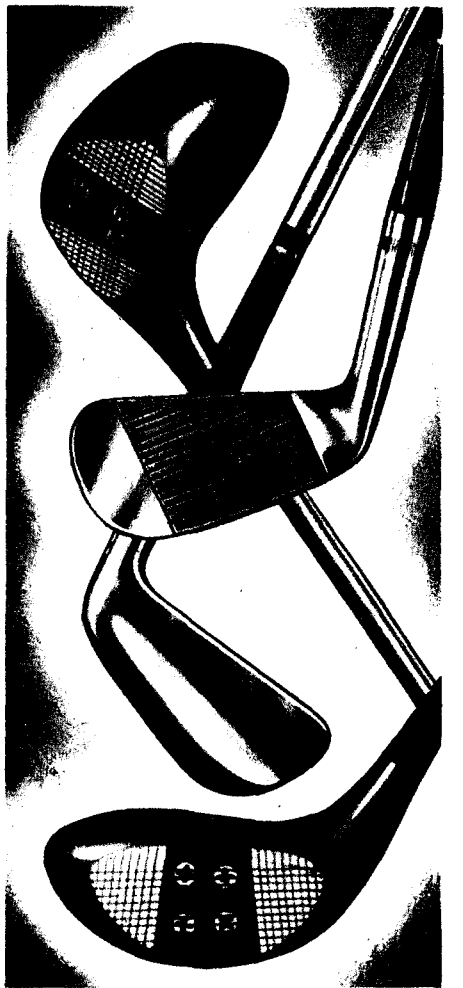
The society columns did not mention it, but a glamorous wedding took place in Hollywood on the night of December 7, 1935. Even for that city of lush superlatives it was a noteworthy event. For, with ballyhoo and fanfare, the arts of radio and of motion pictures were merged within the hearing of a coast-to-coast audience.

The occasion was the opening of NBC's Hollywood studios. John Royal, NBC's vice-president in charge of programs, and I had worked for weeks to make this a gala night. We were determined to air a program which would prove to the movie people that this radio business was no upstart.

John and I knew that what our listeners would expect that night would be a flock of picture stars. Therefore, we had lined up dozens of the biggest names in Hollywood. Then, to make certain that the inaugural broadcast would be a dazzling one, we obtained the services of that master showman, Al Jolson, as the emcee. Also, we engaged a young and promising singer named Bing Crosby, with an orchestra. My friend, Grantland Rice, the sports columnist, happened to be in town and we added him to the bill. And to top it all, another old friend, Will Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers' Association had agreed to make the principal talk of the evening.

Getting him was, indeed, a triumph. For the picture industry at that time was hostile to radio. It regarded the loudspeaker as its relentless enemy, one that should be curbed at any cost.

Winning Hands play GRAND SLAMS



Get that friendly feeling of confidence that comes only with playing clubs that you know are right. Louisville Grand Slams are made to rigid quality standards . . . by master golf club craftsmen. They will enable you to take a lead on your last year's score and hold it. See your Grand Slam dealer and swing out with winners in '48.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



ALSO MAKERS OF LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
BASEBALL & SOFTBALL BATS

Collier's for May 8, 1948

On the afternoon preceding the opening, however, storm flags began to fly. Irene Dunne, one of RKO's most popular stars, phoned me.

"Sorry, but I won't be able to go on tonight," she said.

Irene gave a rather indefinite excuse, intimating that other stars might also find it inconvenient to visit the NBC studios that evening. One part of me resented this, but the other was not quite so condemnatory. As the president of NBC, I was the chief of a network; but at the same time, as chairman of the board of RKO, I was also head of a picture producing company.

A psychoanalyst might have said, "Aylesworth is a split personality. He has schizophrenia of the pocketbook."

Some six hundred persons crowded into the studios to view the festivities. They cheered Jolson, applauded Crosby and gave respectful attention to Hays and Rice, as they did to the all-star program that was piped in from other cities of the country. But they had no chance at all to show any reaction to the movie stars whom we had invited. Not one of them had shown up!

Will Hays spoke for 43 minutes, and although the glamor talent of the industry had stayed away, he, as its official spokesman, predicted an era of co-operation between the two rival arts.

This was all that Al Jolson needed. Ever a man for magnifying that happy feeling, he took the hint. With the sense of humor for which he is famous, Al spoke into the mike:

"I am extremely sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that the lack of time prevents me from calling on the many, many great stars of the screen who are in our stu-

dios tonight. I extend to them my deepest apologies."

And even as he was speaking, Al was staring at the unoccupied chairs of the movie luminaries!

But Jolson's words had a surprising effect. The following morning NBC's switchboard in Hollywood was jammed with calls from picture stars. They wanted to know if they might perhaps appear on our network that evening!

Since that time, marred by occasional severances of relations, Hollywood and radio have had a close alliance. Today, actors gravitate between film and broadcasting studios, and the radio is one of the movie industry's most important means of exploitation.

Shortly after our gala Hollywood opening, I resigned as president of NBC.

For three years I had led a kind of double life, often finding myself on both sides of conflicting interests—radio and movies. Finally I persuaded David Sarnoff that it would be wise for me to retire from NBC.

"I want your help in selecting your successor," he said. "And I also want you to stay on as vice-chairman."

I agreed and Lennox R. Lohr was selected as president of the network. In 1936, I asked to be relieved of all association with NBC, and from then on devoted all my efforts to RKO.

A Columnist's Alphabetical Error

Just before my entrance into the complex financial maelstrom of radio plus movies, I played an unwilling role in a comedy of errors written by an old friend, Louella Parsons. One evening the celebrated movie columnist and her husband, Dr. Harry W. Martin, took me to the theater with them. During an intermission Louella asked, "What's going on, Deac?"

"I'll give you a tip," I said. "I may soon be both president and chairman of the board of RKO."

Louella, one of the keenest and hardest-working news collectors I have ever known, always carried a pad and a little pencil in her handbag. Sometime that evening, without my seeing her do so, she managed to scribble a note of my remark. Two days later, in her coast-to-coast syndicated column, there was this line:

"Deac Aylesworth will soon be president and chairman of RCA."

RCA was, of course, the parent company of NBC, of which I was then president.

David Sarnoff, president of RCA, and I received hundreds of telegrams the next day as a result of this item. Dave asked me to see him immediately.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Dave, Louella is a very smart girl, but sometimes she doesn't get her initials straight."

Dave saw the humor of it immediately. He broke into hearty laughter.

I rushed to a phone and called Louella. She was still in bed and answered in a sleepy voice. Then, recognizing me, she exclaimed gaily, "How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine," I said, "and you are my friend!"

"You will always be my friend," she assured me.

"You have made a terrible error," I spoke sternly. "You have given me jobs at RCA instead of RKO. And they're not quite the same, you know."

She gasped and then broke into a merry laugh. "Oh, I always get my initials mixed up," she said blithely. "But don't worry about it, honey, because if you're not president and chairman of RCA, you certainly should be!"

A soft answer turneth away wrath. . . . After that, what could I say?

(This is the last in a series of four articles by Mr. Aylesworth.)

FEET FIRST

Knothole

GAME
TODAY



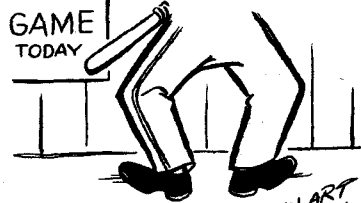
GAME
TODAY



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JOHN ART
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ARROW TIES

Paisleys



She came in, all dusty, with hollows under her eyes. "Where you got him?" s

CODE OF

BY EUSTACE

He wasn't her man, but she

GRANDPA was living down on Coronado Island in San Diego a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old—well, old as hell. He's asked me to come down and see him. I've been a writer all my life and I've got grown kids but it seemed Grandpa had found it out—about me being a writer—just a couple of days before. Came as a surprise to him but a pleasant one, he said. Because he had a story. And he wanted it set down, official.

I went down in the morning and he met me at the door and shook my hand. He noticed me dropping his hand gently—it felt like a worn-out cloth bag full of little sticks—and he grinned at me. He said, "That ain't much of a hand, is it?"

He took me around his house—he had a big house with a nurse and a couple of servants—and we sat down in the sun.

"Reason I asked you down," he said, "was that yesterday I found I was officially dead. Insurance people called up and asked me did I want 'em to pay off now or wait for formal interment. I told 'em to pay off, so you'll be gettin' some money one of these days, soon."

I started to say something, but he stopped me.

"To hell with that!" he said. "I want to get this down, or leastways, told. You don't have to do nothing with it. I just want to tell it."

He sat there a minute and then all at once he started beating his hand on the arm of the chair. "Ain't that it?" he cried. "Damnedest thing, fulla

guts and passion and low comedy and now it ain't anything. I put it away too long. Oh, I can remember it all right. Clear. But there's nothing to it. It's like somebody else and of course it *was* somebody else. There ain't no more relation to me and the kid this happened to than me and the man acrost the street. Hell, this kid, this Amos Sanders, shut up in a cubbyhole in Bill McCauley's Oroport Saloon with fear and lust and the drizzlin' sweats, that was me, but it wasn't me and—"

"Look," I said. I knew what it was; the losing it. "I know what you mean, Grandpop, but go ahead and say it off and I'll put it down like you say it and maybe it'll be all right; you can't tell about that."

He thought about that for a minute and then he told me the story.

I WAS born in Brooklyn (he said) and I was twenty and I decided to come West.

I went to Kansas City and later to St. Joe and there I practiced playin' poker and I had some money and some patience and never drank when I played—hell, that was enough, just stayin' sober when you played, to make you wages. But I was good. I knew percentages and I got to know people pretty good and I never played a hand nor a game like it was to be my last on earth, which is a failin' of many poker players.

I won money in Kansas City and St. Joe and Dodge City and I was twenty-two years old and I rode into this town, set down in a bowl of moun-

Collier's for May 8, 1948



elled. "You go on home now, Miss," somebody said. "We'll take care of him"

THE WEST

COCKRELL

done him wrong anyway

tains, a played-out mining town, just a place to stop.

There was one big saloon left there, the Oroport, and in the boom days there was a stage at the back where I guess the girls danced—back when the ore was coming out like they say a hundred dollars a wheelbarrow.

But the girls was gone, the stage was boarded up, and up over it was a little room made out of heavy timbers and set up on railroad iron stilts. Bill McCauley, who owned the Oroport, had put his safe up there and cut a couple of slits in the timbers. On big nights, when there was gambling and money being spent, he had an old man—an old gun fighter named Willis Anderson—who set up there and looked out the slits with a carbine in his hands.

Bill McCauley figured fights inside a place was bad for trade, and old Willis had orders to shoot anybody who went for his gun or knife whilst inside. You got up there by a ladder that could be pulled up, and even when old Willis was dozin' he'd even a gun through one of them slots and it had the effect of makin' the trade right meek. It was a well-run saloon and gambling hall if you didn't care what you drank.

I'd been in the town two-three weeks and that was because there was ranchers around had the fiercest curiosity ever I saw. You draw one card and chunk a big bet at 'em and there they'd come. They'd call with baby threes and they thought aces up was cash in hand. They called it "keepin' the kid honest." It was like shootin' sheep with a scatter-gun!

But still and all I wouldn't have lingered there if it hadn't been for the girl. Sydney Johnson was her name. Her paw had a pretty good cattle spread near the town. She was seventeen years old and got into town right frequent, being close by, and she was ripe and frisky and eye-rolling, and any man who had enough blood in him to support as many as two corpuscles would have had trouble not rolling his eyes back at her.

SHE made it to meet me on the street and talk to me and it was her paw himself that introduced us. She'd ask me things, questions, but it was the things she didn't ask that was botherin' her; me too.

I remember once I met her on the street and we stopped and talked.

"Amos," she says, "I'm going to call you Amos if it's all right."

"It's all right."

"Amos, how come you wear low-heeled boots like you do? I thought everybody wore high-heeled boots."

"Well," I said, "it was told to me that high-heeled boots was a help in holding a horse you had roped in the corral and also if you got throwed you could leave the boot in the stirrup and not go bouncing your head along the ground if your horse run off."

She nodded.

"Well, I don't intend to rope no horse in a corral and I don't aim to buy no horse to ride that ain't as gentle as a kitten. I can't ride a horse very well and I don't much want to know how. I am aiming to get to Los

(Continued on page 79)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Script-reader's mother makes scene end happily



7 A. M. "Due on location at 9!" moans movie studio's beautiful script-reader. "And I feel wretched. I need a laxative...and my head's throbbing."

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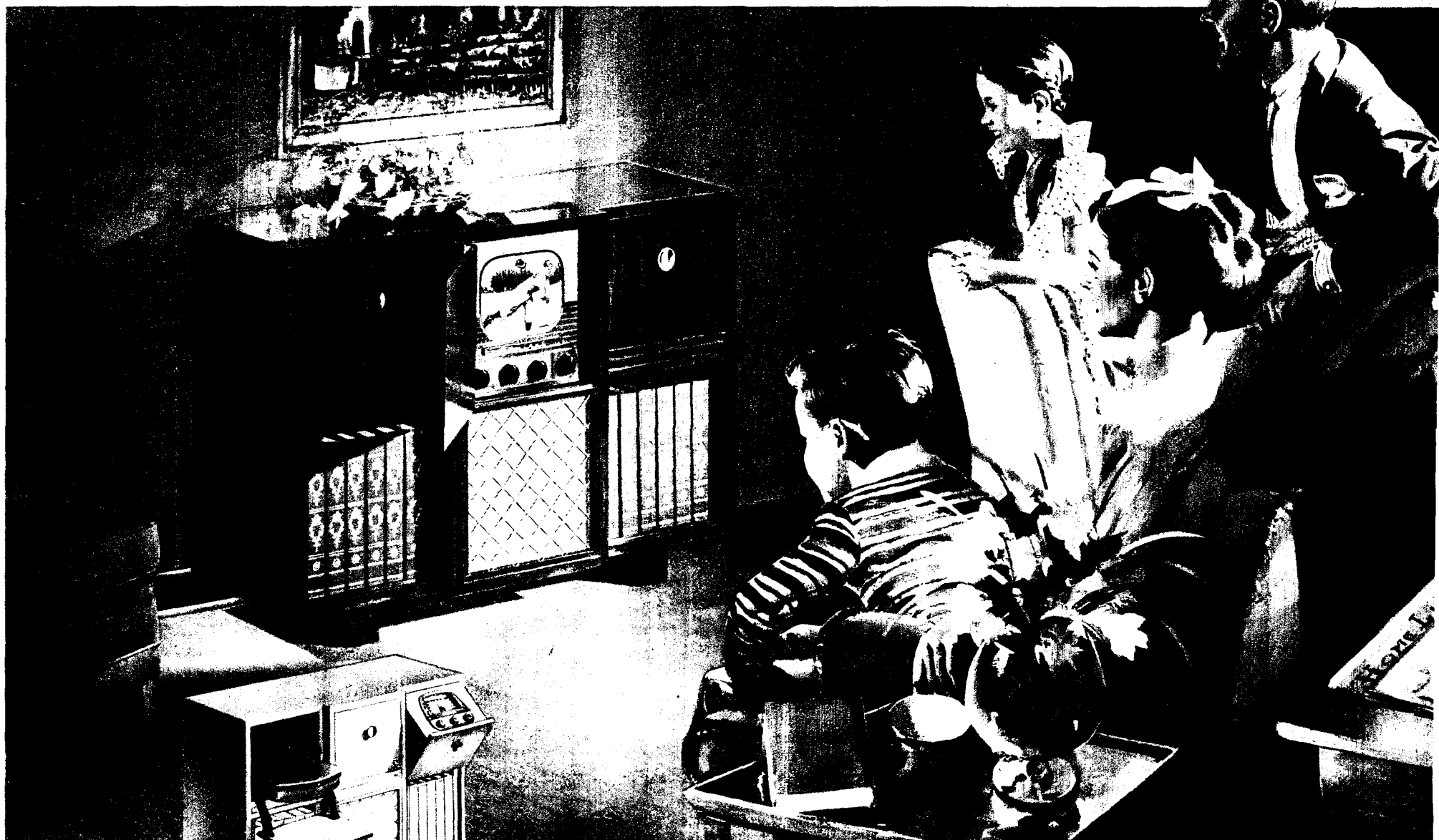
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SAL HEPATICA

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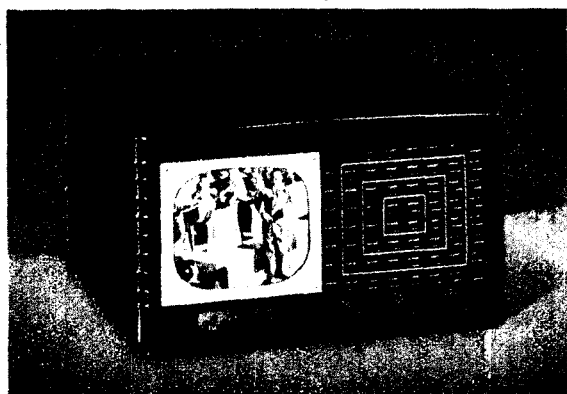
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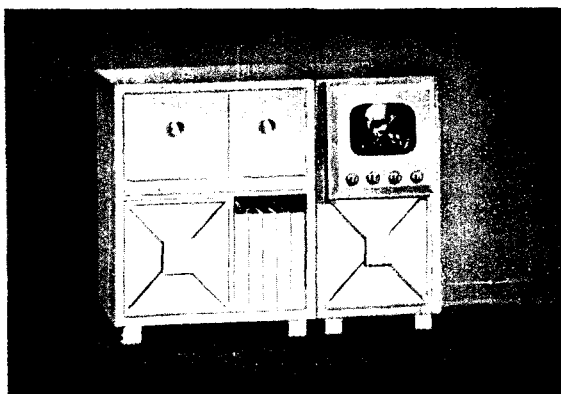


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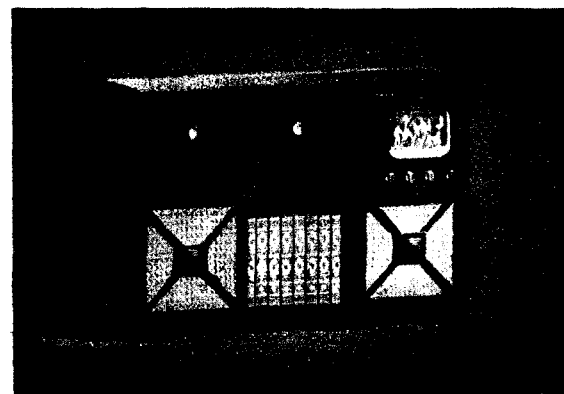
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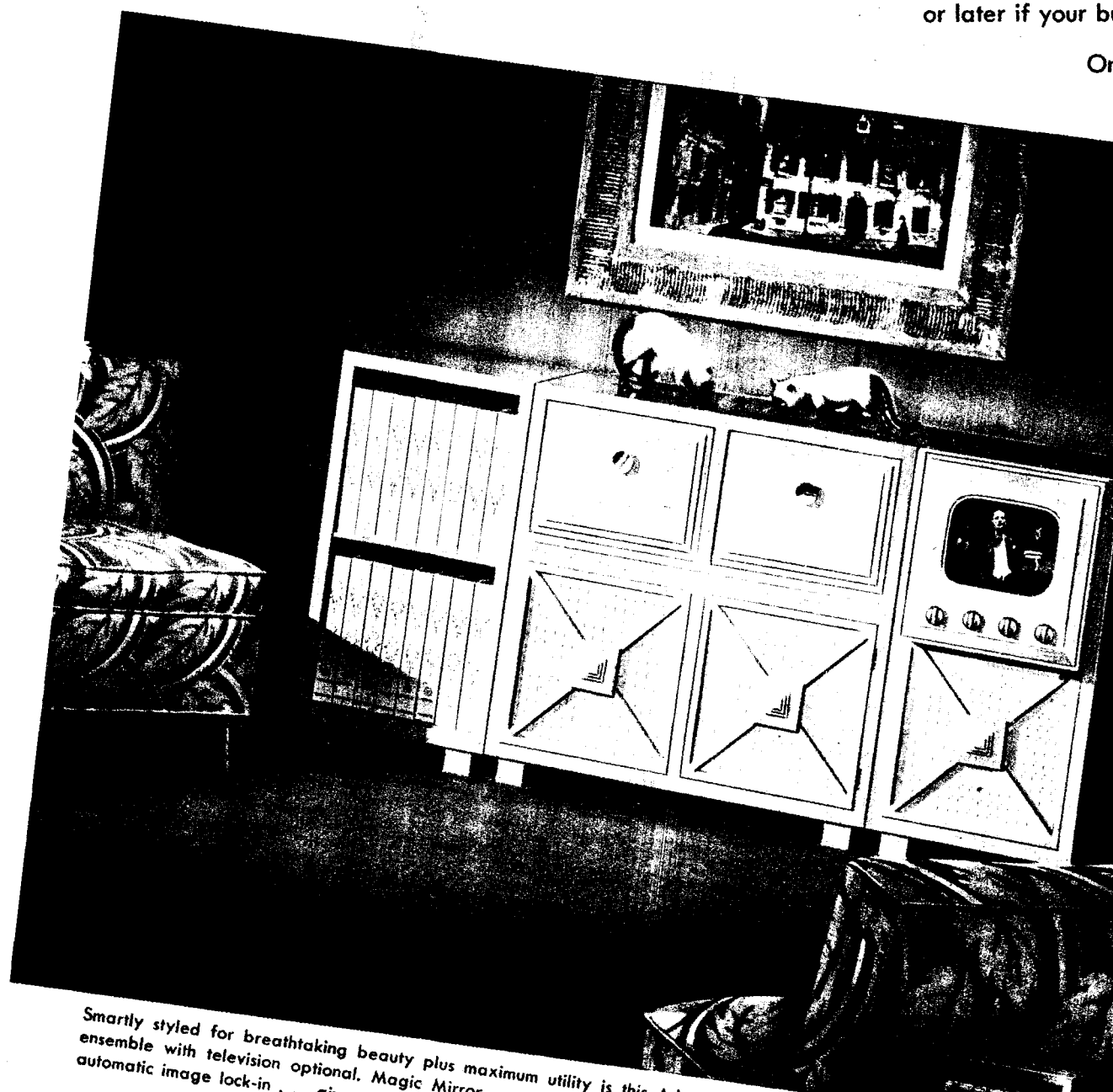
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SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 14

the remarkable diagram pinned to the drawing board. He seemed to be checking certain details with a mass of symbols and figures on a large ruled sheet beside the board.

"Of course," he murmured abstractedly, "I might finish at any time, now."

The wonder of the thing he was doing claimed his mind. Here were mighty forces, hitherto no more than suspected, which controlled the world. Here, written in the indelible ink of mathematics, lay a description of the means whereby those forces might be harnessed.

He forgot Frobisher.

And Frobisher, lighting his cigar, began to pace the office floor, often glancing at the absorbed figure. Suddenly Craig turned, removing his glasses.

"Are you bothered about the cost of these experiments, Mr. Frobisher?"

FROBISHER pulled up, staring. "Cost? To hell with the cost! That's not worrying me. I don't know a lot about the scientific side, but I know a commercial proposition when I see one." He dropped down into an armchair. "What I don't know is this." He leaned forward, his heavy brows lowered. "Why is somebody tracking me around? I was followed to my club today. Followed here. There's somebody watching my home up in Connecticut. Who is he? What does he want?"

Morris Craig stood up, and leaned back against the desk.

Behind him, a deep violet sky made a backdrop for silhouettes of buildings higher than the Huston. Some of the windows were coming to life, glittering like jewels laid on velvet.

Dusk was falling over Manhattan.

"Astoundin' state of affairs," Craig declared—but his smile was quite disarming. "Tell me more. Anyone you suspect?"

Frobisher shook his head. "There's plenty to suspect if news of what's going on up here has leaked out. Suppose you're dead right—and I'm backing you to be—what'll this thing mean to Huston Electric?"

"Gratitude of the scientific world."

"Damn the scientific world! I'm thinking of Huston's."

Morris Craig answered vaguely. "No idea. Can't see at the moment how it could be usefully applied."

"What are you talking about?" Michael Frobisher was quite his old roaring self again. "This job has cost half a million dollars already. Are you telling me we get nothing back?"

A door across the office opened, and a man came in—a short, thickset man, slightly bandy, who walked with a rolling gait as if on the deck of a ship in dirty weather. He wore overalls, spectacles, and an eyeshade. He came in without any ceremony and approached Craig. The forbidding figure of Michael Frobisher disturbed him not at all.

"Say—have you got a bit of string?" he inquired.

"I have not got a bit of string. I have a small piece of gum, and two one-cent stamps. Would they do?"

The intruder chewed thoughtfully. "Guess not. Miss Navarre's typewriter's jammed up in there. But I got it figured a bit of string about so long"—he illustrated—"would fix things."

"Sorry, Sam, but I have no string."

Sam chewed a while, and then turned away. "Guess I'll have to go look some other place." He left.

"Listen," Frobisher said. "What does that moron do for his wages?"

"Sam?" Craig answered, smiling. "Oh, sort of handy man. Mostly helps Regan and Shaw in the laboratory."

"Be a big help to anybody, I'd say.

What I'm driving at is this: We have to be mighty careful about who gets in here. There's been a bad leak. Somebody knows more than he ought to."

Morris Craig was slowly getting back to that prosaic earth on which normal men spend their lives. It was beginning to dawn upon him that Michael Frobisher was badly frightened.

"I can't account for it. Shaw and Regan are beyond suspicion. So, I hope, am I. Miss Navarre came to us with the highest credentials. In any case, she could do little harm. But, of course, it's absurd to suspect her."

"What about the half-wit who just went out?"

"Knows nothing about the work. Apart from which, his references are first-class, including one from the fire department."

"Looks like he'd been in a fire," Frobisher dropped a cone of cigar ash. "But facts are facts. Let me bring you up to date—but not a word to Mrs. F. You know how nervous she is. Some guy got into Falling Waters last Tuesday night and went through my papers!"

"You mean it?" Craig's drawl had vanished. His eyes were very keen.

"I mean it. Nothing was taken—not a thing. But that's not all. I'd had more than a suspicion for quite a while someone was snooping around. So I laid for him, without saying a word to Mrs. F., and one night I saw him—"

"What did he look like?"

"Yellow. Some kind of Oriental. Then, only today, right in my own club, I caught another Asiatic watching me! It's a fact. Dr. Pardoe can confirm it. Now—what I'm asking is this: If it's what we're doing in the laboratory, there, that somebody's after, why am I followed around, and not you?"

"The answer is a discreet silence."

"Also I'd be glad to learn who this somebody is. I could think up plenty who'd like to know what we're doing. But no one of 'em would be an Asiatic."

Morris Craig brushed his hair back with his hand.

"You're getting me jumpy, too," he declared, although his cheerful smile belied the words. "This thing wants looking into."

"It's going to be looked into," Frobisher grimly assured him. "When you come up to Falling Waters you'll see I'm standing for no more monkey tricks around there, anyway." He stood up, glancing at the big clock over Craig's desk. "I'm picking up Mrs. F. at the Ritz. Don't have to be late. Expect you and Miss Navarre, lunch on Saturday."

MRS. F., as it happened, was thoroughly enjoying herself. She lay naked, face downward, on a padded couch, while a white-clad nurse ran a buzzing apparatus from the back of her fluffy skull right down her spine and up again. This treatment made her purr like a contented kitten.

An aromatic bath completed the treatment. Mrs. F. was wrapped in a loose fleecy garment, stretched upon a couch in a small apartment decorated with Pompeian frescoes, and given an Egyptian cigarette and a cup of orange-scented China tea.

She was lying there in delicious languor when the draperies were drawn aside and Professor Hoffmeyer, the celebrated Viennese psychiatrist who conducted the establishment, entered slowly. She turned her head and smiled up at him. "How do you do, Professor?"

He did not reply at once, but stood there looking at her. Even through the dark glasses he always wore, his stare never failed to make her shudder. But it was a pleasurable shudder.

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RAZOR AS A
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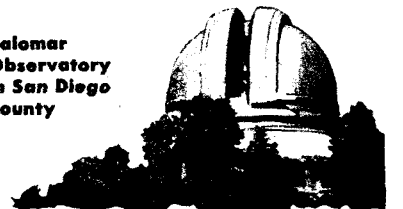
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San Diego

WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN

Collier's for May 8, 1948

Professor Hoffmeyer presented an impressive figure. His sufferings in Nazi prison camps had left indelible marks. The dark glasses protected eyes seared by merciless lights. The silk gloves which he never removed concealed hands from which the fingernails had been extracted. He leaned upon a stout ebony cane.

Now he advanced almost noiselessly and took Mrs. Frobisher's left wrist between a delicate thumb and forefinger, slightly inclining his head.

"It is not how do I do, dear lady," he said, in Germanic gutturals, "but how do you do."

Professor Hoffmeyer stood upright, or as nearly upright as Mrs. Frobisher had ever seen him stand, and nodded at her.

"You shall come to see me on Wednesday, at three o'clock. Not for the treatment, no, but for the consultation. If some other engagement you have, cancel it. At three o'clock on Wednesday."

He bowed slightly, and went out.

Professor Hoffmeyer ruled his wealthy clientele with a rod of iron. His reputation was enormous. So were his fees.

He proceeded, now, across a luxurious central salon where some other well-preserved women waited. He nodded to a chosen few as he passed and entered an office marked PRIVATE. Closing the door he pulled out a drawer in the businesslike desk—and a bookcase filled with advanced medical works, largely German, swung open bodily.

The professor went into the opening. As the bookcase swung back into place, the drawer in the desk closed again.

Professor Hoffmeyer would see no more patients today.

The room in which the professor found himself was a study. But its appointments were far from conventional. It contained some very valuable old lacquer and was richly carpeted. The lighting was subdued, and the peculiar characteristic of the place was its silence.

Open bookcases were filled with volumes, some of them bound manuscripts, many of great age and all of great rarity. They were in many languages, including Greek, Chinese and Arabic.

Beside a cushioned divan stood an inlaid stool equipped with gum, lamp, bodkins, and several opium pipes in a rack.

A long, carved table of time-blackened oak served as a desk. A high-backed chair was set behind it. A faded volume lay open on the table, as well as a closely written manuscript.

The professor approached a painted screen placed before a recess and disappeared behind it. Not a sound broke the silence of the room until he returned.

He had removed the gloves and dark

glasses, and for the black coat worn by Professor Hoffmeyer had substituted a yellow house robe. The eyes which the glasses had concealed were long, narrow and emerald green. The uncovered hands had pointed fingernails. This gaunt, upright Chinese ascetic was taller by inches than Professor Hoffmeyer. And his face might have inspired a painter seeking a model for the Fallen Angel.

This, not because it was so evil but because of a majestic and remorseless power which it possessed—a power which resided in the eyes. They were not the eyes of a normal man, moved by the desires, the impulses shared in some part by us all. They were the eyes of one who has shaken off those inhibitions common to humanity, who is undisturbed by either love or hate, untouched by fear, unmoved by compassion.

The impassive figure crossed, with a silent, catlike step, to the long table, and sat down there.

ONE of the curious objects on the table sprang to life, as if touched by sudden moonlight. It was a crystal globe resting on a metal base. Dimly at first, the outlines of a face materialized in the crystal, and then grew clearer. They became the features of an old Chinese, white mustached, wrinkled, benign.

"You called me, Doctor?"

The voice, though distant, was clear. A crinkled smile played over the parchment face in the crystal.

"You have all the reports?"

The second voice was harsh, at points sibilant, but charged with imperious authority. It bore no resemblance to that of Professor Hoffmeyer.

"The last is timed 6:15. Shall I summarize?"

"Proceed, Huan Tsung. I am listening."

And Huan Tsung, speaking in his quiet room above a shop in Pell Street, a room in which messages were received mysteriously, by day and by night, from all over Manhattan, closed his wise old eyes and opened the pages of an infallible memory.

This man, whose ancestors had been cultured noblemen when most of ours were living in caves, spoke calmly across a system of communication as yet unheard of by Western science.

"Excellency will wish to know that our Burmese agent was recognized by Naylor Smith in the grillroom and followed by two F.B.I. operatives. I gave instructions that he be transferred elsewhere. He reports that he has arrived safely. His notes of the conversation at the next

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table are before me. They contain nothing new. Shall I relate them?"

"No. I shall interview the woman, personally. Proceed."

"Nayland Smith visited the deputy commissioner and has been alone with him more than two hours. Nature of conversation unknown. The Greek covering his movements was intercepted and questioned, but had nothing to disclose. He is clumsy, and I have had him removed."

"You did well, Huan Tsung. Such bunglers breed danger."

"Mai Cha, delivering Chinese vase sent by club secretary for repair, attired herself in the black garments she carries and gained a gallery above the library where Michael Frobisher talked with a medical friend. She reports that Frobisher has had sight of our agent at Falling Waters. Therefore, I have transferred this agent. Mai Cha retired, successfully."

"Commend Mai Cha."

"I have done so, Excellency. She is on headquarters duty tonight. Excellency can commend her, himself."

"The most recent movements of Frobisher, Nayland Smith, and Dr. Craig?"

"Frobisher awaits his wife at the Ritz-Carlton. Nayland Smith is covered, but no later report has reached me. Dr. Craig is in his office."

"Frobisher has made no other contacts?"

"None, Excellency."

"Wait and watch, Huan Tsung. I must think swiftly."

"Always I watch—and it is unavoidable that I wait until I am called away."

Moonlight in the crystal faded out, and with it the wrinkled features of Huan Tsung.

Silence claimed the dimly lighted room. The wearer of the yellow robe remained motionless for a long time. Then he stood up and crossed to the divan, upon which he stretched his gaunt body. He struck a silver bell which hung in a frame beside the rack of pipes. The bell emitted a high, sweet note.

While the voice of the bell still lingered drowsily on the air, draperies in a narrow, arched opening were drawn aside and a Chinese girl came in. She wore her national costume. She was graceful and her large, dark eyes resembled the eyes of a doe. She knelt and touched the carpet with her forehead.

"You have done well, Mai Cha. I am pleased with you."

The girl rose, but stood, head lowered, before the reclining figure. A flush crept over her dusky cheeks.

"Prepare the jade pipe. I seek inspiration."

Mai Cha began quietly to light the little lamp on the stool.

ALTHOUGH no report had reached old Huan Tsung, nevertheless, Nayland Smith had left police headquarters.

He was fully alive to the fact that every move he had made since entering New York City had been noted, that he never stirred far without a shadow.

This did not disturb him. Nayland Smith was used to it.

But he didn't wish his trackers to find out where he was going from Center Street—until he had got there.

He favored, in cold weather, a fur-collared topcoat of military pattern, which was almost as distinctive as his brier pipe. He had a dozen or more police officers paraded for his inspection, and selected one built like himself, clean-shaven and brown-skinned, an Italian named Moreno.

This officer was given clear instructions, and the driver who had brought Nayland Smith to headquarters received his orders too.

When a man wearing a light rainproof and a dark blue felt hat—property of Detective Officer Moreno—left by a side entrance, walked along to Lafayette Street and presently picked up a taxi, no

one paid any attention to him. But, in order to make quite sure, Nayland Smith directed the cab to the Waldorf-Astoria, got out at that hotel, walked through to the Park Avenue entrance and proceeded to his real destination on foot.

He was satisfied that he had no shadow.

THE office was empty as Camille Navarre came out of her room and crossed to the long desk placed before the windows. One end of the desk had been equipped for business purposes. There was a leather-covered chair and beside it a dictating machine. A cylinder remained on the machine, for Craig had been dictating when he was called to the laboratory. At the other end stood a draftsman's stool and a quantity of pens, pencils, brushes and similar paraphernalia. They lay beside a propped-up drawing board, illuminated by a tubular lamp.

Camille placed several typed letters on the desk, and then stood there studying the unfinished diagram pinned to the board.

She possessed a quiet composure which rarely deserted her. Her plain suit did not unduly stress a slim figure, and she wore her hair swept straight back to a knot at the nape of her neck. She wore black-rimmed glasses, and looked in every respect the perfect secretary.

A slight sound, the click of a lock, betrayed the fact that Craig was about to come out. Camille returned to her room.

She had just gone in when the door of the laboratory opened and Craig walked down the three steps. A man in a white coat, holding a pair of oddly shaped goggles in his hand, stood at the top, outlined against greenish light. With the opening of the door, a curious vibration had become perceptible, a thing which might be sensed, rather than heard.

"In short, Doctor," he was saying, "we can focus, but we can't control the volume."

Craig spoke over his shoulder:

"When we can do both, Regan, we'll give an audition to the pundits that will turn their hair white."

Regan, a capable-looking technician with gray hair, smiled as he stepped back through the doorway.

"I doubt if Mr. Frobisher will want any auditions," he said dryly, shutting the door. The vibration ceased.

Craig stood for a moment studying the illuminated diagram as Camille had done. He lighted a cigarette, and then noticed the letters on his desk. He dropped into the chair, switched up a reading lamp and put on his glasses.

A moment later he was afoot again, as the office door burst open and a man came in rapidly—closely followed by Sam.

"Wait a minute!" Sam was upset. "Listen. Wait a minute!"

Craig dropped his glasses on the desk, stared, and then advanced impulsively, hand outstretched.

"Nayland Smith! By all that's holy—!" They exchanged grips, smiling happily. "Why, I thought you were in Isfahan, or Yucatán, or somewhere."

"Nearly right the first time. But it was Teheran. Flew from there three days ago. More urgent business here."

"Wait a minute," Sam muttered, his eyeshade thrust back on his head.

Craig turned to him. "It's all right, Sam. This is an old friend."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes—and I don't believe he has a bit of string."

Sam stared truculently from face to face, chewing in an ominous way, and then went out.

"Sit down, Smith. This is a great, glad surprise. But why the whirlwind business? And what the devil are you up to?"

Nayland Smith had walked straight across to the long windows which occupied nearly the whole of the west wall. He was examining a narrow terrace out-

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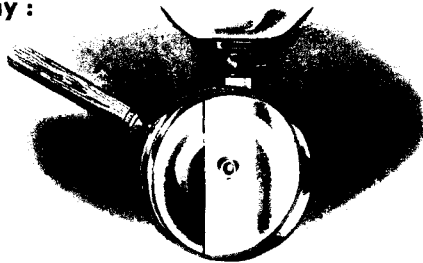
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side bordered by an ornamental parapet. He looked beyond, to where the hundred eyes of a towering building shone in the dusk. He turned.

"Anybody else got access to this floor?"

"Only the staff. Why?"

"What do you mean by the staff?"

"I mean the staff! Am I on the witness stand? Well, if you must know, the research staff consists of myself; Martin Shaw, my chief assistant, a Columbia graduate; John Regan, second technician, who came to me from Vickers; and Miss Navarre, my secretary. She also has scientific training. Except for Sam, the handy man, and Mr. Frobisher, nobody else has access to the laboratory. Do I make myself clear to your honor?"

Nayland Smith was staring toward the steel door and tugging at the lobe of his left ear, a mannerism which denoted intense concentration.

"You don't take proper precautions," he snapped. "I got in without any difficulty."

Morris Craig became vaguely conscious of danger. He recalled, vividly, the nervous but repressed excitement of Michael Frobisher. He could not ignore the tension in Nayland Smith.

"Why these precautions, Smith? What have we to be afraid of?"

Smith swung around on him. His eyes were hard.

"Listen, Craig—we've known each other since you were at Oxford. There's no need to mince words. I don't know what you're working on up here—but I'm going to ask you to tell me. Unless I have made the biggest mistake of my life, one of the few first-class brains in the world today has got you spotted."

"But, Smith, you're telling me nothing—"

"Haven't time. I baited a little trap as I came up. I'm going down to spring it."

"Spring it?"

"Exactly. Excuse me." Smith moved to the door.

"The elevator man will be off duty—"

"He won't. I ordered him to stand by."

Nayland Smith went out as rapidly as he had come in.

Craig stood for a moment staring at the door which Smith had just closed. He had an awareness of some menace impending, creeping down upon him. He scratched his chin reflectively, and returned to the letters. When he had signed them, he pressed a button.

CAMILLE NAVARRE entered quietly and came over to the desk. Craig took off his glasses and looked up—but Camille's eyes were fixed on the letters.

"Ah, Miss Navarre. Here we are." He returned them to her. "And there's rather a long one, bit of a teaser, on this thing." He pointed to the dictating machine. "Mind listening in to my rambling?"

Camille removed the cylinder. "Your dictation is very clear, Dr. Craig."

She spoke with a faint accent, more of intonation than pronunciation. It was a low-pitched, caressing voice. Craig never tired of it.

"Sweet words of flattery. I sound to myself like a half-strangled parrot. The way you transpose is simply magical."

Camille smiled. She had beautifully molded, rather scornful lips.

"Thank you. But it isn't difficult." She turned to go.

"By the way, you have an invitation from the boss. He bids you to Falling Waters for the week end."

Camille paused but didn't turn. "Really?" she said. "That is sweet of Mr. Frobisher."

"Can you come? I'm going, too, so I'll drive you out."

"That would be very kind of you. Yes, I should love to come."

She turned, then, her smile radiant.

"Splendid. We'll hit the trail early. No office on Saturday."

There was happiness in Craig's voice,

and in his glance. Camille dropped her eyes and moved away.

"Ah," he added, "is the typewriter in commission again?"

"Yes." Camille's lip twitched. "I managed to get it right."

"With a bit of string?"

"No." She laughed softly. "With a hairpin."

As she went out, Craig returned to his drawing board. But he found it hard to concentrate. He kept thinking about that funny little *moue* peculiar to Camille; part of her. Whenever she was going to smile, one corner of her upper lip seemed to curl slightly like a rose petal. And he wondered if her eyes were really that beautiful, or if the lenses magnified them.

THE office door burst open, and Nayland Smith came in again like a hot wind from the desert. He had discarded the rainproof in which he had first appeared and now carried a fur-collared coat.

"Missed him, Craig," he rapped. "Slipped through my fingers—the swine!"

Craig turned half around, one shirt-sleeved elbow on a corner of the board.

"If you're training for the Olympic games, let me draw your attention to the wide-open spaces of Central Park. I work here—or try to." He was silenced by the look in Nayland Smith's eyes. He stood up. "Smith! What is it?"

"Murder!" Nayland Smith snapped out the word. "I have just sent a man to his death, Craig!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"No more than I say."

It came to Morris Craig, as a revelation, that something had happened to crush, if only temporarily, the indomitable spirit he knew so well. He laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Smith. Forgive my silly levity. What's happened?"

Nayland Smith's face looked haggard, worn. "I have been shadowed, Craig, ever since I reached New York. I left police headquarters a while ago, wearing a borrowed hat and topcoat. A man, slightly resembling me, had orders to come to the Huston Building in the car I have been using all day, wearing my hat and my topcoat."

"Well?"

"He obeyed his orders. The driver, who is above suspicion, noticed nothing whatever unusual on the way. There was no evidence to suggest that they were being followed. I had assumed that they would be—and had laid my plans accordingly. I went down to see the tracker fall into my trap—"

"Go on, Smith! For God's sake, what had happened?"

"This!"

Nayland Smith carefully removed a small, pointed object from its wrappings and laid it on the desk. Craig was about to pick it up, when Smith said sharply: "Don't touch it! That is, except by the feathered end. Primitive, Craig, but deadly—and silent. Get your laboratory to analyze the stuff on the tip of the dart. Curare is too commonplace for the man who inspired this thing."

"I'm appalled! How did—?"

"It was flicked, or perhaps blown from a tube, into Moreno's face through the open window of the car. It stuck in his chin, and he pulled it out. But when the car got here, he was unconscious, and—"

"You mean he's dead?"

"I had him rushed to a hospital."

"They'll want this for analysis."

"There was another. The first must have missed."

Nayland Smith dropped limply into a chair, facing Craig. He pulled out his blackened brier and began to load it from a worn pouch.

"Let's face the facts, Craig. I must make it clear to you that a mysterious Eastern epidemic is creeping West. I'm here to try to head it off. No less than six prominent members of the Soviet

government have either died, suddenly, or just disappeared—within the past few months."

"One of those purges? Very popular with dictators."

"A purge right enough. But not carried out by Kremlin orders. Joseph Stalin is being guarded as even he was never guarded before."

Craig began groping behind him for the elusive pack of cigarettes.

"What's afoot, Smith? Is this anything to do with the news from London?"

"You mean the disappearance of two of the Socialist cabinet? Undoubtedly. They have gone the same way."

"The same way?" Craig lit a cigarette. "What way?"

Nayland Smith took the fuming pipe from between his teeth, and fixed a steady look on Craig.

"Dr. Fu Manchu's way!"

"Dr. Fu Manchu! But—"

The door of Camille's room opened, and Camille came out. She held some typewritten sheets in her hand. Only the desk lights were on, so that as the two

other items of an evidently varied stock. The shop smelled of incense.

A bell tinkled as the door was opened. A big man came in, so big that the place seemed to shrink as he entered. He wore work clothes.

The young Oriental regarded him impassively.

"Mr. Huan Tsung?" the man asked.

"Mr. Huan Tsung not home. How many times you come before?"

"Seven."

The young man nodded. "Give me the message."

From some pocket inside his jacket the caller produced an envelope and passed it across the counter. It was acknowledged by another nod, dropped on a ledge, and the big messenger went out. The young Chinese went on writing.

A minute or so later, a point of light glowed below the counter, where it would have remained invisible to a customer, had one been in the shop.

The envelope was placed in a tiny cupboard and a stud was pressed. The light under the counter vanished, and the immobile shopman went on writing. He wrote with a brush, using Indian ink, in the beautiful, difficult ideograms of classic Chinese.

UPSTAIRS, in a room the walls of which were decorated with panels of painted silk, old Huan Tsung sat on a divan. He resembled the traditional portrait of Confucius. From a cupboard corresponding to that in the shop below he took out the message, read it and dropped message and envelope into a brazier of burning charcoal.

He replaced the mouthpiece of a long-stemmed pipe between his wrinkled lips.

On a low red lacquer stool beside the divan was a crystal globe, similar in appearance to that upon the long, narrow table in the study adjoining Professor Hoffmeyer's office.

Nothing occurred for some time. Huan Tsung smoked contentedly, reflection from the brazier lending a demoniac quality to his benign features.

Then the crystal globe came to life, like the moon emerging from a cloud. Within it materialized a gaunt, awesome face with the brow of a philosopher and green, fanatical eyes in which slumbered the fires of an imperious will.

Below in the shop, but inaudible in the silk-walled room above, a phone buzzed. The patient writer laid his brush aside, took up the instrument and listened. He replaced it, scribbled a few penciled lines, put the paper in the cupboard and pressed the button.

Huan Tsung, with a movement of his hand, removed the message. He glanced at it and dropped the sheet into the brazier. The face in the globe had fully materialized. Compelling eyes looked into his own.

Huan Tsung spoke: "You called me, Doctor?"

"No doubt you have later reports."

"The last one, Excellency, just to hand, is timed 7:26 P.M. Nayland Smith left Centre Street at 7:23. Our agent, following, carried out the operation, successfully—"

"Successfully!" A note of anger became audible in the sibilant tones. "I may misunderstand you. What method was used?"

"B.W. 63, of which I have a little left, and the feathered darts. I instructed Sha Mu, who is expert, and he succeeded at the second attempt. He passed the police car, undetected, and retired in safety. Nayland Smith was taken, without being removed from the car, to the Rockefeller Institute."

Huan Tsung's eyes were closed. His features wore a mask of complacency. There was a brief silence.

"Open your eyes!"

Huan Tsung did so, and shrank.

"They think Professor Lowe may have him. They are wrong. Your action was



"Hello—I have your party in New York now. . . . Kindly deposit \$3,100,000.00 please"

COLLIER'S

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men turned and looked toward her, it was difficult to read her expression in the shadow.

But she paused at sight of them, standing quite still. "Oh, excuse me, Dr. Craig! I thought you were alone."

"It's all right," said Craig. "Don't go, Miss Navarre. This is my friend, Sir Denis Nayland Smith. My new secretary, Smith—Miss Navarre."

Nayland Smith stared for a moment, then bowed, and walked to the window.

"What is it?" Craig asked.

"It's only that last cylinder, Dr. Craig. I wanted to make sure I had it right. I will wait until you are disengaged."

But Nayland Smith was looking out into the jeweled darkness, and seeing nothing of a towering building which rose against the sky line. He saw, instead, a paneled grillroom where an attractive red-haired girl sat at a table with a man. He saw the dark-faced spy lunching alone near by.

The girl in the grillroom had not worn her hair pinned back in that prim way, nor had she worn glasses.

Nevertheless, that other girl and Miss Navarre were one and the same.

IN a little shop sandwiched in between more imposing Chinese establishments, a good-looking young Oriental sat behind the narrow counter writing by the light of a paper-shaded lamp. The place was a mere box, and he was entirely surrounded by sealed jars, packets of joss sticks wrapped up in paper, bronze bowls with perforated wooden lids, boxes of tea, boxes of snuff, bead necklaces and

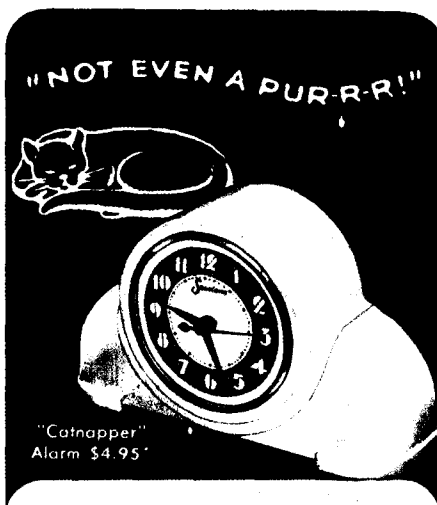
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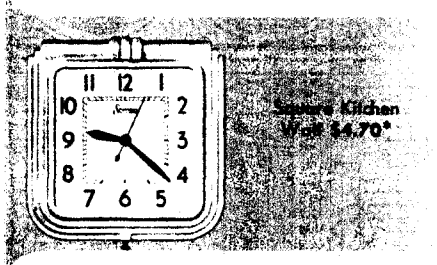
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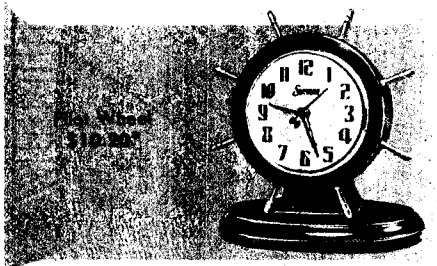
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ill-considered. Await instructions to establish contact."

"Excellency's order noted."

"Summarize any other reports."

"There are few of importance. The Emir Omar Khan died in Teheran this morning."

"That is well. Nayland Smith's visit to Teheran was wasted. Instruct Teheran."

"Excellency's order noted. There is no later report from Moscow and none from London."

Silence fell. The green eyes in the crystal mirror grew clouded, filmed over. Then they blazed again like emeralds.

"You have destroyed that which might have been of use to us. Furthermore, you have aroused a nest of wasps. You make our hard task harder. A disappearance—yes. I had planned one. But this clumsy assassination—"

"I thought I had done well."

"A legitimate thought is the child of wisdom and experience. Thoughts, like children, may be bastards."

Light faded from the crystal. Old Huan Tsung smoked, considering the problem of human fallibility.

NAYLAND SMITH whispered, "This is stupendous!" With Morris Craig, he stood under a dome which occupied one end of the Huston laboratory. It was opaque but contained four small openings. Set in it, rather as in an observatory, was an instrument closely resembling a huge telescope, except that it appeared to be composed of some dull black metal and had no lens.

Through the four openings, Nayland Smith could see the stars. Like Craig, he wore green-tinted goggles.

That part of the instrument where, in a real telescope, the eyepiece would be, rested directly over a solid table topped with a six-inch-thick sheet of a gray mineral substance. A massive portcullis of the same material enclosed the whole. It had just been raised. An acrid smell filled the air.

"Some of the Manhattan rock below us is radioactive," Craig had explained. "So, in a certain degree, are the buildings. Until I found that out, I got no results."

Complex machinery mounted on a concrete platform—machinery whose vibrations seemed to penetrate one's spine—had been disconnected by Regan from its powerful motors.

In a dazzling, crackling flash, Smith had seen a lump of solid steel not melt, but disperse, disintegrate, vanish! Concealed behind a partition, Camille Navarre had also seen it. A pinch of grayish powder alone remained.

"Keep the goggles on for a minute," said Craig. "Of course, you understand that this is merely a model plant. I might explain that the final problem, which I think I have solved, is the transmuter."

"Nice word. What does it mean?"

"Well—it's more than somewhat difficult to define. It's a method of controlling and directing the enormous power generated here."

Nayland Smith was silent for a moment. He was dazed by the thing he had seen, appalled by its implications.

"If I understand you, Craig," he said rapidly, "this device enables you to tap the great belt of ultraviolet rays which, you tell me, encloses the earth's atmosphere a hundred miles above the ionosphere."

"Roughly speaking—yes. The term, ultraviolet, is merely one of convenience. Like the name marmalade for a preparation containing no oranges."

"So far, so good. Now tell me—when your transmuter is completed, what can you do with this thing?"

"Well"—Craig removed his goggles and brushed his hair back—"I could probably prevent any kind of projectile, or plane, from entering the earth's atmosphere over a controlled area—if I could direct my power upward and outward."

"Neutralizing the potential of atomic warfare?"

"I suppose it would."

"What about directed downward and inward?" rapped Smith.

"Well—" Craig smiled modestly.

"That's all I can do at the moment. And you have seen one result."

Nayland Smith snatched the goggles from his eyes.

"Do you realize what this means? It means that you're a focus of interest for God knows how many trained agents. I know, now, why New York has become a hotbed of spies. You don't appreciate your own danger."

Morris Craig began to feel bewildered. "Do try to be lucid, Smith. What danger? Why should I be in danger?"

Nayland Smith's expression grew almost savage.

"Was I in danger today? Then, tell me what became of Dr. Sven Helsen—inventor of the Helsen lamp?"

"That's easy. I don't know."

"And of Professor Chiozza, in his stratosphere, in which he went up to pass out of the earth's atmosphere?"

"Probably passed out of same—and stayed out."

"Not a bit of it. Dr. Fu Manchu destroys obstacles as we destroy flies. But he collects specialized brains as some men collect rare postage stamps. How do you get in and out of this place at night when the corporation offices are closed?"

"By special elevator from the thirty-second. There's a private door on the street, used by Mr. Frohisher, and a small elevator to his office on the thirty-second. Research staff have master keys. All secure?"

"From ordinary intruders. But this thing is a hundred times bigger than I even suspected. If ever a man played with fire without knowing it, you are that man. Russia, I know, has an agent here."

"Present the moujik. I yearn to greet this comrade."

"I can't. I haven't spotted him yet. But I have reason to believe our own land of hope and glory is onto you as well."

Craig, in the act of opening the laboratory door, paused. He turned, slowly.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that London can't afford to let this thing fall into the hands of Moscow—nor can Washington. And none of 'em would like Dr. Fu Manchu to get it."

"Dr. Fu Manchu? I imagined it to be a mere name, to frighten children. If a real person, I thought he died long ago."

"You were wrong, Craig. He is here—in New York! He is like the phoenix. He arises from his own ashes."

A sense of unreality touched Morris Craig. He visualized, vividly, the fate of the man mistaken for Nayland Smith. But when he spoke, it was with deliberate flippancy:

"Describe this cremated character, so that if I meet him I can cut him dead."

But Nayland Smith shook his head, impatiently.

"I hope you never do meet him, Craig."

BACK in her room, Camille Navarre had just put a call through. She watched the closed door all the time she was speaking:

"Yes . . . Ninety-nine here . . . It has been impossible to call you before. Listen, please. I may have to hang up suddenly. Sir Denis Nayland Smith is in the laboratory. What are my instructions?"

She listened a while, anxiously watching the door.

"I understand . . . the design for the transmuter is practically completed . . . Of course . . . I know the urgency . . . But it is terribly intricate . . . No—I have quite failed to identify the agent."

For some moments she listened again.



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Collier's for May 8, 1948

"Sir Denis must have told Dr. Craig ... I heard the name Fu Manchu spoken here not an hour ago ... Yes. But this is important: I am to go to Falling Waters for the week end. What are my instructions?"

The door opened suddenly, and Sam came lurching in. Camille's face betrayed not the slightest change of expression. But she altered her tone.

"Thanks, dear," she said lightly. "I must hang up, now. It was sweet of you to call me."

She replaced the receiver and smiled up at Sam.

"Happen to have a pair o' nail scissors, lady?" Sam inquired.

"Not with me, I'm afraid. What do you want them for?"

"Stubbed my toe back there, and broke the nail. See how I'm limpin'?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry." Camille's caressing voice conveyed real sympathy. "But I think there are some sharp scissors in Dr. Craig's desk. They might do."

"Sure. Let's go look."

They crossed the empty office, outside, now largely claimed by shadows except where the desk lights dispersed them. Camille discovered the scissors, which Sam examined without enthusiasm but finally carried away and promised to return.

CAMILLE lingered until the door had closed behind him, placing two newly typed letters on the desk. Then she took off her glasses and laid them beside the letters. Her ears alert for any warning sound from the laboratory, she bent over the diagram pinned to the board. She made rapid, penciled notes, glancing down at them and back at the diagram.

She was about to add something more, when that familiar click of a lock warned her that someone was about to come out of the laboratory. Closing her notebook, she walked quickly back to her room.

Her door closed just as Nayland Smith and Craig came down the three steps.

"Does it begin to dawn on your mind, Craig, why the intelligence services of all the great powers are keenly interested in you?"

Morris Craig nodded.

"Which is bad enough," he said. "But the devil who tried to murder you today is a bigger danger than any."

"My dear Craig, he didn't try to murder me. If the man who did had been caught, he would never have heard of Dr. Fu Manchu."

"You mean he'd have said so?"

"I mean it would be true. Imagine a linguist who speaks any of the civilized languages, and a score of dialects, with perfect ease; an adept in many sciences; one with the brains of three men of genius. Such a master doesn't risk his neck in the hands of underlings. No. We have to deal with a detached intellect, with a personality scarcely human."

Nayland Smith fell silent—and Craig knew that he was thinking about Moreno, the man who had suffered in his place.

"Suppose, Smith," he said, "you give your problems a rest for a while and dine with me tonight?"

"I'd be glad to, Craig. Let it be at my hotel. Join me there in, say, an hour from now. But let me point out it isn't my problem. It's yours! When you leave, get the man, Sam, to have a taxi waiting—and keep him with you. I take it he hasn't gone?"

"No. He's somewhere about. We're night birds here. But what good is Sam?"

"He's a witness. You're safe provided you're not alone."

"Safe from what?"

"Abduction! Being smuggled out by the mysterious subway which has swallowed up other men of use to Fu Manchu."

"Where do they go? What use can he have for them?"

"I don't know where they go," said Nayland Smith, "but I suspect. As for their use—the use that the ant has for the aphides. Except that Dr. Fu Manchu milks their brains."

Unnoticed by either, the door of Camille's room had been slowly and silently opening for some time.

"You're beginning to get me really jumpy, Smith. You don't intend to go out alone?"

Nayland Smith shook his head, grimly, putting on the topcoat which had brought disaster to poor Moreno.

"I have a bodyguard waiting below—a thing I never dreamed I'd stoop to! But Dr. Fu Manchu doesn't want my brains. He wants my life!"

"For Heaven's sake, be careful, Smith. The elevator man goes off at seven o'clock. I'll see you down to the street."

"Save yourself the trouble. You have work to do. I know the way. Lend me your master key. Whoever stays here on duty can do the same for you. And remember—stick by Sam until you get to my hotel."

The door of Camille's room began to close.

(To be continued next week)



"It's Father. Is it all right if he brings someone home to dinner?"

COLLIER'S

PERRY BARLOW

Collier's for May 8, 1948

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COTTON GETS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

Continued from page 23

on the fashion map. "An artist who is a salesman," breathe leaders in the industry happily. "Wonderful combination."

When she started her own business five years ago, Hope went straight to style-setting dress designers like Adele Simpson and Omar Kiam, cotton samples of her own design in hand.

"They acted as though they had never seen the stuff before. Certainly they had never seen cottons like these—woven with satiny looking stripes and crossbars. They didn't even look like cotton. But they tried them."

"Then something surprising—to them—happened. They found cotton so easy to handle that production went along faster; something the cheaper-wash-dress people had known all along. Cotton doesn't slip like silk and rayon, or stretch like wool. One manufacturer told me it got so when he had two difficult jobs coming along he'd stick a cotton one in between, to keep the help happy. One by one they all said, sure, they'd make cotton dresses. They just loved them personally, seeing how the factory took to them, and the customers didn't complain."

Useful Fabrics Can Be Lovely

On the contrary, customers began to grab, once they discovered cottons that did in no way bring up thought of the kitchen stove, and that were as beautiful as they were useful. The more the customers grabbed the more interested the designers got. Till now, five years later, the job of cotton converters like Hope Skillman is not to sell their customers but to service them.

"A manufacturer calls up from the Coast, wanting a dark print for fall college blouses, no white in it. A Texas children's-wear buyer is asking for lavender. Pinky beige goes well there, too. Some designers will use colors that sell well anywhere. But Tina Leser, whose play and evening clothes are so exotic and individual, uses strong colors no one else can handle—she's a special-order problem."

Hope Skillman cottons are chiefly chambrays and madrases. They are noted for the sophisticated variations they play on cotton naturals like plaids, checks and—chiefly—stripes; and for their subtle colors. Colors run to the unexpected—gun metal, dusty brown, muted tones and shimmering pastels that can make the simplest dress distinctive. Playing refreshing new tunes with these simple notes, Hope has been able to intrigue designers in every field. Last year's recruit was a bedspread manufacturer, turning out de luxe quilted numbers in Skillman chambrays. This year's extra is men's jackets, in sturdy, corded cotton.

Besides getting her cottons used in all the best places, Hope adds glamor to the cotton industry by being a pretty blonde, much in demand for personal appearances at schools and stores. Such personal glory while touring the country brings young girls flocking to Hope. They want advice on how to be fashion personalities, too.

Her advice has a hollow, Hollywood ring. Work, she says, is the way. A movie star is the product of hard physical toil. Hope started her career in an even more unglamorous fashion, wearing old clothes, rubber boots and gloves, messing around in dye pots and learning chemistry from wise old Scotsmen in the business. She was the green assistant to a cotton stylist, assigned by a big fabric house to help pull cotton out of its rut.

Such work among the dye pots and in fabric mills formed a necessary background for the seemingly simple doodling Hope does now. She draws on graph

paper, fills in with water color—and there's a new fabric design. The mill does the rest, to her specification. Hope doesn't own a mill. She buys fabric from gray-goods mills, commissions finishing mills to carry out her designs.

"That's only the surface, the part you see," she tells young girls who yearn to do likewise, without even pushing up their Gibson Girl sleeves. "Underneath are bookkeeping, financial statements, traffic routing between mills, credit checking, months of working ahead with clients—and always the dye pots and the fabric mills. Nice, if you like it."

Everybody in the cotton business seems to like it, and even to consider their product practically perfect. But they are working steadily to improve it just the same.

"We'll be getting finer yarns and newer colors," they say, "and new finishes."

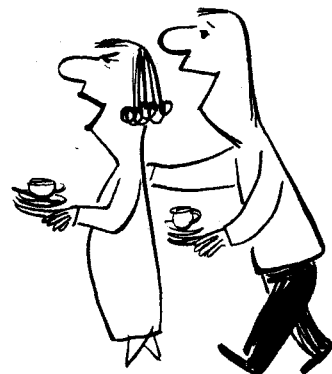
First finish to help make cotton popular was a shrinkproofing process that was perfected about the time fashion started stirring among the cottons. Permanent finishes on voiles and organdies keep them from losing their looks in limp collapse. Water-repellent finishes are valuable for children's clothes and upholstery, indispensable for raincoats and sportswear.

The only bad thing cotton people will admit about cotton is that it wrinkles. Not that they haven't been working on that. One company has brought out a tweedlike cotton this year, chemically treated to resist wrinkling; a system that has worked best to date on fabrics like linen and spun rayon, spongy enough to absorb the chemical instead of letting it coat the surface as it does a smooth, tightly woven cotton. For such cottons, the best antidote is still a hot iron.

And well worth the trouble, say the cotton people, pointing to the old virtues of cotton. It's cool in summer, warm in winter.

Only they don't forget what fashion means to cotton. Nor the value of an artist who can sell.

THE END



"Dear, the boys are going to do a little bowling tonight and I was wondering..."



COLLIER'S

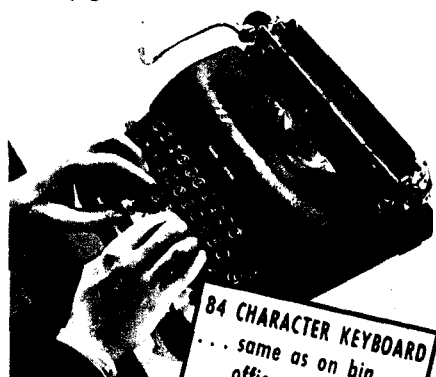
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Collier's for May 8, 1948

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Collier's for May 8, 1948

THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

Continued from page 19

over this time of day with one difference—the enemy was in this field.

Friendly artillery was going after him and he was coming back with his own. His first mortar shell landed a hundred yards short. His second was a hundred yards over. Prattle in the ditch ceased as the concentration centered and rained in. These were the big one-fifty mortars that bucket up the earth in gobs and splatter steel at grass-stem height. Somebody was hit. The radio went out. Contact was lost. The Great Confusion had begun.

LIEUTENANT CHAMBERS wriggled into the ditch between Blixen and Sam Abels and demanded, "What'd you fellows give for a Paris pass?"

"Half my interest in hell," said Abels grimly.

"And all of Texas," added Blixen roundly.

"Damn me," said the lieutenant, "USO must have been through here!" And then he said, "Blixen?"

"Yes, sir."

"See that wooden scaffolding out there?"

"Yes, sir," said Blixen not quite so roundly.

"See that clump of buildings at a greater range ... oh, maybe five hundred yards?"

"Yes."

"See that red-roofed house at the right of them?"

Blixen's voice was not round at all; it was quite flat. "Yes, sir."

"That's our objective. You guide on that. And you're leading the base squad, so don't you lose it."

"I wish you would lose it," grumbled Sam Abels, "it and all them other sonof-a-bitching buildings right in the bottom of the Atlantic!"

"What's the matter, Sam?"

"Well, it ain't patriotism knockin' my knees together!"

"All right, men, let's get this show on the road. Blixen, you lead. Sam, you cover him at sixty yards. Take off whenever you're ready." And the lieutenant was gone.

Blixen moved next to Sam Abels and held out his hand.

"I got two of them already," said Sam, looking at the hand. "What's this one for?"

"In case I don't come out of this, Sam, I want you to know that I've enjoyed soldiering with you," said Blixen earnestly.

"I ain't enjoyed soldiering with no human being yet on earth," snapped Sam. "Not even General Eisenhower. You going first or am I?"

A corps artillery serenade played over the surface of the field, the air burst clutching up the earth in tons and with it bits of buildings, roads, trees—fragments of all matter in that field, which mixed with smoke and flame into a brownish vapor that hung like a shroud above the field and hid the sun.

Now the tanks came up, firing at anything that looked suspicious. And everything looked suspicious. When they ran out of targets they put a round into the wooden scaffolding just to watch the pieces fly. Machine guns marked targets for them with orange tracer bullets that drew bright lines back and forth across the field. The first fighter bombers came dipping through the sunrise, scattered an instant's death and, darting away, left their crashing sound half a mile behind. Farther back the attack bombers were going after the bridges and the heavy artillery was placing interdictory fire upon all roads leading to that field; and the evidence of this was a mist of dust and smoke rising like a curtain toward

the sky in the farther distances. The battlefield was isolated. All the show needed was a man to begin it.

Blixen swallowed. He straightened his helmet over his knit cap.

"Is you or ain't you?" demanded Sam.

Blixen half rose and began to move. Five steps, ten. . . . There was open ground showing behind him. He went at a reluctant walk, keeping that Saint-Lô crouch—that concession to human psychology which assumes that all bullets travel at a height of six feet rather than five and a half. Fifty clear yards opened behind Blixen before Sam Abels moved.

For fifty measured yards Blixen was advanced farther into enemy territory than any living American. For those fifty yards that no man in the world would willingly have trod, Blixen led and the Army saw and credited this to Blixen.

The support tanks waddled out by ones and twos and the infantrymen among them. The tanks fired blindly. The men scrambled to get out of their way. Some of the men were running, some walking. Some shouted soundless words. Some trudged doggedly with set lips and furtive eyes. Some took this moment as quietly as if they were walking downtown. Still others fired their weapons at nothing and reloaded feverishly.

All moved bent with that terrible lumbago they had first contracted at Saint-Lô. And though they knew by experience it was wrong—though they had been trained a hundred times to do exactly otherwise—they crowded more and more together and the tanks crowded together; until tanks and men were moving forward in a confusion like a mob, afraid from within and from without and having no purpose but to move forward and destroy.

The tanks tried to fire over the heads of the men or between them. They took off one man's head. It became impossible to tell whether bullets were coming from enemy or friend. A bullet hit a phosphorus grenade in a man's belt and the man burned under white sprays of smoke that trailed like confetti.

FROM this confusion, order gradually began to appear, and yet it was a kind of disorder. Tanks and men were not going in the same direction. Someone had blundered.

Lieutenant Chambers climbed upon the nearest tank. He beat at the turret of it with the butt of his carbine until the tank commander's head came out. Chambers screamed and pointed with his carbine. The tank's 75 swiveled dangerously around. When it came in line with the lieutenant's carbine it fired. Fragments flew from the house with the red roof.

Now it became clear that the enemy was in the red-roofed house and in holes in front of it.

Chambers' tank ground forward. Bullets came pinging off the steel around the lieutenant's hands. They plucked at his clothing. They tried to persuade the lieutenant to come along with them and die. The flat trajectory projectiles tried to blast him off and kill him with their shell sound alone, and the big mortars would have buried him alive had he stayed still to be zeroed in; but Chambers was on his way.

In football they say, keep moving and you don't get hurt. What they mean is, "Never stop to think of yourself."

When Chambers did stop to think, he was hit.

He rolled over twice and fell from the tank's deck and lay still on the ground.

His tank hesitated. It stopped, its ugly snout swiveling from side to side as it fired blind. Other tanks along the line ground raggedly to a stop and the men

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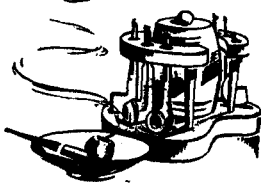
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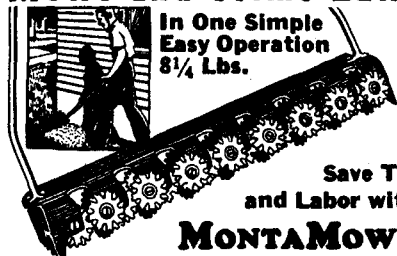
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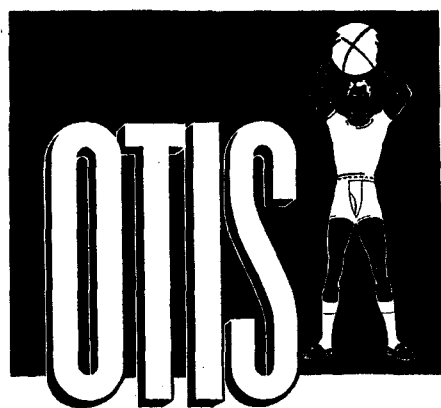
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began taking cover behind them and on the ground, and as they stopped, the mortars caught up with them and began to hurt; while the fire of the enemy's machine guns grew more and more accurate, scything over the field at shoestring height until it seemed every tank was stopped and every man pinned to the ground—every man but one.

Blixen kept right on walking. He went up to Chambers' tank. He climbed the deck and beat on the turret. He beat a long time before the tank commander's head came out and all that time the lead of Germany was directed at Private Blixen, the man who had gone back and who had now come forward.

Blixen indicated the red-roofed house with his rifle and screamed into the tank commander's ear. The 75 put one into the base of the building, and the whole side crumbled. The tank's motor revved up again into a dangerous snarl. So did others along the line. Blixen's tank moved forward and the whole attack with it; and as for Blixen, he could not be hit. Whatever it was Chambers had had momentarily Blixen had it now; and before the enemy found out they couldn't kill him, Blixen was among them. Blixen overran their machine-gun positions. Blixen obliterated their houses and their lives. And the men with their long, drab-gray overcoats and rakish caps came out of their holes and windows with their hands up to Blixen, shouting, "Kamerad"; protesting they had been looking for the first chance to surrender—they hadn't fired at an American soldier in the last three weeks.

WHEN it was all over, Sam Abels and Blixen met before what was left of the house with the red roof, and Sam said, "Now lookie there what you done to that house! Ain't that a shame?"

"What about the lieutenant?" Blixen asked him.

"Kaput," Sam answered with a shrug, "I reckon . . . By the way," he said, looking down at his hand, "I've been thinking over that little offer you made me a while ago and I've been thinking maybe if a fellow had three hands why, he'd be that much ahead of the game." He grinned, and held out his own.

That ended handshaking. Formality between those two dropped there as completely as the court-martial proceedings against Blixen were dropped, and Sam and Blixen spent time for pleasure in each other's company, as the Big Push carried them up into the heart of a continent. They fought for crossroads and high ground and little villages and for the cities that are big dots on the map and for the right of way around a henhouse, for which men die just as readily as they did at Thermopylae. They fought so fast and far Blixen was saying if the

war didn't end pretty soon they would be seeing those Czech girls who dig the earth from the footprints of the men they love, and put it in a pot and plant marigolds in it, for marigolds never fade. And Sam Abels said those girls surely would have to hurry to catch the footprints he was leaving over the face of the earth, because he figured he was over the hump now and going down the back-hill side.

Blixen was getting to be quite the storyteller. He had changed, opened up and grown happy and had developed a brand of nonsense all his own for sitting around the stove and exchanging with other people's; and when other people saw Blixen was a little selfishly human after all and wanted room at the stove as much as anybody—and could hold it—they were as ready to accord him that place as they'd been eager to deny it before. They began taking pride in Blixen after what he did that day in the field. Blixen was a character, all right, but not a bad guy. Nothing he didn't know. A walking dictionary, that's what he was. And such questions were referred to his final authority as whether the stars come out at night or really were there all the time, and how much money the king of England makes.

And so they went up across many fields into many dawns, through the quaint little red towns all crumbled to a red brick powder, and through towns where every house surrendered six or seven times with a sheet from every window. They lodged in the baron's castle on the crag, drank his wine, ate off his gold plate and put their feet up on his damask chairs and grinned at the fat, blond nudes in the paintings. And they went on into the dark forests planted with every tree in order and not a twig to waste on the ground, where the baron had had his shooting stand at the edge of the clearing and the folk had labored in the clearing to feed both deer and baron; and they climbed the stubby old mountains that had been holding up that twilight sky for armies to march under since Caesar put his 10th Legion across the Rhine, and they yearned for the sun—they longed for some clear light to be shed upon this gray and gloomy country and upon the Gothic minds of these people who seemed to have been living in a crypt for centuries, until their very features were of stone and the warmth had chilled out of their eyes.

They saw the imprisoned and the enslaved and the displaced and the bones of those thrown in the quicklime and the bones of those roasted on trays, and the hollow-faced children foraging in the garbage cans by the mess lines.

Then they were pinched out of the drive and rested. . . .

One afternoon Sam found Blixen in the woods sitting against a tree, writing one



"Our mistake was in buying a new house. We should have bought an old house that wouldn't need so many repairs"

COLLIER'S

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of those letters with lines all in a column down the center of the page; and this time when Sam asked what he was doing Blixen told him he was writing poetry.

"I thought poetry was wrote in books."

"When it's good enough."

"Ain't yours?"

"I don't know," said Blixen. "What do you think?" And he read:

*"I'll touch your hand, then I'll be-
lieve*

*It's death that's let me love, spared
me*

*To say to you and those who grieve,
Death gave me happiness . . ."*

"Gee, that's all right," said Sam.

"Like it?"

"Sure. Fine . . . What does it mean?"

Blixen's face fell. "What don't you understand?"

"Well, I dunno," said Sam, "maybe you better start at the beginning."

"I simply mean," said Blixen, "that because some of us die, others are allowed to live."

Sam plucked a blade of grass and contemplated it. "You mean it's a kind of arithmetic gets us to the pearly gates?"

"Yes and no. Arithmetic governs—but on the other hand, you and I govern

Everybody but Blixen sweated out that day. The Big Push had broken the enemy's back. Like the snake in the grass chopped by the hoe, he lay writhing in segments for a thousand miles; and each of those segments—the military term was "pockets"—was still full of venom and dangerous. Good Americans were getting killed every day stamping them out. But that did not worry Blixen. He was like a man who has passed through the valley of the shadow, sure ever afterward that nothing can harm him. He comforted the boys with his law of averages. "Look at it this way. Casualty rates are running about three per cent. That means if we put a hundred men in the field, three are likely to get hurt. But of those three only one dies. And there you have your odds—one in a hundred."

But everybody was thinking *he* might be that unlucky one, after all this time, that unlucky one. Was there any reason in it? Was that one chosen because he was good or bad, light or dark? "This here's the time," said Sam Abels. "I repent me of every evil thing I ever done, and promise the Good Lord if he'll let me see the smoke risin' from my native land once more, I'll come and go with Him forever."

Who would be chosen, that was the question.

Only Blixen thought he knew the answer.

When word came K-rations were being issued it didn't bother him.

WHEN word came for the squad leaders to check everything and get a report into the supply room in the next five minutes, Blixen was not disturbed. And when definite information came down that the objective was the great industrial city notorious among all those segments of the enemy in its refusal to die, Blixen told the boys not to worry: the war probably would end before they ever jumped off in the morning.

They spent that last evening in a mill-house by a stream, one of those unbelievable May evenings when a breath of air is enough to make life worth living.

There were blossoms in the meadows. Cuckoos were calling from the wood. You could almost hear the growth in the earth and you could sense that gladness rising from the ground, the reaching of all living things toward warmth and light and heavenly room.

Blixen leaned back and stretched his arms high, breathing in all of that delicious air, and when he could hold no more he let it out with a gasp and brought one hand down with a whack between Sam Abels' shoulder blades. "Ole-buddy-ole-buddy-ole-buddy! What do you say about the ways of God to man in the beautiful springtime, eh?"

They were sitting on a log over the little stream that turned the mill wheel, and Blixen's enthusiasm nearly put Sam into the water, but failed to cheer him. "I'd say old God was on the ball," he muttered gloomily. "He ain't forgot how, though there was times last winter on Mud Hill when I figured He had."

"What you going to do when the war's over?"

Sam Abels spat into the stream and watched the splash floating away. "Don't ask me questions like that."

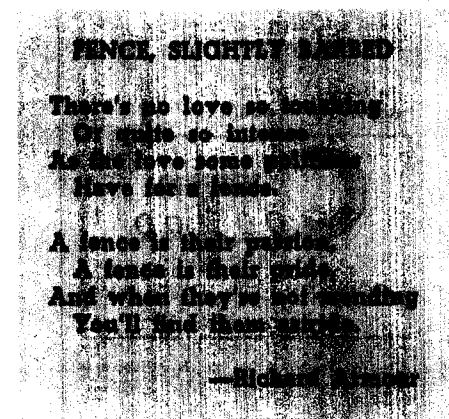
Sam really was feeling blue that evening. The spring didn't excite him. It made him feel all he was missing, made him remember the first lavender plum blossoms coming in the brakes back home, and a girl he had once had, by the name of Emmy Lou. "Where you gonna be?" he asked more out of courtesy than interest.

"Well, there's an answer to that," said Blixen. "I'll be wherever she is."

"Don't tell me!" said Sam.

"It's true," said Blixen. "Didn't know I had a girl, did you?"

"Most everybody has," said Sam. "I did myself at one time. She true to you?"



the arithmetic," Blixen explained. "Like the lieutenant."

"You figure him that way?"

"I do. Somebody had to go down there and somebody had to carry on."

"Well, how does that make us feel?"

"Good . . . Anything you understand is good."

"I wisht I could understand you," said Sam, looking narrowly at his blade of grass.

Blixen smiled.

Blixen's smile was regular in those great days as the Big Push carried the platoon on its crest higher and higher toward the day of victory—farther and farther into those valleys of blacker, richer soil than any the boys had seen since leaving home, farms so neat even the yards were swept by hand, people so industrious that even before the shells stopped falling they were out in the fields, filling and reseeding the shell holes. The platoon saw those bombed-dead cities like the cities of the moon, where now and then some poor creature in human form crept from the ruins and stared at "K" Company without fear, without curiosity, without anything, and went to join some equally miserable creature in doing the only thing there was to be done, clearing away the rubble a piece at a time so the city might breathe again. They saw the identical interiors of so many houses they could not remember which kitchen they had slept in where, or where there had not been in the bedroom that same cheap chromolithograph of Jesus with his finger on his bleeding heart.

And so Blixen and Sam Abels and the others turned their backs on everything they lived by and headed into that strange old continent they loathed, with that fundamental loathing people who live in bright new houses have for dark old ones; and the year turned with them, hailing with its ever-increasing light the day of victory that was to come. . . .

Collier's for May 8, 1948

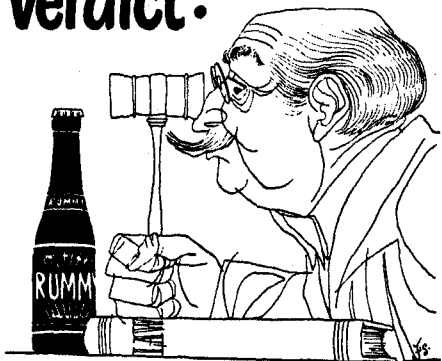
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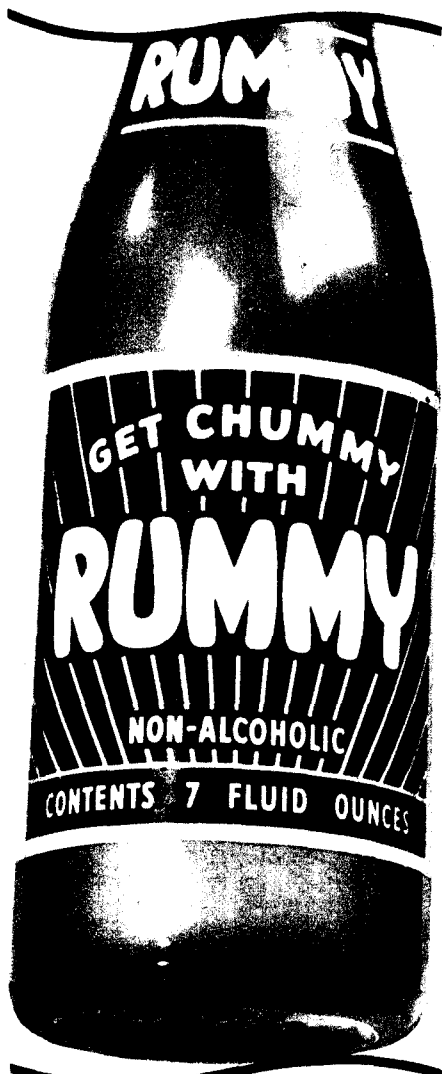


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"True as the stars above," vowed Blixen. "I even told her about going back at Mud Hill. That didn't make any difference. She's forgiven me."

"I had one once," muttered Sam Abels. "She quit forgiving me right at the beginning, when I joined the Army."

A hand fell on Blixen's shoulder. The Cajun platoon sergeant had come up behind them unnoticed on his silent feet, as he liked to do, and he said, "Blixen, there's a friend of yours over at the CP wants to see you."

"Friend of mine?" said Blixen turning around surprised. "Who?"

"The lieutenant."

"Chambers?"

The Cajun nodded. "Well, don't fall into the river. I thought he was dead too, but he ain't. He's big as life... Wants to see you."

Blixen's mouth opened and shut but he didn't say anything. He looked at the Cajun till the big sergeant grew uneasy, slapped his pockets and demanded a cigarette.

"What does he want to see me for?" asked Blixen, as though he didn't care at all what the lieutenant wanted to see him for.

"How'd I know what he wants to see you for?" flared the Cajun. "I ain't no mind reader. Maybe he wants to tell you the war's over. How'd I know what he wants to see you for?"

"Beautiful evenin'," said Sam Abels reaching up for a handful of it. "Makes a fellow feel like a civilian again!"

He produced the cigarettes and the Cajun was taking one when Blixen got up without a word and walked away.

"What's the matter with that guy?" demanded the Cajun.

Sam contemplated the reflection of the evening sky, slipping by on the water under his feet. He spat into it. "Ever strike you where that water would be next year this time? That piece of it right there?"

"Hell, no!" said the Cajun.

"Me neither," said Sam, "but it struck Blixen."

The Cajun thought about that a minute. "There's something funny about that guy," he concluded, and he and Sam turned and watched the shadowy outline of Blixen disappearing in the dusk...

Before Lieutenant Chambers could say a word Blixen apologized. "Sir, I'm sorry. I thought you weren't coming back."

"What are you sorry about, old pardner? Put 'er there," said the lieutenant. He gripped Blixen's hand. "No, I'm like history. I repeat myself. You can't get rid of me," Chambers rattled on explain-

ing that German bullets couldn't possibly kill a Virginia man, not saying what they would do to Yankees; and how much fun it had been in Paris taking measurements for Wac girdles. "You're looking good, boy!" he kept saying; but all the time it was Lieutenant Chambers who was looking good and Blixen like the one who had just come from the hospital. Lieutenant Chambers was the man with the sense of having passed through the valley of the shadow and now able to live happily ever afterward.

"Listen!" interrupted Blixen.

Away off there was a sound like doors slamming far down a corridor. "That's artillery!" whispered Blixen.

"Stop kidding," said Chambers. "Stop kidding me, won't you? That's not artillery. That's the fireworks celebrating the end of the war. It'll be over tomorrow. Haven't you heard?"

"The war's not over, Lieutenant," said Blixen very soberly.

NEXT morning they got ready in the woods at the edge of the meadow leading into the city and Blixen offered his hand to Sam Abels.

Sam was sweating things out. He was eating grass like a nervous cat and when he saw Blixen's hand in front of him he jumped. "Stop holdin' that thing at me!"

"Sam," began Blixen, "if anything happens to me I want you to know..."

"G'way," said Sam, "I'm thinkin'..." He pointed to the tall buildings rising across the meadow against the dawn. The sun was just striking them and they looked, above the meadow mist, like some fabled city built up in the sky of battlements and turrets. "I'm thinking," said Sam, "that them tall buildings is a fine place for artillery observers and this here open meadow not a fine place for the likes of Sam Abels." He picked more grass and chewed.

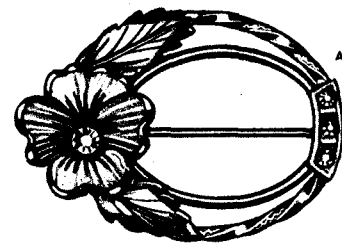
Sam was right.

Midway in the long meadow the barrage caught them. It wasn't very bad, and in the abandoned trenches where they lay a man was safe from everything but a direct hit—as safe as if he had been at home in bed.

This particular shell struck yards forward of the place where Blixen was lying. It burrowed down and down and down until its nose was resting upon Blixen's shoulder—the hand of the old friend who had caught up with him at last.

Every year they lay wreaths in Blixen's honor in various parts of the world. Under the arches of triumph the fires burn for him, perpetually.

THE END



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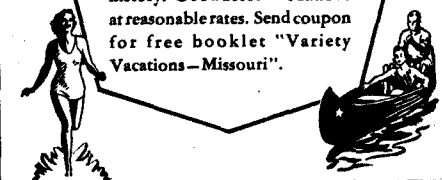
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(R-14)

LET'S STOP ABUSES IN VETERANS' SCHOOLS

Continued from page 27

Georgia, school which agreed to pay back \$18,000 to the federal government after a plea of *nolo contendere* to charges of fraud?

What can be said for flight schools that charge one rate, a high one, for veteran students and another rate, much lower, for giving the same instruction to men who never bore arms for their country?

What can be said in defense of flight-school operators who enroll experienced Air Corps veterans for primary flight training?

Who can seriously pretend it is proper for the government to pay out money to schools that permit veterans to apply the cost of training they never take against the purchase price of a private plane, or that use the kickback technique, splitting with the veteran who isn't attending classes?

Questionable schools of every description are flourishing like the green bay tree because state approving authorities have permitted them to operate without looking behind their educational façade.

To Make the Law Racketproof

Faced with this situation, our committee has spent many weeks seeking some way of amending the law so that racketeering and boondoggling would be eliminated.

We could, of course, take the easy way out and change the law so that the Veterans Administration would be the sole arbiter in judging the legitimacy of all schools. We are reluctant to take this course. We don't feel justified in punishing the careful and honest state approving authorities for the transgressions and mistakes that have been committed in some states.

We feel that centralizing control in the hands of a Washington bureau would be a dangerous and unjustified violation of the states' traditional rights.

For that reason we have recommended a different course to Congress. The recommendations are embodied in bills to amend the present law, introduced by members of our subcommittee, as we try to spell out, for state approving authorities, a definition of the kind of education originally contemplated when Congress passed the G.I. Bill of Rights.

We tell the states that "a school, other than an elementary or secondary school or institution of higher learning, shall not be deemed qualified and equipped to furnish education or training to veterans unless the courses offered by such a school are of a character *leading to an employment objective* and are adequate for that purpose."

Just what would these bills accomplish? In the first place the purpose is not to strike at our system of public high schools, colleges and universities. It is not among these institutions that kickbacks and other bad practices have been found.

But, for other schools, one of these measures (the Wheeler bill) would set up a minimum standard for approving agencies in every state. It would be up to each school to prove that its course of training will help to qualify the veteran for employment, that it will train him for something useful and that it will not merely waste his time and his educational benefits on the study of some expensive avocation.

The schools will be required to demonstrate that their courses are *adequate*. State authorities will know Congress intends that they look behind the high-sounding advertisements and the beautifully printed catalogues. Congress wants no more of ignoramuses posing as educators. We want no more of schools run by remote-control presidents, no more of vacation resorts posing as aviation training centers.

We want to make sure that both the federal government and the veteran get a full dollar's worth of instruction for every dollar spent.

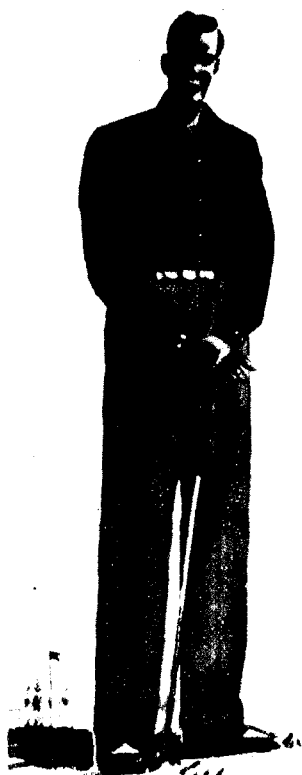
As long as the state approving authorities are diligent in applying this simple formula the Veterans Administration will not step into the picture, except to meet the bills. But at the first hint of scandal, at the first complaint, the Veterans Administration *will have the right*—it will be its duty—to investigate. If any single state gets very far off the track, if it approves schools recklessly and without due examination and investigation, then the federal government, which pays the piper, will have the right to call the tune. After proper investigation the Veterans Administrator will have the power to disapprove such



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Jimmy Foxx on occasion could be as wily as a fox, and he demonstrated it once when he was manager of the St. Petersburg Saints (Florida International League). Foxx went in as relief pitcher in a game with Fort Lauderdale, and had two out, two strikes on the batter and a runner on third. As Foxx went into a slow windup, the runner broke for the plate. Quickly Foxx threw to the catcher, a perfect strike. A moment later the catcher tagged the runner coming in. The side was retired, only Foxx—and the umpire—knowing who had made the third out. The next inning, as Fort Lauderdale came to bat again, the “stranded” batter stepped into the batter’s box. Foxx said nothing, and the umpire properly remained quiet. The batter connected with the first pitch—an easy one—for a triple. As he trotted into third base, to his amazement he was thumbed out by the umpire (on Foxx’s appeal). Foxx’s last delivery of the previous inning had been a called strike, retiring the batter before the runner was tagged. Hence, when he came up again he was batting out of turn—for an out.

—Jack Carey, Gainesville, Fla.

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schools and to strike them from the rolls.

A second measure (H.R. 6079, which I have introduced) would give the Veterans Administration the right to file a complaint whenever it finds reason to believe that a school is not giving education or training commensurate with the tuition it charges. The state approving agency would then hold a public hearing at which both complaint and defense could be fully aired. The final decision would remain with the state—to withdraw approval if the charges were justified, to exonerate the school, or to reapprove it under a new tuition schedule or a new setup of courses.

I think such amendments would go a long way toward eliminating boondoggling at the expense of the veteran. They would tell the states, clearly, where their duty lies without coercing and overregulating conscientious approving authorities. And they would give the Veterans Administration a Big Stick—which we hope it will seldom have to use—with which to correct abuses if they continue to creep in.

Where V.A. Responsibility Lies

These bills alone, however, cannot solve the entire problem. No law is bigger than the men who administer it. A great deal will depend upon the Veterans Administration—its diligence and its tact. The V.A. cannot throw the entire blame for the existing situation upon the states alone. The Veterans Administration could have done a great deal, in the last two years, to encourage the weaker state approving authorities to raise their standards to higher levels.

Whether Congress amends the law or not there is nothing to prevent the Veterans Administration from calling conferences of state approving authorities so that each could see what the other is doing and learn, through discussion, just where some methods are faulty.

Conditions such as those Collier’s exposed in the case of some chicken-sexing schools could be eliminated this way. Chicken sexing is taught in less than a

month in Kansas, while the Illinois approving authority has accredited a course that takes seven months. A chicken-sexing school in Missouri is able to teach this subject for \$40, while Illinois authorities have authorized a tuition charge of \$500.

There are other things the Veterans Administration could do with its present powers. It has an established system of job counselors who advise disabled veterans on the employment possibilities in trades they propose to study before they are allowed to enroll in a course. These counselors have on their desks information concerning employment opportunities in every field—information the government has spent vast sums to gather and keep up to date.

Certainly there is no reason why this information could not be made available to every veteran. If it were it would be very difficult for high-pressure salesmen to waltz young men into schools that offer training in fields already badly overcrowded. If the facts were made public, common sense would dissuade the vast majority of veterans from squandering their benefits and wasting years of study in training that can only leave them jobless in the end.

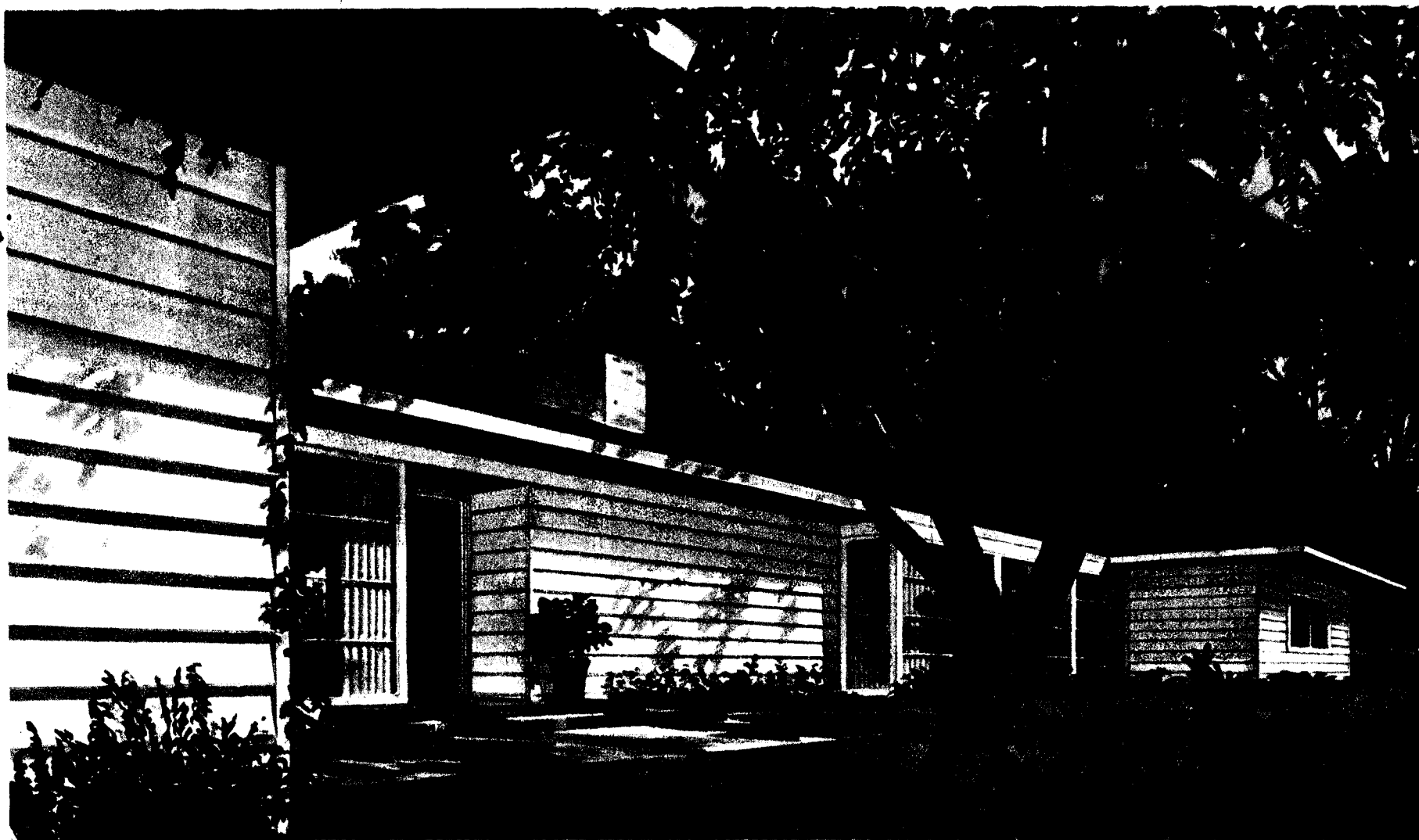
Yet, I am convinced, administrative moves under the present law will not be enough. Some clarifying legislation which spells out the duty for state approving agencies is required. Unfortunately, Congress is faced with a host of other pressing problems. There is serious danger that it will not act on the measure at this session.

That danger can be averted only if Congress hears from the people, whose servant it is. The few men and women in Congress who have had the time to study the problem know how serious the situation has become. Hundreds of millions of dollars could be saved and—more important—tens of thousands of veterans could be protected if all the members of Congress could be stirred to a realization of the need for passing these simple amendments to the G.I. Bill.

THE END

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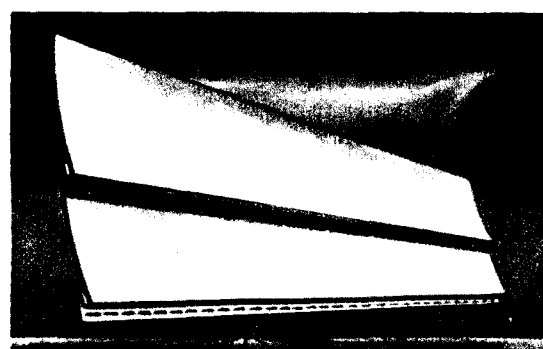
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FISH-POND SAILORS

BY GRADY JOHNSON

You may think it's kid stuff, but members of a hundred model-yacht racing clubs in the U.S.A. will tell you that building and racing these beautiful little craft is quite definitely an exacting sport



Between races an endless amount of rigging, balancing, sandpapering—and bragging—takes place. Competition is keen and not limited solely to local meets. There are national and even international events for many club members

At Berkeley, California, members of the local Model Yacht Racing Club line up their entries in a specially built basin. Note boardwalk and starting platform





These girls are willing helpers as Nick Keough, of the San Diego club, gets his M class boat ready for a race



Gus Lassell, of the Los Angeles club, has built more than 200 model racing yachts, been praised by designers of large craft



George Atthowe, staff commodore of the Berkeley club, works on the hull of a new model

IF YOU live near any body of water three feet deep, you may witness the spectacle of a full-grown man dashing from his cellar and tossing a wisp of wood shavings into the air. He'll be testing the wind. And if it's right, he'll pop back into the cellar and return clutching a model sailboat—a little thing not more than six feet long. Then he'll hurry off to the nearest pond and set his bark a-sailing.

In the U.S. more than 50 such ponds have been built especially for the devotees of model-yacht racing. And around any one of them you may see, on a day when the wind is brisk, scores of adult followers, both men and women, jumping up and down, screaming, urging one little gay-colored boat to move faster than another.

This sort of thing has gone on, little noticed in this country since the first group of overgrown boys organized a club on Long Island and sailed Gowanus Bay in 1872.

A few years later the hobby had spread to Brooklyn, and around 1880 Central Park nurses watched their wards sail toy boats in the lake and flirted meanwhile with synthetic old salts out airing their sails. Two hundred and twenty-five years earlier retired seamen of the British navy—even admirals—were sailing models at a time when only noblemen could afford big yachts. Today the sport still is of greater importance in the British Isles than here, boasting 400 clubs.

America's hundred clubs sail almost everywhere, in bays and lakes—even in the reflection pool of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Detroit has an all-women's club. In 1921 many of the clubs were united under the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, which in turn became affiliated with the International Model Yacht Racing Union.

For a long time the sport was retarded by dogginess rivaling the swankest yacht club. Models were big enough for a child to ride, weighed up to 65 pounds, had masts seven feet high and cost up to \$500. Their sail and hull dimensions were regulated by formulas as complicated as those for full-size yachts. Classifying them required a couple of hours' measuring. These vessels—Class A—still are sailed in competition.

But it's the Class M boats, whose main limitations are 50 inches length and 800 square inches of sail, that have caught the public fancy. Comparatively inexpensive and small enough for transporting in automobiles, they were originated in 1930 by Roy Clough of Marblehead, Massachusetts—whence the M.

When automatic steering devices were introduced, model yachts were off to the races, thousands strong. The number of clubs has grown steadily, and the sport gradually is being taken off rivers and lakes where rowboats and wading boots are needed to shepherd them, and put in special ponds having boardwalks alongside and starting platforms at either end.

The main differences between model yachting and real yachting are cost and where you get wet. The wind in a model's rigging sings as sweetly as in the real thing. Besides, you don't get seasick and it's hard to drown in wading water.

"Sometimes you get so interested you walk right off into the lake," says slender George E. Atthowe, Berkeley, California, insurance man widely known as a Pacific Coast model yacht racer.

Ten years ago Atthowe was rowing his young daughter, Lois, on Oakland's Lake Merritt when a model yacht blew alongside. Atthowe followed it. He's been following them ever since, winning cups and prizes

with the boats he builds. His youngster was bit by the bug too. Now nineteen, she is secretary of the Berkeley Model Yacht Club, which races in a specially built pond perennially ruffled by winds whipping in the Golden Gate.

Most of the clubs want new members, especially juniors sixteen or over, and some clubs take them younger. They don't particularly want your money, as dues are nominal. They just want to see other people in the same boat with them.

Now Juniors Get a Break

In the past, adults have tried to hog all the fun. Old sailors insisted that the sport was too strenuous for children and building too exacting. Recently, a special class boat—a light, 36-inch, one-design class—was invented for juniors, and many clubs sponsor races for them.

Some old club members have the attitude of fading baseball stars. They want youngsters in the game, but if a newcomer appears to threaten their laurels the old skippers aren't telling all they know.

Atthowe experienced this, he said. "Somebody threw a blueprint at me and said, 'Make your boat like this, sonny, and if you ever get time come down and sail it.'"

Working twice the normal 150 hours, Atthowe, with no help or prior experience, finally turned out a ship that made the old-timers' eyes bulge. "Then they were cagey about showing me how to sail it."

"That boat," he recalls, "almost got me down. It would break tack and wallow like a sick duck. Finally, I just made up my mind that I was skipper and it would have to do as I said."

The popular M boats are fairly simple to build. But not like whittling a

whistle for Junior. Specifications may be obtained from F. J. Santos, secretary of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, at 71 Calla Street, Providence, Rhode Island, or they may be obtained from local clubs. Hobby shops sell blueprints, materials and fittings, and libraries have books on the subject.

Builders may choose from several methods of construction, and there are various types of boats and sails best suited for wind in certain parts of the country. As with big yachts, the models employ deep-setting, lead-weighted keels, but all decks are covered and waterproofed.

Hulls have been made successfully from plastics, metal, sanded paper and shellac, or scooped out of wooden blocks. The longer the hull at water line the faster the yacht: bulb-shaped keels, tapered into exaggerated teardrops, create less drag than straight, knife-thin keels.

Several manufacturers offer complete building kits for the beginner. The cost of materials for a model M class yacht, plus sails, rigging and steering gear, is about \$30. Don Lyon, secretary of the San Francisco club, believes the average beginner should start from scratch. Kits seldom allow for errors, whereas other construction permits experimentation and correction as long as the lumber lasts.

Club members swear that they have in their own way as much clean healthy fun as the owner of a 40-footer, and it's hard to find a model yachtsman who sees any point in beating a little ball over hill and dale, bouncing one back and forth, or kicking and throwing one. Their clubs sponsor week-end racing picnics, and they race against other clubs. They win cups and ribbons and, believe it or not, often go on to sectional, national and international championships. ★★★

WHO'LL SIT WITH THE BABY SITTER?

Continued from page 25

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Golden Wedding

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well frazzled when Jill rose from her typewriter and went in. It occurred to me that if I were going to have a party and let Selfridge see this picture it would have to be tonight. I had to send it off tomorrow.

I took the receiver down to see if anyone was talking before I dialed. Somebody was. It was Jill. She was saying, "Miss Drake? This is Jill Cheyney—"

"Oh, yes," Tabitha said.

"I was just thinking," Jill went on, "of having a little party this evening. I thought if you'd care to come you might drive out with Johnny. And I'll have Sam over for you—"

Sam, of course, is me.

Tabitha said, "Thank you very much, but you can tell Sam his little scheme isn't working—"

"Oh, really, he doesn't know about it—unless it's he who took his receiver down just now and is eavesdropping—"

I resented very much being called an eavesdropper and I banged the receiver back in place. About twenty minutes later Jill came over with a dish under a napkin and I caught the aroma of chile, my favorite food.

She looked a little warily at me and said, "I was just thinking of maybe having a little party tonight."

"I am very sorry," I said, "but I have no baby sitter."

"I was thinking maybe we could have it over here. I would bring the refreshments and clean up afterward."

"Aren't you afraid," I asked, "that Mr. Selfridge would be scared off, envisioning you in the role of a mother?"

"Well, this way you and Miss Drake would be watching Butch and I would be along just for the ride, as it were—"

A car pulled away and Butch came in, yelling happily as he saw Jill. She said, "Hi, Butch. Long time no see."

Butch took off his slicker and said, "Hi, Jill. Long time no see."

They appeared to find that quite amusing but I was not in any mood to be amused. I said, "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of having a party myself. So I will furnish the refreshments and you can have the party over here." She looked a little confused at that. I asked, "How many are coming?"

"Just you and Tabitha and me and Johnny."

She left and as she reached the hedge I remembered something. I called, "Just one thing—I wish you to understand I wasn't eavesdropping."

"You weren't?" Jill said. "Oh, dear—who d'you suppose it was?"

I didn't dignify that remark with an answer and she said, "Well—I must get back to work. I have a couple of characters in my book who are getting rather out of hand—a model who is always posing without too much on, and an artist who is no better than he should be."

"That is great," I said.

"Your enthusiasm is overwhelming," she declared. "But to save you the trouble of reading it—it was the houseboy who done it."

And she walked on through the hedge.

JILL was getting Butch to bed when Tabitha and Johnny arrived. I was worn out from finishing my picture. Johnny is a big guy about six feet tall which puts him a couple of inches above me, and his two hundred pounds are all muscle and bone except for a slight pot which his tailor is doing all right by, and he is dark and handsome and cheerful with lots of teeth when he grins.

Not that I am wasting any time looking at him, of course. I see Tabitha is wearing my ring again—not an engagement ring, exactly, but the next thing to it as she always chucks it when she is

mad. She is a butter-and-honey blonde, bigger than Jill but still just a good armful and she and Johnny are laughing as they come in.

But right then as soon as I saw that lug I knew that I couldn't show him those pictures of Jill. I had been feeling worse and worse all afternoon as I thought of it and now that I knew I wasn't going to I felt better. What if it did cost me my baby sitter?

I bade them a happy welcome and Jill called, "I'm putting Butch in the hay. Come tell him goodnight."

After we adjourned back to the living room Butch began to howl. Jill said, "Oh, goodness! He took a nap at my house this afternoon, Sam, so he probably isn't tired. D'you mind if Johnny and I dance while you and Miss Drake play with him?"

Tabitha and Butch had got along well the few times they'd been at the house to-



"What a mess—I've struck oil"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES STRAUSS

gether, but tonight when we went back to his room she was restless. She said well, she guessed if I was going to tell The Three Bears she might as well go back and get in on the dancing.

Butch wanted another story when I finished The Three Bears. He would settle for nothing less than The Ugly Duckling.

I said, "Butch, I'm missing the party. You better go to sleep."

He began howling at that. He kept right on even after I said I would tell The Ugly Duckling. Jill came in.

She said, "Butch, for Pete's sake, Miss Drake is threatening to chloroform you." And to me she said, "Kindly go entertain your guests while Butch and I have a man-to-man talk."

I returned to the living room and from somewhere I heard Tabitha say, "I wish she'd slug that infernal brat—" And then I perceived that she and Johnny had barged into my studio and were standing with their backs to the door. "Well," she added, "I'm not surprised. After all, she accepts underwear from him, and a woman who'll do that won't stop at running around in the moonlight looking like that."

"Some stuff," Johnny said. "A pretty lush piece, this. I've been missing something."

Tabitha spoke in a small voice: "If you're just trying to devil me about her, Johnny, why—you can quit. The lamp's in the window. I've missed you so—"

Johnny said, "I dunno... Something about this gal sends me. Quite a figger. Quite a figger. By George, I bet she's

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a lot of fun when you get to knowing her—"

I stepped up and, keeping my anger under control, I said coldly, "Defend yourself, Selfridge."

He whirled around and I let him have a solid one on the snout, which sent him staggering back.

SOMEONE down in a well was saying, "Sam! Sam—" The rain seemed to have started again. I put a hand up to shield my face from it and opened my eyes. Light blinded me. Swimming in brightness was Jill's face. She was pouring water on me.

After a little time I said, "What happened?"

"It seems that you hit Johnny," she told me, "and Miss Drake hung her left on your chin. They are gone. What was the ruckus?"

"Ruckus?" I remembered now. "They were looking at these pictures and making defamatory remarks concerning your character for posing like that."

"I can well understand," Jill agreed grimly.

"Johnny said you have a lush figure."

"Ah," Jill said.

"And," I added, "he is on the make for you."

"Oh, but def," Jill said. "Well—I guess I'm not needed here any longer," and it came to me as she got up from the floor by me that Butch had hushed.

I said, "Do you reckon Butch is sick?"

"No. He was howling because I explained to him when I put him to bed that I was going on a long journey and that Miss Drake would probably be his mama from here on. Of course, it may take you a day or so to get over being mad at her for hitting you, but love conquers all. They say."

I sat up, drying my face on something which I discovered to be the Trousseau nightgown. "You're a fine mother," I exclaimed, "scaring a child that way. She called him an infernal brat. She—"

"I'm not his mother," Jill said. "I

wouldn't be as long as he had such a thickheaded—"

"You're going to be," I told her. "I'll phone the J. P."

Jill said, "Thank you, no. It'd be much cheaper for you to hire a baby-sitter than to marry one, anyhow—"

"I'm not marrying you to baby-sit," I told her. "I'm doing it because I can't get along without you any more than Butch can—only I didn't know about it till I walked in here and saw Selfridge looking your picture over and saying—"

Jill said, "Sam, are you all right?"

I got up with considerable dignity as well as some difficulty. However, I found that I was surprisingly strong. I subdued Jill with practically no trouble and kissed her. It knocked my ears down. I kissed her again. I knew then why it had burned me up for Selfridge to be around her. And why I hadn't wanted to show him her picture.

Releasing Jill, I picked up the gown from the floor and tossed it out of the way. She must have thought I was going to offer it to her again for she said, "I have a much nicer one in my hope chest, thanks all the same."

I was surprised that women still had hope chests and I said so.

"I started mine the first day I kept Butch. When you moved here a year ago," Jill said. "I thought, well, since I was going to marry you I'd better start getting used to working with Butch around, so I said, yes, I'd keep him, and then it occurred to me I needed—"

I said, "Since you were going to marry me?"

"Listen," Jill told me, straightening her hair, "you never had a chance. If tonight hadn't shown you what Butch and Tabitha thought of each other, I'd have thought of something else. Tell that J. P. to get ready while I help Butch."

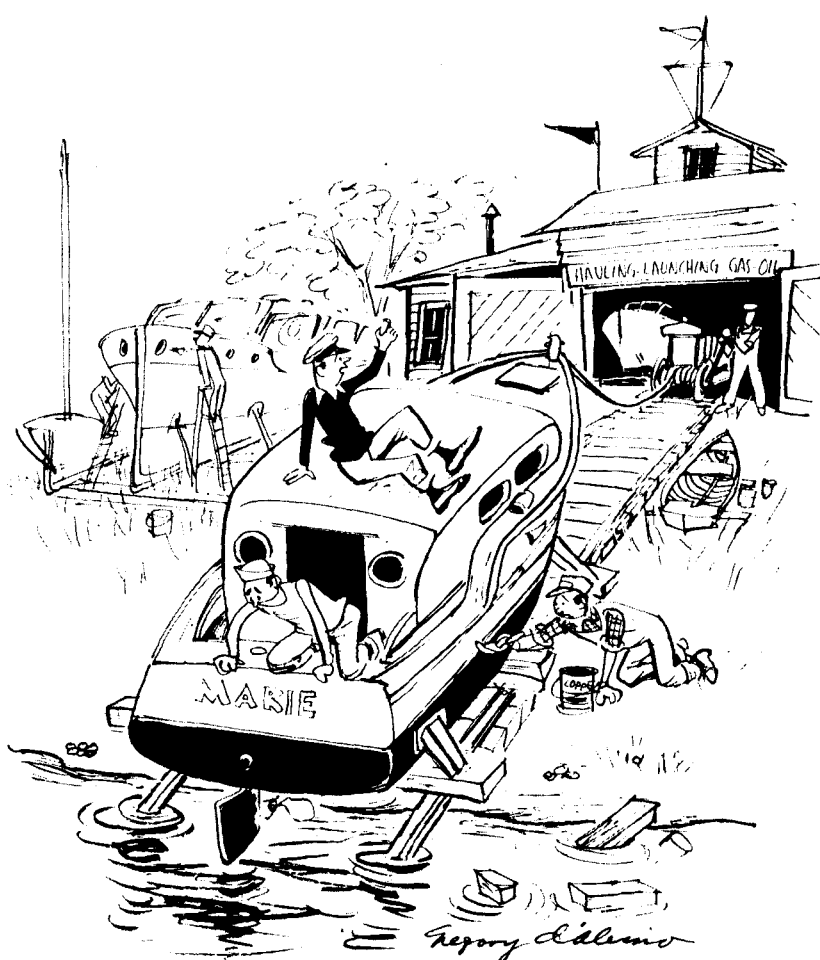
"Butch?" I said. "Is he going?"

"Unless," Jill said, "we get a baby-sitter for him. And after all, why shouldn't he come? This is a family affair."

THE END

THE SHORE FLEET

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"The great launching—with a few extra slaps of copper paint"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for May 8, 1948



W. F. (Bill) BROST

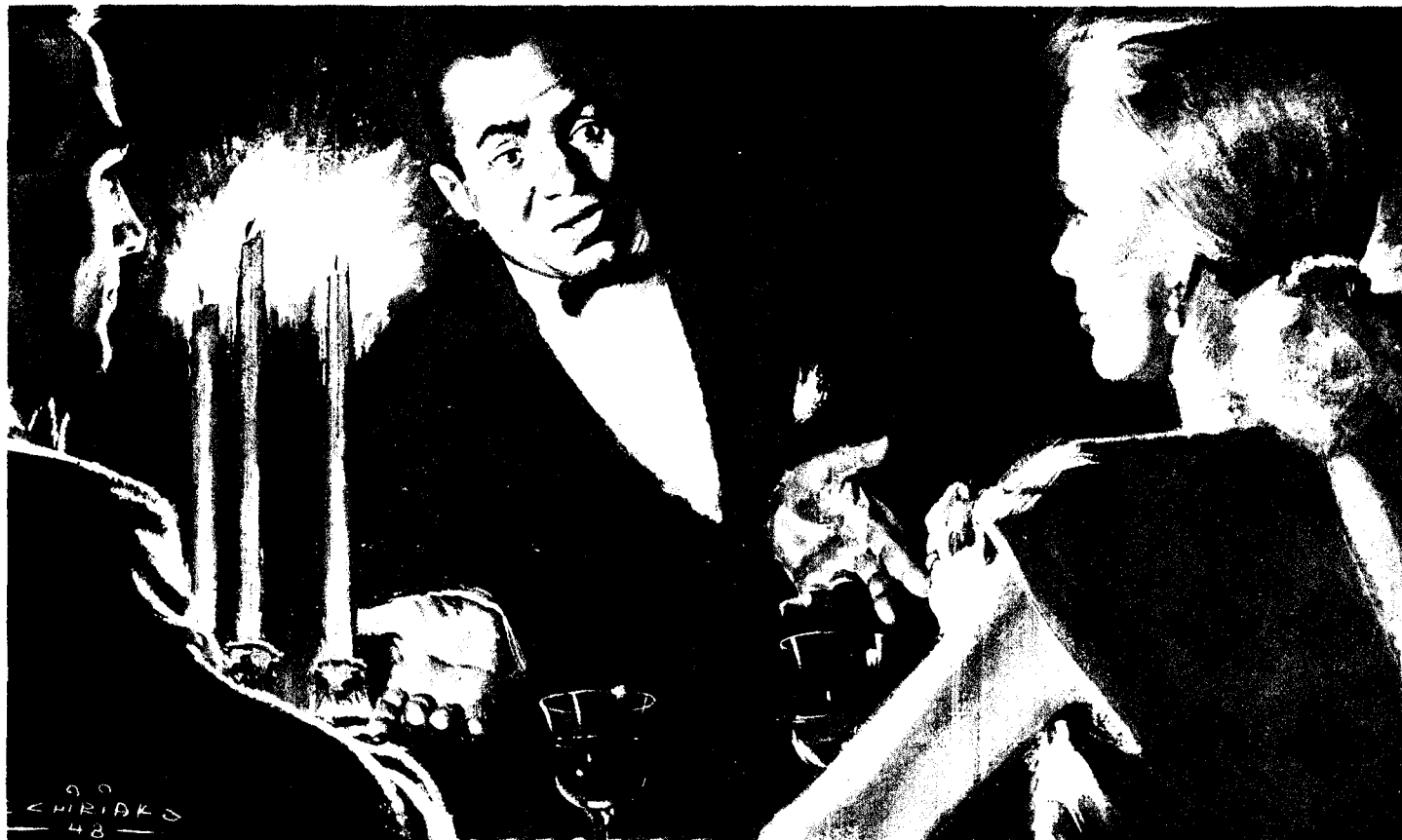
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Harry returned to the table with an apologetic shrug. "What can I do?" he implored

CLEAR HAVANA FILLER

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

HARRY CRAMER was smiling expansively as they rose from the table after lunch. "Really a stroke of luck, running into you this way, Arnold. New York is so damned big. Have a cigar?"

He had stuck a large Havana filler between his thick lips and was holding one out to Arnold Gregor.

"No, thanks." Gregor's delicate features wrinkled with distaste. "I don't smoke."

Harry eyed him quizzically as he put the cigar back in his vest pocket. "That's right, you never did smoke, did you? I almost lost Louisa because of it. She hated my cigars—still does. Very fastidious girl, you know. I always said you would have been better suited to her." He managed a laugh that would pass as hearty.

"Don't be silly, Harry." The other man looked away uncomfortably.

"I don't dare smoke in the house." They were out on the sidewalk now. "It's been nice, Arnold, after twelve long years. You won't forget now, Friday night at seven?"

Gregor hesitated. "Are you sure—?" "Of course I'm sure. Louisa will be delighted."

In the cab back to the office, Harry sucked on the big cigar with audible satisfaction. It had taken him only eight days to find Gregor. . . .

He waited until she had finished picking at her shrimp cocktail with finicky distaste and then he said, "Who do you think I ran into today, Louisa?"

"Must you talk with food in your mouth?" Her forehead split into well-grooved frown lines. "And you know I'm not good at guessing games."

"Arnold," he said casually. But her face didn't register. "Gregor," he said. "Arnold Gregor."

"Oh?" But she didn't seem particularly interested. After all, she had almost married him.

"Bumped into him on the street. He insisted I have lunch with him. I hate to admit it but he's handsomer than ever, and still a bachelor. Of course, all he wanted to know about was you."

"Don't drip on the tablecloth, Harry."

"You'd think the guy had never gotten you out of his mind. Twelve years is an awfully long time to carry a torch."

Her colorless cheeks flushed faintly. "What nonsense."

He paused for a moment, rehearsing the sentence in his mind carefully before coming out with it. "Maybe so, but what accounts for his practically inviting himself over for dinner Friday night?"

"Arnold is coming here for—for dinner?" Her lips seemed to tremble.

"I couldn't very well say no." He shrugged. "He'd only think I was being petty and ungracious."

"Ridiculous," she snorted. But she didn't tell him to cancel it.

WHILE he mixed cocktails out in the kitchen, he listened to them matching reminiscences, Louisa's flat voice rising with a strange new eagerness, Gregor's tone properly restrained. And at the dinner table he continued to scrutinize them from behind his curtain of hearty affability, watching Louisa's cool approval of Gregor's well-cut clothes, and the lean, smoothly shaven face with its crown of blond hair still thick and unmarred by time.

Gregor's pale blue eyes followed every move of Louisa's as she prodded the maid through her paces, and his face was as inscrutable as it had always been. Probably that was what had excited Louisa in the old days—and worried her just enough to leave her wide open for his own proposal.

The telephone rang in the foyer and

Harry glanced quickly at his watch as Louisa got up to answer it. She returned with an annoyed expression. "It's for you. The office. Don't they ever go home?"

He went to the phone. "Yes?"

"Mr. Cramer, you asked me to call you at eight-thirty." Miss Carlyle sounded confused. "I'm at home—"

"Yes," he said flatly. "Thank you."

"But—but was there anything—is that all, Mr. Cramer?"

"Yes." He waited until finally she hung up and then he raised his voice at the dead phone: "Roy, this is a damned outrage. We have a guest—Yes, but . . . All right, Roy, all right—Yes . . . In a half hour."

He returned to the table with an apologetic shrug.

"What can I do?" he implored. "I've got to go down there or the whole case will fall apart. Will you ever forgive me, Arnold?"

The man was eying him steadily. "Well, if you really must—"

"Aren't you even going to wait for dessert?" Louisa sounded unsure of her reaction.

"Can't. Got to run. Be back as soon as I can. See you later, fellow."

He could feel Gregor's eyes following him as he hurried from the room. . . .

He kept the lights off and sat there with his feet up on the desk, the tip of the clear Havana filler glowing brightly in the dark. He wanted to do nothing now but relax and think, to plan ahead and enjoy in fantasy the wonderful freedom that was going to be his. It was no longer just an idea in the back of his mind. At last the gears were meshing.

There'd be the occasional extra ticket to the theater ("You two sit together. I'll take the odd seat.") . . . the bar meetings for the three of them to which he'd come late ("That damned

Stillwell case!"). And there'd be the times when he'd have to bow out of the evening completely and Gregor would fill in. It would take a lot of doing, but he was ready.

After the divorce there would be so many things he'd want to do—but there would be plenty of time to think about that when he had freed himself of the carping voice and the critical eyes and the confining strait jacket of her eternal fussiness. There would be plenty of time later for the trips, the races and, of course, for women, new and exciting and as unlike Louisa as possible. No more mistakes like Louisa. Let Gregor make that mistake now.

IT WAS after midnight and the apartment was silent as he let himself in; for a moment he thought they might have gone out. But then he saw the light in the living room, and Louisa sitting there in the green club chair glaring at him.

"Don't tell me you're home." Her voice rose testily.

His eyes searched the room. She was alone. But there was something strange about the apartment, something he could not quite define.

"Did Arnold just leave?" he inquired indifferently. There was an exasperated and exasperating silence. "Next time, I'll tell Roy to go to the devil when—"

She wheeled around. "There won't be any next time."

"What do you mean?"

"Once is enough." Red spots flamed in her pale cheeks. "I can't stand him. How could I ever have thought he was—?"

His mouth went dry and as he sucked in his breath he was aware of the odor; and all at once he knew what was strange in the room.

"Vile odor—vile man," she blurted out harshly. "He insisted on smoking one right after dinner."

Harry bounded from the chair. "But he doesn't—"

She brushed him aside. "He said he never enjoys a meal if it isn't topped with a cigar—couldn't live without them . . ."

"But—"

"—And the minute he saw your humidior he was at it. Not one, but two. One for after dinner and one to nauseate me in the living room."

Harry's eyes wandered dazedly to the copper humidior on the mahogany table and then he looked at Louisa again, half listening to the bitter rasp of her voice as she straightened the ash trays and set each little piece on the end tables in its proper place; and he knew as he stared at her that he was seeing her as the inscrutable eyes of Arnold Gregor had seen her tonight and perhaps before, and as he, Harry Cramer, had seen her for twelve long years and would go on seeing her now for the rest of his life. . . .

"Harry, what are you doing?"

He didn't answer. He just bit off the dry tip of the dark Havana filler, spat it from his tongue and brought the flaming match to the other end.

"Harry!"

Then he took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa; dark stains of perspiration showed on his shirt.

She moved toward him. "You stop that—at once!"

He didn't even look at her. "Shut up," he said quietly.

"Harry!" she screamed.

He sank down in the soft, green club chair and began to suck on the big cigar, filling the room with rich white clouds of acrid smoke. . . .

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MY FRIEND JOSEPH

Continued from page 28

and ask to see Joseph. If Joseph was not in I would ask for Jacobus. Somehow or other I would get into that house, and, once in the house, I would find out what had happened to Molly.

I peered through the glass panel on the kitchen door. A glimmer of light came from the fire in the range, and I saw that the room was empty.

I tried the door; it opened. I stepped inside.

THE kitchen led into a narrow hall, flanked with doors. I had never been in the house before, but I knew something of its arrangements from Molly. I held my breath deep inside me and edged across to the room which I thought to be the parlor. As I reached it another door was flung open, Jacobus' voice rattled out into the hall, and a broad band of light slid across the wall and exposed me. I closed my eyes in a kind of convulsion. When I opened them I saw Molly standing there in front of me, her hand on her throat. I breathed again and took a step toward her, and as I did so she wheeled and jerked shut the door of the lighted room, grabbed my sleeve, pulled me a few paces down the corridor, opened another door and thrust me in.

"Are you crazy?" she said angrily.

"I don't know," I said. "I suppose I am. Molly, are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be? What's the matter with you?"

"Rags Gorman?" I whispered.

"He's been and gone." She giggled, and I knew then that she wasn't angry; she was just tense and keyed up, like me. "You'll never believe it. Joseph—listen, Robert!—Joseph threw him downstairs."

"Joseph what!"

"Threw Rags downstairs," she said. "Yes he did, and broke his wrist for him too. So now Joseph's gone, of course, bag and baggage. And the lion's gone too. You know about the boxing board, don't you?"

"Oh, was that today?" I asked. "I'd forgotten. Today's been such a crazy day. What happened, Molly?"

"They decided Joseph was a foreigner of unknown nationality and they said he couldn't fight for the title. Jacobus was raving mad about it. He said Joseph botched the whole thing, and when he came home he phoned the police about the lion and a special truck came up from the zoo and they took the lion away. Joseph didn't know about it. He was at his elocution class, and when he came home Rags Gorman was here; he had just arrived. We were in the parlor, Rags and me, and we heard Jacobus screaming, you should've heard him, something terrible, he was screaming his head off, and Rags and me went out on to the landing to see what was wrong and the Pole had Jacobus by the throat, up this high, his feet off the ground, and he threw Jacobus right down the stairs, and then he picked up Rags and shook him like a rat and threw him down the stairs too, and when he threw him down the stairs he broke his wrist for him."

I felt the firm rim of an object behind my knees and sat down. It was the bed. I had hold of Molly's hand, and she had to sit down too. I was dizzy.

"Old Joseph!" I said.

"Shh!" whispered Molly, tensing up suddenly and digging her nails into my wrist. "Listen! What's that?"

I listened for noises in the house, but all I heard was the loud beating of my heart and a soft friction sound that seemed to come from Molly's knees.

"It's only your stockings rubbing together," I said.

"It must be the way my toes are," Molly said, "on the floor." She rearranged her legs, but they didn't stop

shaking. I sat holding her hand. I could feel the beat of the blood in her finger tips and I was very conscious of her trembling legs. I began to tremble too. "You oughtn't to have come, Robert," she said softly.

"I had to," I said. "I had to see that you were all right. You must have had an awful time."

"Oh, that," Molly said. "You don't know the half of it yet. You see, I told Rags Gorman I couldn't ever marry him. I said I was in love with somebody else, and when he pestered me to say who it was, do you know who I said? I said Joseph. I knew that Rags and Jacobus were so mad at Joseph over the boxing board that they just couldn't get any madder, and so I said it was Joseph I was in love with." And she giggled happily. "What do you think of that? Wasn't that clever of me, sugar?"

"Wonderful," I said. I felt a great surge of relief and an even greater surge of love. I pulled Molly to me. It was a very beautiful and terrible moment, and when I kissed her it was even more so.

I took a grip on myself. "I'll have to go," I said.

She didn't say anything. She just breathed on me.

"Molly—" I whispered.

"U-huh?"

"What if somebody comes in?"

"Nobody'll come in."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," Molly said. "So long as you're here you're safe. It's when you try to leave that they might catch you. Now that you are here you'll just have to stay, that's all—till they go to bed."

"But, Molly," I said, "do you think it's proper?"

Molly put her arms up and folded them firmly round my neck. "Don't be silly," she said.

So I stayed.

I STAYED for a long time. It was sometime around 5 A.M. when Molly let me out at the kitchen door.

I walked all the way home, and I guess I walked with a swagger. I whistled. All my troubles were miraculously gone, puffed away like dust in the high October wind that swirled my coat around me. For the first time in months I was happy. I hadn't a care in the world.

It was almost daylight when I reached my place.

It was on the second floor of a tenement building. At one time or another there had been a lot of girls in the flats—my own landlady had had four daughters—and the steps were neatly hollowed out in the places where the girls, over many generations, had sat with their boys. There was an especially comfortable big dent in the step next to the top, and when I reached the bend in the landing I saw that this dent was occupied.

"Robert?" said a voice in the gloom.

"Well, well. Joseph!" I said.

He came bounding down the stairs to meet me. A cone of light fell on to the landing from the 40-watt bulb on the floor above, and we were caught in this light like flies in an upturned wineglass. I saw every jutting bone in his face, and I saw his eyes.

"Robert," he said, "they took my lion."

"I know, I know, Joseph," I said. I had my first pang of conscience then, for I owed my happiness to Joseph and I had not thought of Joseph or Joseph's troubles for a long, long time. "Never mind," I said, "you'll get another pet. I know what, Joseph. I'll buy you a dog. A fine big shepherd dog. A dog is a much better pet than a lion."

"I don't want a dog," Joseph said. "I am unhappy about my lion, but I came to tell you about another thing. I am

Collier's for May 8, 1948



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I.W. HARPER



very happy about this other thing. It is beautiful and a surprise. Molly loves me. Jacobus' Molly. She loves me, Robert!"

I stared at him and he stared back at me, grinning, nodding violently, mouthing his words like an apoplectic ape.

I saw him briefly as Jacobus must always have seen him, not as a human being at all but as a Thing—a monstrous and a crazy Thing. I loathed him then, and I wanted him to know it. I thrust my face at him, hating him. "Don't be a fool," I said. "You crazy, hulking ape," I said. "Who do you think you are for Molly to love?"

HE DIDN'T understand. "She loves me, Robert," he said doggedly. "She said so."

"She said so," I said, speaking very coldly and deliberately, "only in order to get rid of Rags Gorman who wanted to marry her. Do you understand that? She wanted to get rid of Rags Gorman, and the only way she could get rid of him was by saying that she loved somebody else; and when she was asked who it was that she loved she had a particular reason for not telling the truth and so she just said the first name that came into her head, and it happened to be yours. In point of fact," I said, "she is in love with me." And I jabbed my thumb into my chest. "Me. Do you understand that?"

He understood all right.

I wish now that he had not understood so well and that I had not seen his face in that moment of his understanding. His face was piteous. He stood stock-still, searching my eyes, and then, sucking his breath into his teeth, he swung away and bolted down the stairs.

When I heard the door slam below I came to my senses. I flung myself at the banister rail and shouted after him. "Joseph," I shouted, "I didn't mean it, not like that. Joseph! Come back!" But I don't suppose he even heard me. . . .

The next day I searched for Joseph everywhere. Everywhere I could think of. The public parks, the Embankment, Rowton House, the Salvation Army hostels. I searched in all the likely places and I went on searching day after day, but I did not find Joseph nor anyone who had seen him. Molly had the bright idea that he might go to the zoo to be near his lion, but when we made inquiries at the zoo they told us the lion was not there.

The clerk whom we saw said he thought that some menagerie had claimed the lion. He said if it was important I could leave my name and address and he would find out and let me know.

"Will you really?" Molly said.

"Really," the clerk said. "I'll be glad to."

But he never sent that post card, and the result was that I did not learn where

Joseph's lion was until three weeks later, when I also learned where Joseph was.

Joseph was in jail.

I read about it in the noon edition of my own paper:

BRUTAL MENAGERIE MURDER KEEPER KILLED

"Tragedy struck Harrap's Menagerie in broad daylight yesterday afternoon, when, as reported fully in our earlier editions, a man gained entry to the lions' cage and was driven into the eating corner by one of the young male lions.

"George Gavin Gould, the deceased, a keeper at Harrap's Menagerie, entered the cage and shot the lion through the back of the head. It is alleged that the man then attacked the keeper, raising him above his head and throwing him against the bars of the cage, and that as a result the keeper sustained injuries which proved fatal.

"According to the reports of eye-witnesses the man made repeated attempts to revive the dead lion. He refused to leave the cage even under the threat of firearms and tear gas eventually had to be used. He then collapsed on the lion's body and the police who made the arrest had great difficulty in disengaging his arms from the lion's neck.

"This tragic incident took place at three o'clock in the afternoon and was witnessed by a large crowd of holiday makers, including many children. See Stop Press."

The Stop Press read:

SEQUEL TO MENAGERIE MURDER

"Sequel to the tragedy at Harrap's Menagerie took place in Marylebone Police Court this morning when a man was charged with the wilful murder of George Gavin Gould. He gave his name as Joseph Hamilton, age unknown, professional boxer, of no fixed abode, and when asked if he wished to make a statement said only, 'He killed my lion.'"

How I felt is not of much importance to anyone except myself, but I would like to say it, just once, and leave it at that. I felt terrible.

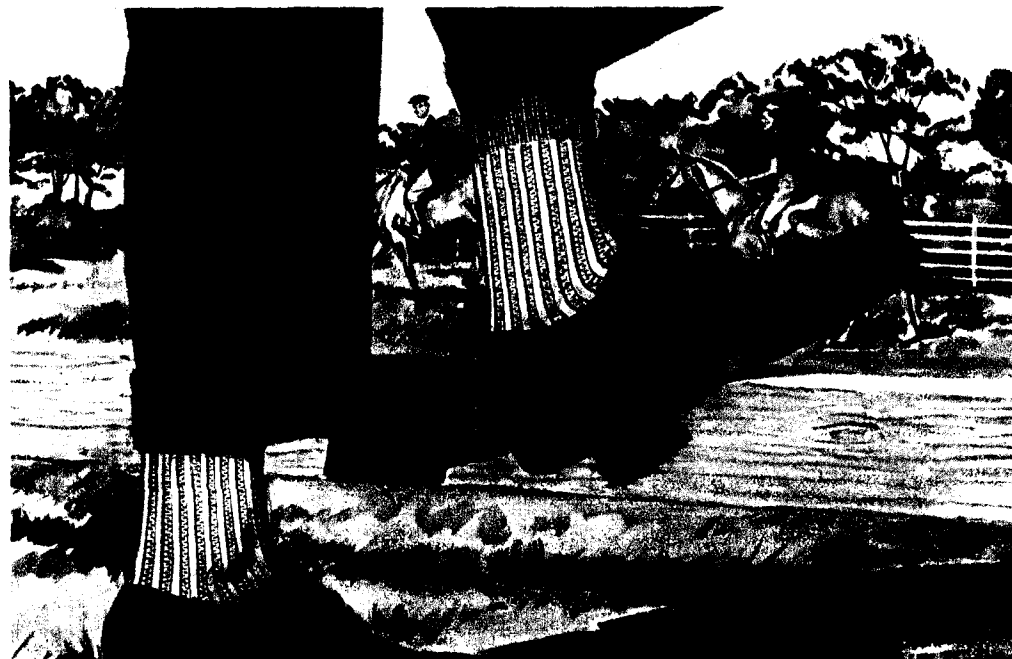
I WENT to see Joseph in Wormwood Scrubbs as soon as the authorization came through. They sat me down at one end of a long deal table, and after a little while they brought Joseph in and sat him down at the other end. We were asked kindly to keep our hands on the table, and the warder who asked us this sat down midway between us.

I had got so used to Joseph's face that I hardly ever noticed it. Now, I took a good look at it. I looked at it as I

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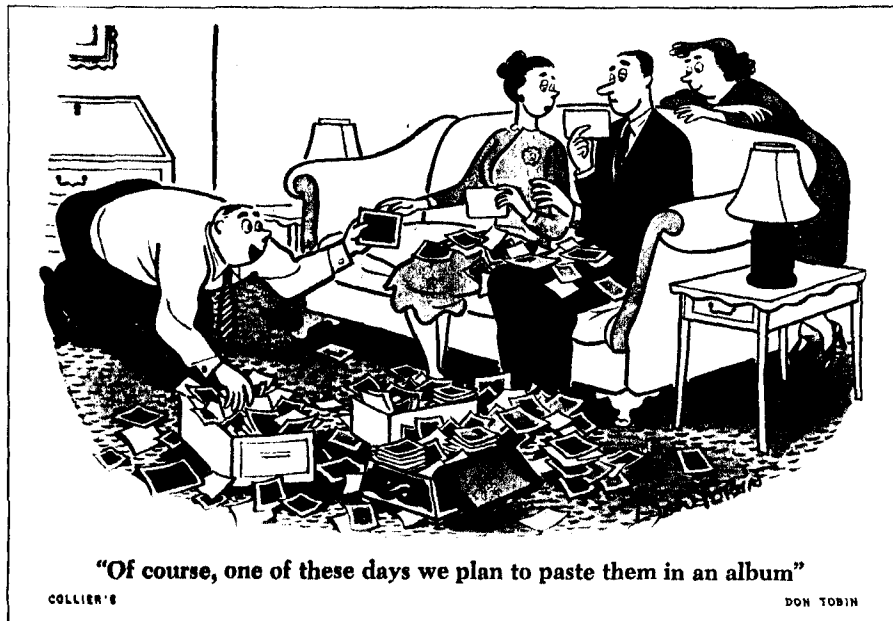


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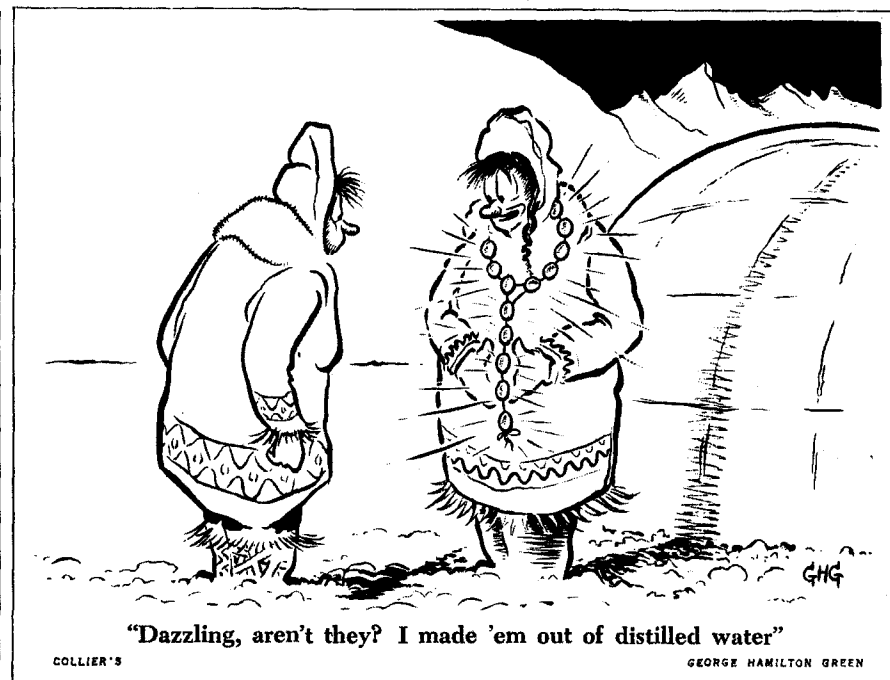
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thought a member of a jury would, and I was appalled by what I saw.

It was a horrible face.

The forehead was low and apelike. The eyes were obscured by monumental, fist-scarred cheekbones. The nose had been broken at the bridge and punched right back into its base; the nostrils were turned up; the mouth was puffy; the jaw aggressive and immense. Each feature, taken separately, was subhuman, and the combination of these subhuman features was something that had to be seen to be believed. It was a brutal face. It was undoubtedly the face of a murderer.

JOSEPH saw me staring and put his hand to his throat. They had taken away his collar and tie and he thought this was what I was looking at. He told me they had done this for fear he might hang himself.

"They think I'm criminal," he said. His eyes were dark and distressed, the pupils dilated, and they took hold of mine and clung tight, like lovers' eyes. "Me," he said. "Criminal!"

"Nobody could think that who knows you," I said. I talked louder than natural because I had been thinking precisely this myself, because I was embarrassed and unhappy and determined to be very much at ease. "Nobody could ever think that, Joseph," I said emphatically. "I have a message from Molly. Molly sends her love. All your friends are thinking about you. We're all standing by you, Joseph."

"I have no friends," Joseph said.

That was true, of course.

"Except you," Joseph said. "Only you, Robert. The rest is not my friends at all. They say that keeping man was a good man and I am bad, but he was a bad man. You know what he did, Robert? He killed my lion."

"I know, Joseph," I said. "I know. But, Joseph, the lion was going to kill you. The keeper saved your life."

"He killed my lion's life," Joseph said.

"But, Joseph—"

"No," Joseph said. "Listen, Robert. He killed my lion's life. That was a very bad thing he did."

What could I say?

"Nobody understands. But you will understand." His eyes pleaded with me. "Will you please understand, Robert? Please, Robert."

"All right," I said. I'd have said anything. "All right, Joseph. I'll understand. I promise."

"This then," Joseph said. "A lion is different." He wanted to get it right. There were just certain words that would carry the idea and he wanted desperately to find these words. He thought very hard. He tested phrases soundlessly on his lips. He stared right into me, scowling,

while little beads of sweat gathered on his brow, and the big wall clock ticked our precious seconds away. It was several minutes before he spoke, and then he said something like this:

"They took my lion away. The lion does not understand this. The lion does not know that anything happens except what happens to the lion. The lion does not know that there is anywhere at all except where the lion is. The lion does not know that it has been taken away from me. It thinks that I have been taken away from it. When my lion sees me again it thinks it has found me. It pushes me into a corner. It does not push me into a corner because it wishes to savage at me but because it wishes to keep me safe. My lion was keeping me safe because it loved me, and the man came and shot into it and killed it. Do you understand, Robert?"

"I think I do, Joseph," I said. "But you killed the man."

"I threw him away," Joseph said. "I was angry, and I did not know if he was going to shoot into my lion again, or into me. I was very angry."

"But you didn't mean to kill him?"

"No," Joseph said.

I THOUGHT I had something there. I saw Joseph's point of view perfectly. It was all a matter of interpretation. To you and to me and to George Gavin Gould that lion was a savage lion, about to do murder; to Joseph it was just his own friendly lion, about to lick his face. I put myself in Joseph's place and I thought with Joseph's mind (or tried to) and it all seemed perfectly reasonable, even the murder which was no murder at all but an act of self-defense or, at worst, of provoked assault.

I thought I had got hold of something important from a legal angle and I tried hard, but without success, to get it over on the lawyers. The solicitor was old and tired and the barrister was young and cold. They were not impressionable men and I did not impress them. I could not get them to see the importance of this psychological point.

"Might conceivably be of use," the barrister said to the solicitor, "to supplement an insanity plea."

"But," I said, "Joseph's not mad."

They ignored me.

"I doubt, I very much doubt," the solicitor said, "if you could make such insanity as the fellow exhibits into a valid exculpatory plea."

"But I'm telling you," I said, "Joseph's not mad."

"I quite agree," the barrister said, speaking only to the solicitor. "The fellow is undoubtedly a lunatic, but if I am to bring his mental condition before the court I shall clearly have the greatest

Collier's for May 8, 1948

difficulty in persuading them that he is a king's pleasure lunatic."

"But," I said. I kept butting.

"Young man," the young barrister said, speaking directly to me for the first time, "are you trying to teach me the law?"

"No, sir," I said.

It was hopeless.

I had been banking on that visit to the lawyers. So had Molly. When I told her what had happened she broke down and cried openly in my arms. "It's all my blame," she said. "None of this would have happened if it hadn't been for me." She was having a bad time. Ever since the night she had told the lie about being in love with the Pole they had been at her incessantly. Not Rags Gorman of course. Rags Gorman was out of it. But Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens. Nag, nag, nag. It was worse than ever now, because now they really had something on her. Mrs. Stevens gave her no peace. I could have killed that woman. She would even force her way into Molly's bedroom during the night just to tell Molly all over again precisely what she thought of her. And Molly couldn't take it. She was getting thinner and whiter every day; she had violet smudges under her eyes; and her skin was so fine you could see through it. She was beginning to have a dangerously delicate look, and I did not like it at all. "Everything they say about me is true," she said. "I spoil everything for everybody, and this is all my blame."

I held her very tight and scratched her head and babied her. I told her it was crazy to worry; what had happened wasn't her blame, wasn't even her business. I told her that she was making a great fuss about nothing. Oh, I said all the reassuring things. I even said that Joseph would get off.

"Do you think he will, Robert?"

"Course he will," I said, my mouth in her hair.

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm certain of it," I said.

But I wasn't certain of course. At best, I was hopeful. I hoped that they would amend the charge to manslaughter. . . .

I managed to get time off for the duration of the trial and I was first in the gallery queue both days and got the end seat by the dock; his was the one nearest to Joseph.

Joseph pleaded not guilty, but there was no argument as to the facts. Joseph had assaulted George Gavin Gould. He had picked him up and thrown him against the bars of the cage, and as a result of this violence George Gavin Gould had died. The defense called witnesses to prove that the deceased had been suffering from a disease called cardiac

something, and the inference was that he had not taken a lot of killing. They put Joseph in the box and asked him simple questions. They asked, "Did you wish to kill this man? Did you mean to kill this man? Did you know that you had killed this man?" And each time Joseph said, "No." The counsel for the defense was not the one I had seen in the solicitor's chambers, the one I had seen then was only the junior; this one was a middle-aged man. He looked a distinguished and capable lawyer and I think he was. He made it quite clear to me, and I hoped he had also made it clear to the jury, that Joseph's action was unpremeditated and that he had never had the slightest intention of killing.

"This is a case of manslaughter," he said. "And manslaughter only."

THE question of Joseph's sanity was debated. Two alienists were called. One said that Joseph was suffering from "systematized ambitious paranoia," and that this meant that he was mad. The other disagreed. He admitted that Joseph had a paranoiac mental constitution, but he said that this was a common mental state; many sane people had it, and that all one could say about such people was that they showed a tendency to develop a systematized delusional insanity. "Compare this man's mental state to a soil," he said. "It is a soil which is prone to grow a particular weed, but I have found no sign that the weed has in fact grown in it."

The judge was a little birdlike man and he thrust his face over the bench and pecked impatiently at this alienist. "Your metaphors would no doubt be of interest to a horticultural society," he said. "But let us have the blunt facts in this court. Is he responsible for his actions?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then that is all we want to know," the judge said. "He is sane."

It was all over by the forenoon of the second day. The jury, after retiring for only eleven minutes, returned a verdict of guilty of murder, with a recommendation for mercy; and the judge, on passing sentence, declared that owing to the precarious state of the deceased's health he approved and endorsed the jury's recommendation, but was himself unable to give it effect.

"I sentence you, Joseph Hamilton," he said, "to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Joseph swallowed and leaned forward toward me. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and shook his head.

The policeman turned him unobtrusively and led him down the steps.

I watched the back of Joseph's head

How to help your sick child GET WELL FASTER

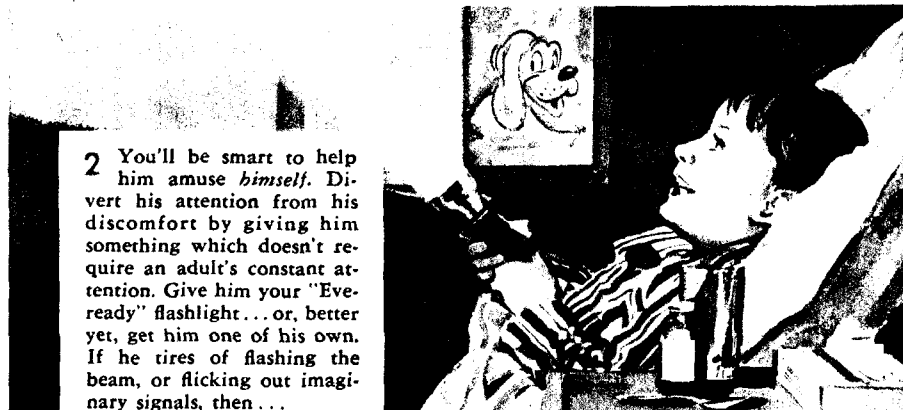
... as recommended in the interest
of child welfare by

ROSE G. ANDERSON, Ph.D.

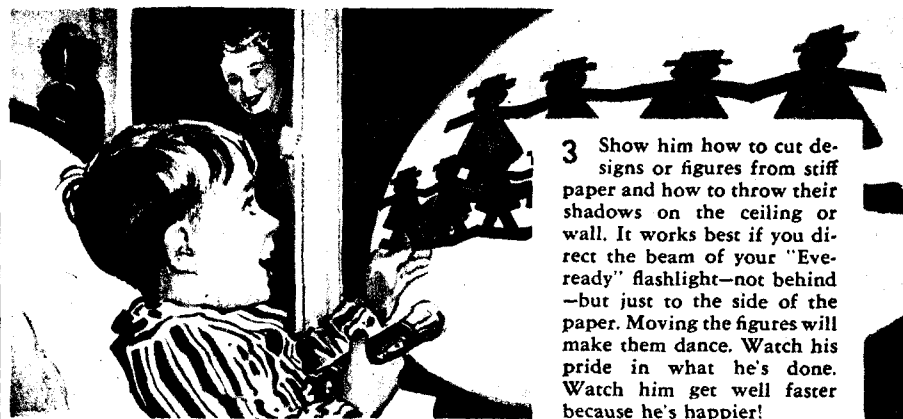
Director of The Psychological Service Center, New York



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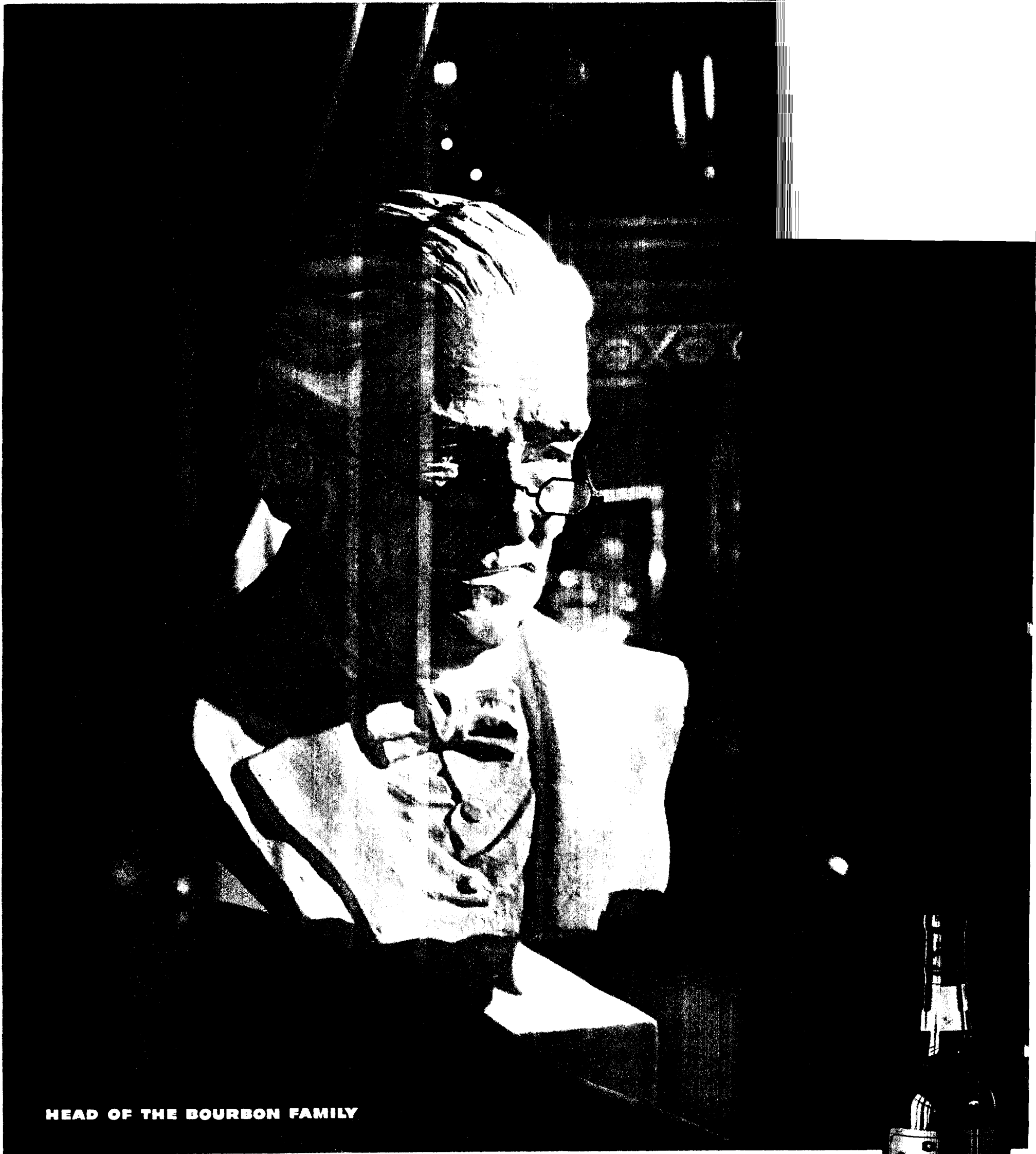
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"That's very flattering, Bobby, and I think you're the nuts, too"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

for what seemed a very long time, and when at last it disappeared from sight I put my arms on the gallery rail and hid my face in my arms and cried. . . .

Afterward, I went to Jacobus' place. I had promised Molly that I would come straight to her with the verdict. I whistled at the foot of the back stairs.

Molly came down at a run, wiping her hands on her apron, her eyes hooked into mine.

"Well?" she said.

"Not so good, Molly," I said. I cleared my throat.

"Go on, Robert, please. Tell me," she said.

"They found him guilty."

She made a small noise inside her shut mouth.

"But they'll never hang him," I said. "The jury recommended mercy and the judge did too. They say he'll only get a few years. . . .

"Stop crying, Molly," I said. "There's nothing to cry about. . . .

"Darling," I said. "Darling, don't. It's not your blame. It's not anybody's blame. Joseph'll be all right."

She was crying terribly.

I took her in my arms. I didn't care if Jacobus or Mrs. Stevens saw. I didn't care for anybody. "It's all right, darling," I said. "You mustn't take it like this. Be reasonable, sweetheart. This is not your affair. Why should you blame yourself?"

"Why?" Molly said, tearing herself free. "Because I love him, that's why. . . .

"You fool," she said ferociously. "I love him."

I knew immediately that it was true, but my voice went on in spite of me. "But you couldn't," my voice said. And it picked on the least of a thousand good reasons. "You just couldn't, Molly. He's so ugly."

"Beautiful," she said, almost screaming. "He's got the most beautiful body in the world, and I love him, do you hear!" And she began to cry again, differently—quietly and hopelessly—her hands flat on her face. "He's so sweet," she said. "Oh, God. Oh, Joseph. I love him. I didn't know it, but I know now. Ah, Joseph."

I just stood there and looked at her. I couldn't say anything. There wasn't a single thing left for me to say.

"I'm sorry, Robert," Molly said.

Well, that's about all.

The following week Joseph's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, which meant fifteen years with good

behavior, and a day or two later I got word from the office that they at last had a vacancy in the subeditors' room. They offered me the job at eight ten a week, which was—or, rather, would have been then—quite enough for us to get married on. . . .

I THINK it only fair to say that there is probably not too much truth in this account of Joseph and Molly and Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens and Rags Gorman. I have told the truth as I saw it at twenty-one, but the truth as you see it at twenty-one is hardly the whole truth. I suspect now that I was not a very intelligent twenty-one; I saw only a little of what was going on and I understood only a little of what I saw. I had a melodramatic mind. I saw villainy where none existed, and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Jacobus is really a nice little man, that Rags Gorman is an honest and enterprising bookmaker, and that even Mrs. Stevens has her good points. . . .

Molly married Rags Gorman. Yes, she finally married Rags Gorman after all. I didn't believe it at first. They live in a big house out Wimbledon way and have two fine boys. Molly does her shopping in a Daimler. I have seen her once or twice, though not to speak to, and I must say that she looks well. She is getting slightly plump, but it suits her. She is as pretty as ever, and in addition she has an amiable and contented look.

And Joseph.

I am allowed to visit Joseph once a year and do so religiously. He has settled down to prison life. He is "on the land," as they say inside, and it is just the job for him. He has charge of two fine Suffolk mares, shares the responsibility for the pigs, and hopes for the milk cows when the cowman completes his sentence next year. He is still fond of birds and has a wide range of bird friends. It has become my duty to supply him monthly with a sack of birdseed, and in return, he has called his favorite raven Robert.

I couldn't ever bring myself to tell Joseph that Molly had married Rags Gorman. I was under the impression that Joseph thought that she was waiting for him and that the news would be a great shock to him; but I was as mistaken about this as I was about everything else, for I learned recently that the Gormans have been visiting Joseph each year since their marriage, and Rags has promised to find him a job when he comes out.

I find it all very hard to understand.

THE END

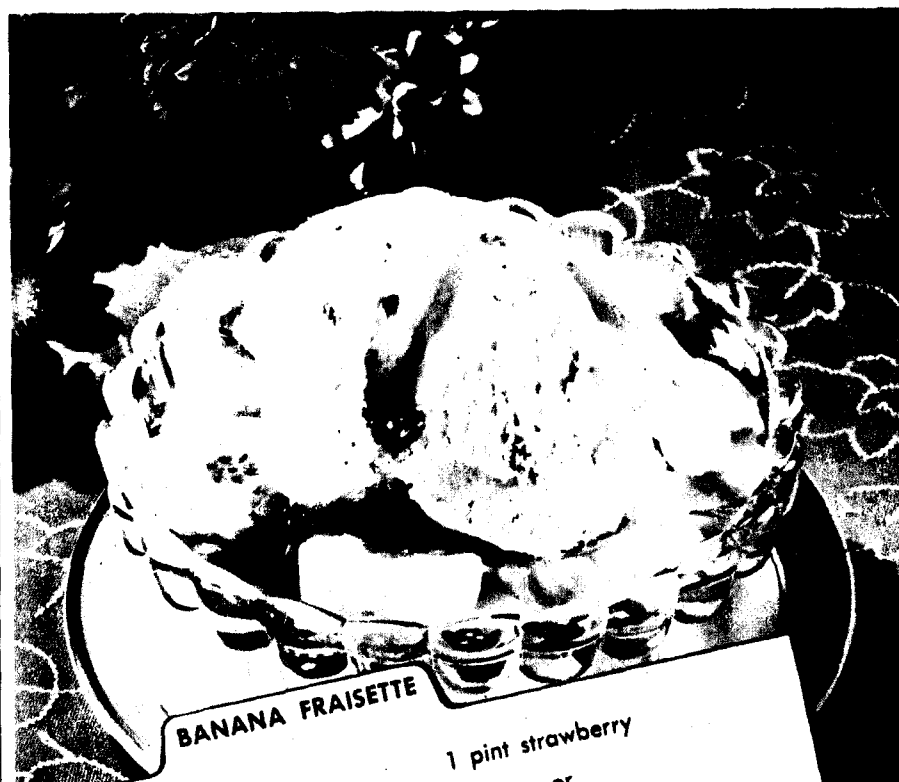
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3 tablespoons water
1 cup raspberry jam
2 bananas

1 pint strawberry
or
vanilla ice cream

Place water in saucepan. Add jam. Place over low heat and stir constantly until melted. Put through a sieve and chill. Slice half a banana in each of 4 individual serving dishes. Add a portion of your favorite brand of ice cream and top with the raspberry sauce. Decorate with whipped cream, chopped nuts and slice of fresh strawberry if desired.
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LOW MAN ON THE WALLACE POLL

Continued from page 17

Taylor ignored the tendency of non-Communist liberals to draw away from Wallace, a trend well established long before Glen declared himself in. Labor leaders like Phil Murray and A. F. Whitney showed no inclination to become lieutenants or even generals in Gideon's army. Neither did Walter Reuther, William Green, David Dubinsky and Jacob Potofsky. The Negro vote wasn't certain with respected Negro leaders like Walter White actively opposing Wallace. Even the New Deal intelligentsia, including Mrs. Roosevelt, Dr. Frank Kingdon, J. Raymond Walsh and others, shied away from the third party. With few exceptions the Wallace movement attracted only the leftist of the lefts.

The Specter of Unemployment

Defeat in November won't hurt Wallace, financially at least. He has an income from his hybrid-corn farm in Iowa. But it might send Taylor back to one-night stands and medicine shows. He may be out of a job even before November if enough voters in Idaho get together and have him recalled. Taylor's friends have frustrated such moves so far but another attempt, already under way, might succeed.

Taylor's political hopes, like Wallace's, were inflated by the favorable public reaction to his speeches. Both, but Taylor particularly, may have confused the clatter of applause with the shuffle of

ballots falling into boxes. He, more than Henry, is counting on the votes of millions who do not dare wear "Wallace in '48" buttons now out of fear of being tabbed as Commies or fellow travelers but who, in the privacy of the voting booth, will vote for "peace and prosperity" in November.

Taylor's role in the third party's campaign will be that of the rabble rouser, the maker of disciples for the army of Henry the self-appointed Gideon. "I'm no issuer of profound statements," Glen admits. "I'll leave that to Henry." He won't need the cowboy hat and guitar which earned him what attention and money he needed for election in Idaho. The third partyites have lots of problems, but money isn't one of them. Campaign headquarters started with at least \$350,000 raised by Henry last year at political rallies at which admission was charged. Funds have been coming in steadily since.

Glen is perfectly cast for the part he is to play as vice-commander of Gideon's army. His bitterest political enemies admit that he can hold and sway a crowd, a knack he developed early in life. Some of his talents, a sense of humor and an ability to silence hecklers without antagonizing them, Glen inherited from his father, Pleasant John Taylor, a tall, gaunt Texan, homesteader, part-time preacher, dabbler in Democratic politics, who fathered 13 children.

Pleasant John never did get anywhere

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CARL ROSE

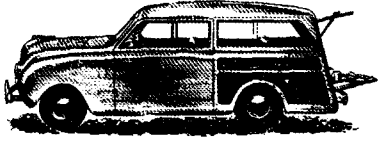
There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

A piece of paper is torn into four strips. Upon each of two strips a person is instructed to write the name of a Democrat, and upon the other two the names of Republicans. Each paper is folded twice and the four are mixed until no one knows which paper is which. The magician then asks that the papers be given to him, one at a time. He carefully and ostentatiously smells each paper. He divides them into two piles and announces that because of their perfume, these two papers bear the names of either Republicans or Democrats (take your choice).

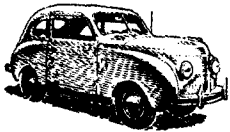
The smelling procedure is followed in order to give the spectators something to think about and has nothing at all to do with the secret. The feat actually depends upon starting with one piece of plain white paper—a sheet from an ordinary pad is excellent. This sheet of paper is folded from top to bottom, creased then folded again from top to bottom and creased again. When unfolded the paper will contain three creases. Tear the paper along these creases and you will have four strips the same size. Two of the strips have three cut edges and one torn edge and the others have two cut and two torn edges. In handing over the papers out to be written upon, they are divided according to their cut edges. The names of the Republicans are written upon the papers which have only one torn edge. In the process of smelling, it is very easy to notice which two papers have only one torn edge, and which have two. All that is necessary to remember is which papers have Democratic names and which have Republican.

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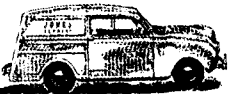
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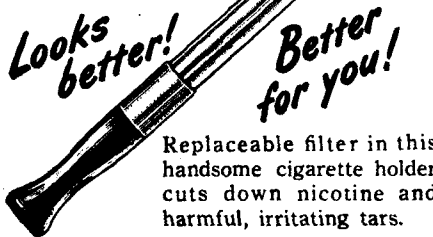
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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Collier's for May 8, 1948

politically, however, nor financially. His ten acres of truck land and his hillside pastures were unproductive. Glen, born April 12, 1904, in Portland, Oregon, and only a toddler when Pa took him to Kooskia, Idaho, helped his older brothers snag driftwood from the Salmon River to trade it in town for flour. Fortunately the whole family had dramatic and musical talent. The Taylors earned side meat and bean money by giving impromptu vaudeville shows locally.

The insecurity of life in the Taylor home became unbearable for Glen and one day, before he had finished the eighth grade, he set out to make his own way. He became a shepherd, the closest he ever came, according to his political enemies, to being the cowboy of his press notices later in life. Glen did learn how to ride a horse. With a couple of sisters and brothers behind him, he had to ride daily to and from school, three miles each way.

Not So Good at Film Splicing

At thirteen Glen quit tending sheep to become manager of two movie theaters owned by an older brother in Kooskia and near-by Stites. Glen's job was to keep in good repair the wooden benches and chairs on which the audiences sat, and to splice the films, frequently with amazing results. He often had a kiss looking like a collision.

Glen found this business no short cut to financial security. At fifteen he quit and became a sheet metal worker's apprentice. Two years later he was lured into the legitimate theater by another brother, Ferris Taylor, who owned a patched tent and a traveling stock company desperately in need of a scowling, utterly hissable villain. Ferris played the heroic roles.

Glen practiced scowling assiduously but it was no use. He forgot to scowl when his picture was taken for advertising purposes. The local belles in the towns where the company played stood about the lobby photos of the cast and sighed over Glen's picture. Ferris, with an eye to the box office, swapped parts with Glen. The company prospered—at least its members ate regularly—and at eighteen, in 1922, Glen became a full partner in the adventure. But the company disbanded when a fire in Colorado took the tent, scenery and other assets.

Glen floated for a while, doing various theatrical chores strictly on the small-time level of showbiz, finally landing with the Slade Musical Comedy Company, which specialized in Rose Marie. While playing in Great Falls, Montana, in 1930, Glen met an attractive chief usher at the theater named Dora Pike whom he quickly convinced, first, that she should join the company as a singer and, second, that she should become Mrs. Glen Taylor.

Together they formed the Glendora Players, a venture born in the great Northwest at a time when the legitimate drama and vaudeville were dying of economic anemia and an overdose of the talkies. It was in those days that Taylor learned to ad-lib. There was never time, what with one-night stands and the business end to be managed in addition to the acting and producing, for rehearsals. Recently Taylor ad-libbed an eight-hour attack on the European Recovery Program which for length, as well as futility, surpassed anything ever attempted outside of an outright filibuster.

Those depression audiences finally got down mostly to kids, their tickets paid for in farm produce. Once a farmer brought his five youngsters, three fryers and one sack of potatoes to a show. The farmer asked Taylor which he would take to let the kids see the play—chicken or potatoes. Taylor looked longingly at the fryers, then said: "I'll take the potatoes—they're more filling."

The depression stirred in Glen an in-

terest in economics. He read Stuart Chase's A New Deal, and King C. Gillette's The People's Corporation, which advocate subjugation of individual enterprise to the state. Taylor decided to get into politics and put what he had read into practice.

His first attempt, in 1935, was a flop. He tried organizing a farmer-labor party in Montana and Nevada, but failed.

He went back to the theater. The Glendora Players became the Glendora Ranch Gang, seeking radio work. Taylor turned to the guitar and banjo, his wife to the saxophone and piano. Billing himself as The Crooning Cowboy, he specialized in the sad songs of the range.

Meanwhile, Pocatello, with its railroad yards, an important labor town in the state, had become his home. Taylor had plenty of opportunity to talk with the laboring man. He went back into politics in 1938 as a candidate for Congress from Idaho, but failed again. In 1940, with no support from the local party machine, he won the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator from Idaho, according to one paper, "the greatest upset in Idaho political history."

Taylor ran on an isolationist platform. Idahoans are surrounded by a lot of mountains, but the peaks didn't obscure their view of what Hitler was doing to the world. Taylor was defeated in the election.

In 1942, with the war on, Taylor ran again. This time he was for all-out war. Again he won the nomination. He went to town riding on a pony, wearing cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat, and talking in a cowboy drawl. Tires and gasoline were rationed, so Taylor announced he would save both by campaigning on horseback.

Republicans charged that Taylor was transporting his horse over some of the mountain and sageland stretches in a trailer towed by his car. The car had to go along as transportation for his wife, Dora, and eldest son, Arod. Dora and Arod (Dora spelled backward) acted as advance agents to drum up crowds. Dismounting and slapping dust like a pony express rider just in from Sacramento, Taylor would grab his guitar and give a show with Dora and Arod pitching in.

"I'm going crazy, don't you want to come along?" he would sing.

A Narrow Margin of Defeat

His tactics were those of the medicine show man, only in this instance Taylor was selling his theories to cure the world's economic ills. He made a lot of sales, too. In fact, only 3,700 more sales would have made him a senator that year. But, defeated, Taylor hung up his boots and saddle, went to San Francisco, and took a job as a welder in a war plant.

At night, he wrote more than 3,000 letters in longhand to Idahoans, letters which set the stage for his return to Pocatello and the 1944 senatorial campaign. In the primaries, he edged out Senator D. Worth Clark and got the full support of the State Democratic Committee.

With new confidence, Taylor stumped the rambling mountain state from the irrigated valleys of the Snake to the mines of the Coeur d'Alenes. When a heckler asked him what he was going to do if he got "licked again," he replied:

"Run again."

Peace was his strongest argument. He also talked about the proposed Columbia Valley Authority but peace was what the people wanted to hear about, and Taylor didn't let them down. "The future peace of the world," he roared, "may be decided by the vote of the man you elect as senator."

On November 7, 1944, Idahoans gave former Governor C. A. Bottolfsen 102,373 votes, and the former Crooning Cowboy 107,096, including those of a lot of Democrats who hoped that once Taylor got to Washington he would forget about



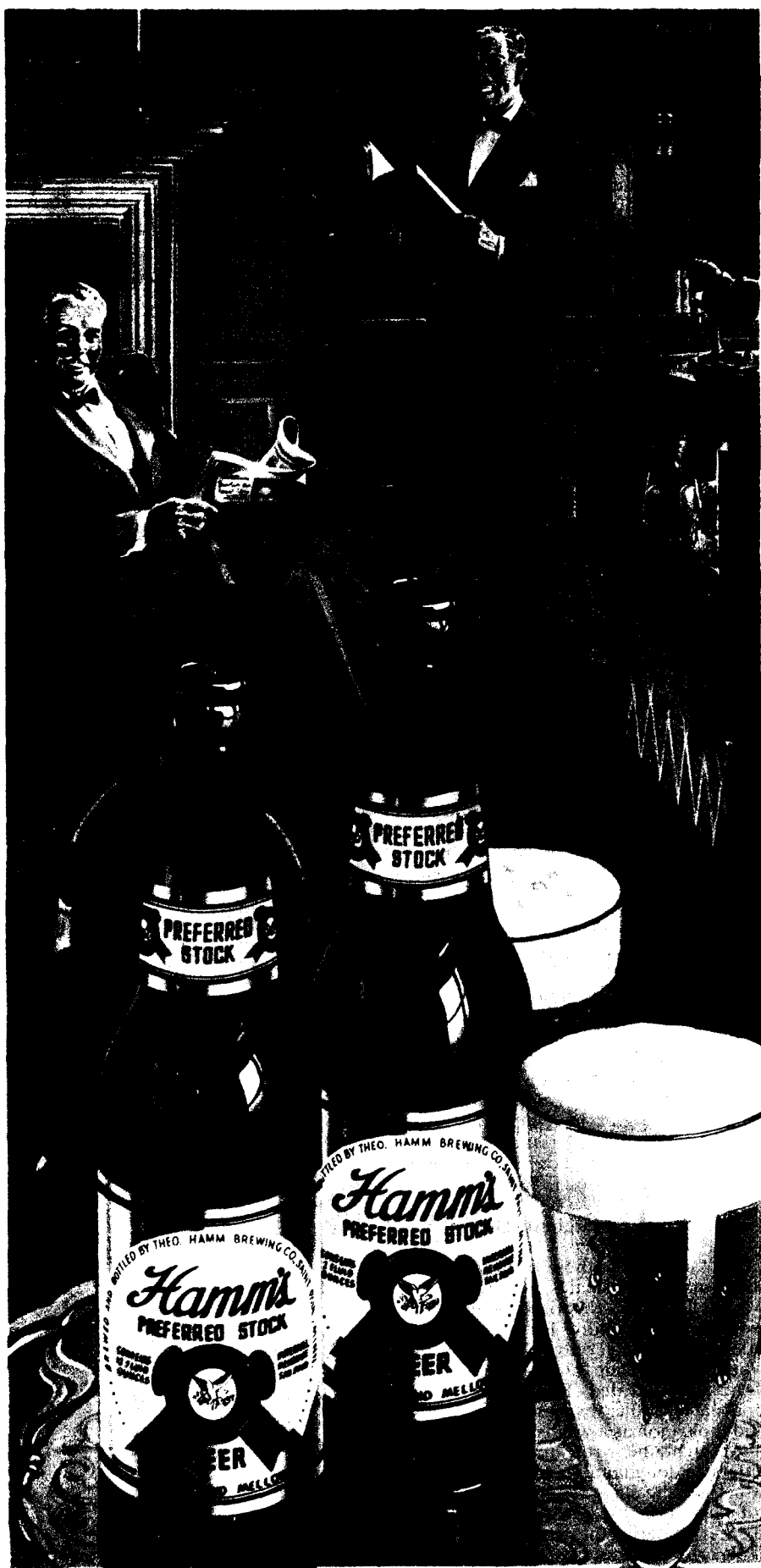
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crooning and playing cowboy. But they were soon spluttering over morning newspapers which carried a picture of Taylor, with guitar, singing the housing blues on the Capitol steps.

There was more indignation when Taylor returned to Idaho to help the Democrats in 1946 and wound up Election Night in a fist fight in the Hotel Boise in Idaho's capital city. The cause of the fray was significant. Taylor resented the accusation by Ray McKaig, sixty-six, nationally known Granger and Idaho Republican leader, that he had given the "kiss of death" to the candidates for whom he spoke. McKaig, who said he suffered a black eye and broken nose, declared that Taylor, who also claimed a black eye and broken nose, had swung first. Even Taylor's account of the fight seems to bear this out. With the Republicans rolling up a healthy majority, McKaig is reported by Taylor to have called him "the so-and-so who helped us win."

Reaction was mixed, with one leading Idaho Democrat commenting that "Taylor's supposed to be a fighting liberal, isn't he?" But the more conservative brethren felt that Taylor had been a little too liberal with his fists for the dignity of his office. Taylor went back to Washington for a "cooling off" period, then turned on the heat again last fall by starting a "ride" from Los Angeles to Washington to warn the countryside that war was coming. You could hear sighs of relief all over the state when Cowboy Glen changed horses in mid-continent for more modern transportation to get back to Washington for the special session of Congress.

Pagliacci with Marxian Ideas

This time there was not so much concern over the fact that he was using the nation as a stage, but that he was making his entrance from the left. Commented John Harvey, Idaho political columnist: "There's good reason to believe that Taylor is essentially a serious-minded sort of Pagliacci who wears the motley in the hope that it will advance the causes to which he is wedded. He has never attempted to conceal his Marxian inclinations."

Taylor—whose middle name he admits is Hearst, after William Randolph, the volubly anti-Communist publisher—is aware that he has exposed himself to attack by his opposition to the European Recovery Program and his rationalization of the Soviet Union's anti-Western foreign policy. He had words with Sen-

ator Tom Connally of Texas about his views, recently, on the Senate floor.

Taylor asked Connally, who had criticized Russia's overuse of the veto at the U.N., whether he would want the veto abolished if a majority of the members of the United Nations were Communists. Connally retorted that he wasn't "as much of an expert on Communism" as the "gentleman from Idaho."

An ironical aspect of Taylor's and Wallace's opposition to the European Recovery Program is that the project is essentially the one proposed by Wallace himself when he came out against the Truman Doctrine of military and economic assistance to Greece and Turkey to bolster their resistance to allegedly threatened Soviet domination last year. The European Recovery Program, outgrowth of the Truman Doctrine, was devised by the Administration as an answer to the criticism of progressives and liberals who felt that the government had taken no positive action to help restore Europe's war-ravaged economy.

The Marshall Plan differed from the Wallace proposals chiefly in that Wallace wanted aid to Europe administered through the U.N. This, politicians made it clear, was politically impossible. Because America would necessarily supply the bulk of the funds involved, they wanted administration to be in American hands.

Taylor, after his eight-hour speech against the European Recovery Program, introduced a bill of his own proposing the expenditure of \$5,000,000,000 yearly for five years for European reconstruction and rehabilitation, the money to be raised by "subscription," according to ability to pay, the whole business to be administered by U.N. If politics is, as experts say, "the art of the possible," Taylor hasn't learned it yet. His bill was swamped, the only votes in favor being those of Langer of North Dakota, Pepper of Florida and, of course, Taylor of Idaho.

Ever since he came to Washington friends and foes have been unable to decide whether Taylor is a Pagliacci, as Idaho newspapers called him, or a sincere if misguided liberal. The consensus pictures him as a starry-eyed character who will miss practical success by supposing that people in general are motivated by ideals as exalted as his own. If this estimate is correct Taylor is playing a part he has never attempted before but which has had a long run as portrayed by Henry Wallace—Don Quixote, challenger of windmills.

THE END

Collier's for May 8, 1948

HATE—WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING

Continued from page 21

not be able to live together amicably in one world. He is the author of the concept that Communism is possible in one country, without world revolution. But if these views are still held in Moscow, there is no evidence of it in present Soviet policy, which would seem to be the most significant result of Stalin's retirement. Molotov and Zhdanov have adopted the line that there can be no permanent peace between Communism and the non-Communist majority of the earth. They have officially declared the world is not one, but two, and they are doing everything possible to hasten America's "inevitable crisis."

Their wrecking tools are the Molotov Plan and the Cominform. Both are intended to prevent the European Recovery Program from being put into effect, the Cominform through the action of the Communist parties of Europe, and the Molotov Plan through its network of trade agreements and mutual aid pacts. Stalin was not present at the Bolshoy Theater last November 6th when Molotov flatly declared "We live in an era in which all roads lead to Communism."

At the Moment of Decision

There is a school of diplomatic thought in Moscow which holds that Stalin's retirement may be only temporary, that Molotov and Zhdanov will go as far as they dare along the present route, and that if the critical moment should arrive—that is to say, the moment of actual decision for war or peace—Stalin will step forward with an olive branch and perhaps the restored head of Eugene Varga.

Such an appraisal does not take cognizance, however, of the basic change wrought in the Soviet mind during the past year. The new thinking has penetrated too deeply to be easily discarded. To provide the proper rationale for anti-American, anti-Western and anti-Marshall Plan policy, the most virulent anti-foreigner program since the days of Ivan the Terrible has been deliberately turned on.

Russia is going through a spy scare reminiscent of the purge trials of 1936. Diplomats and foreign correspondents, particularly Americans, are frankly re-

garded as espionage agents. They live in a sort of social stockade, cut off from the world about them. David Zaslavsky, the poison pen of Soviet journalism, summed up the Soviet attitude when he wrote that "imperialism has created a new type of journalist combining the features of a reporter and a spy."

Russia's nemesis of spies, Colonel General Vassily V. Ulrikh, chief judge of the Soviet military tribunal, lives in the Metropol Hotel in Moscow, no doubt to be at the very center of the vast espionage network consisting of the five or six American correspondents who work or sleep there. We passed him in the hall daily, or met him in the elevator—a huge man with a beet-red face—but he never even said hello.

When the new Official Secrets Act was promulgated, however, stiffening penalties for divulging state secrets and making practically everything such a secret, General Ulrikh delivered a public address. In it he warned the nation against foreign "spies, diversionists, murderers and provocateurs." He called on Soviet citizens "never to forget their political vigilance."

"It must be remembered," he said, "that foreign spies are striving to catch in their nets those Soviet citizens who are not discriminating about their friendships, who allow careless conversations, who like casual friendships, and who grovel before Western culture."

The army and navy newspapers were filled with similar exhortations. Great publicity was given the case of a hapless economist who lost a document declared to be secret. He received a four-year prison term at hard labor from an MVD military tribunal.

A clerk in a government agency was sent away for five years for a similar offense, and half a dozen other cases were treated in a similar manner under the new act.

The most effective dramatization of Soviet spy consciousness was provided by the Hilton case. The military attaché of the British Embassy, Major General Hilton, went out for a walk one autumn afternoon along the Moskva River. He stopped on a railway bridge in sight of the Lenin Hills, and, as it happened, in sight of a Soviet chemical plant, which is



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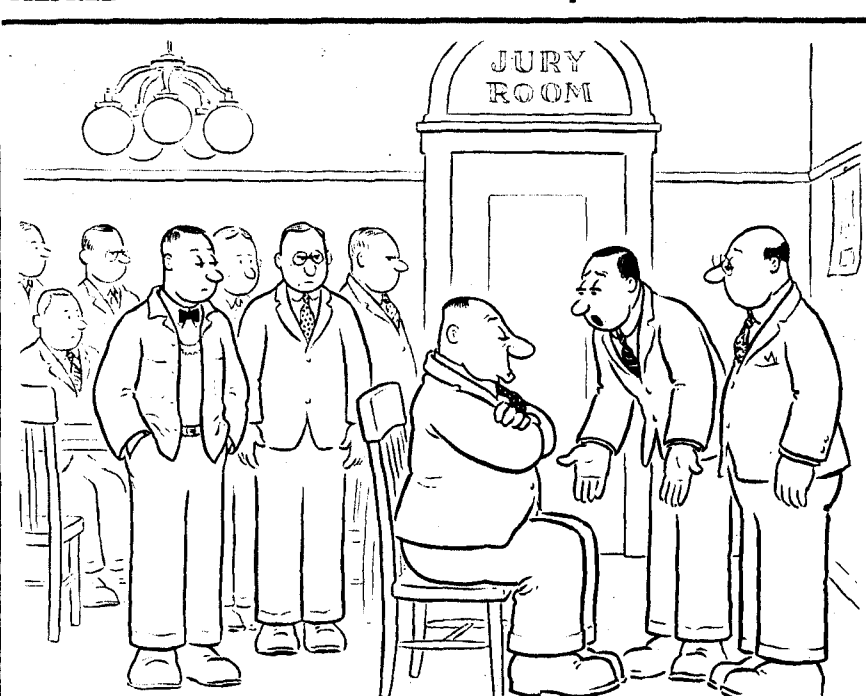
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F-484

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Alfred, the man's a dangerous criminal and he's guilty! Can't you forget that the officer who arrested him is the one who gave you a parking ticket?"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for May 8, 1948

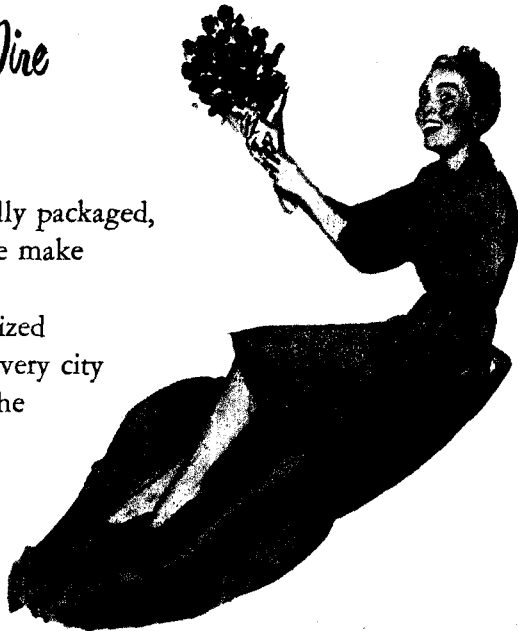


*"I never saw
Mother so happy!"*

She fairly glowed at the beautiful Flowers, as she read the card that came with them. What a thrilling surprise on Mother's Day!

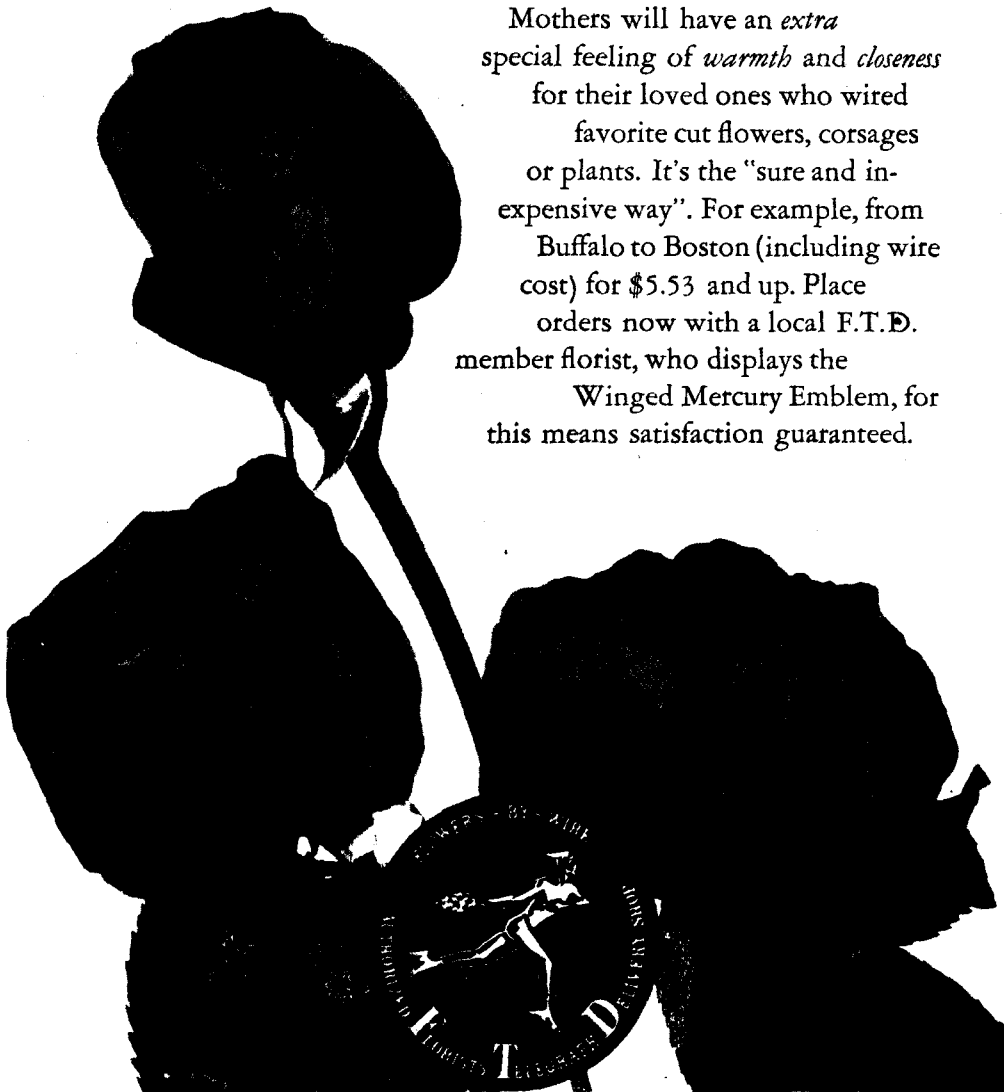
*The Flowers-by-Wire
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Dewy fresh and beautifully packaged,
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*It's so grand
to be remembered
on Mother's Day!*

Yes, on May 9th many, many thousands of Mothers will have an *extra* special feeling of *warmth* and *closeness* for their loved ones who wired favorite cut flowers, corsages or plants. It's the "sure and inexpensive way". For example, from Buffalo to Boston (including wire cost) for \$5.53 and up. Place orders now with a local F.T.D. member florist, who displays the Winged Mercury Emblem, for this means satisfaction guaranteed.



considered to be a military establishment. He was hauled off the bridge by plant guards and accused of trying to take photographs. He was declared to be in disguise, because according to the Soviet version, he was dressed in old clothes and "on the whole did not at all resemble an intellectual."

The point of this story is that the general was carefully not searched by his vigilant captors, although he insisted on it and laid out the contents of his pockets to prove he did not have a camera in his possession.

All Denials Were Suppressed

Every American and British correspondent in Moscow reported the general's denial of the charge made against him. The Soviet censor refused to allow any story defending him to be sent out of the country, or indeed any information at all except a report of the accusation. Instead, Soviet newspapers printed editorials praising the workers at "Plant X" for their vigilance.

None of us in Moscow doubted the Hilton incident was staged as it was to "prove" General Ulrikh's point. On the thirtieth anniversary of the Cheka—the first Soviet security organization and the predecessor of the OGPU, the NKVD and the present MVD—Pravda reported proudly the "Soviet people have increased their vigilance and are unmasking the attempts of foreign agents to lord it on our soil."

The same Cheka anniversary in December was the occasion for a new decree which made it impossible for foreigners to have any relations, formal or otherwise, with any Soviet organizations or their personnel except through the Ministries of Foreign Affairs or Foreign Trade.

Foreigners have not been permitted to travel on their own for more than a year inside the Soviet Union, and now even exit is forbidden via such places as Tashkent and Alma-Ata.

The February session of the Supreme Soviet, in ratifying the decree forbidding the marriage of Soviet citizens to foreigners, brought despair to 300 or more Soviet women who during the war married nationals of other countries. Most of the furor about "Soviet brides" has been raised on behalf of the 30-odd who wed American or British husbands. But Soviet girls were married to 75 Czechs, 200 Poles and 50 Yugoslavs. All of the men were either training on Soviet soil or had sought refuge there during the war.

Despite the close ties of their respective countries to Moscow, none of these

eastern Europeans have been able to rescue their brides.

After the no-marriage law had been ratified the stranded women were told by Soviet authorities they would get no visas of exit for a long time, if ever. The only way out for them appears to be divorce, and many are now taking that way.

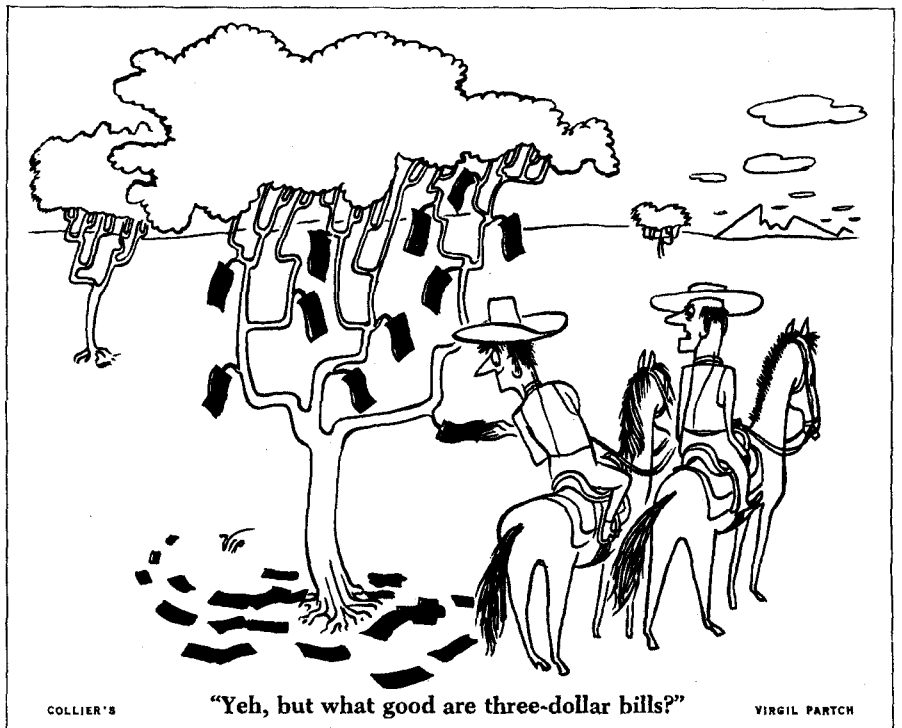
I know three Americans who married in the Soviet Union during the war and who have been compelled to remain there ever since because they do not wish to leave their wives behind. They are afraid they will never see them again. They have given up normal and useful careers at home to become victims of a cruel law. They never know, either, when the Soviet government will request them to leave and make their years of sacrifice a mockery.

These are private American citizens who do not have reprisal authority behind them. But in the now famous Chilean case the Soviet government met its match. When the Chilean ambassador, Luis Cruz Ocampo, was recalled, he notified his government he would not leave Moscow unless his son's wife, a Soviet citizen, was permitted to go too. The Soviet Foreign Office refused permission. Whereupon the Chilean government said it would keep a dozen or so Soviet diplomats in Santiago until all the Chileans, including the Soviet girl, had left Moscow.

In a surcharged atmosphere of this kind, even the slightest contact with foreigners has become unhealthy for most Soviet citizens. Soviet employees of foreign embassies or of foreign correspondents have lately taken to failing to report for work, or resigning on three minutes' notice. Soviet diplomats and journalists who have been friendly and useful acquaintances in Washington, London and Paris, or at international meetings, suddenly develop amnesia when they return to Moscow. Or when you meet them accidentally in the street they smile and tell you how busy they are, or that they have been in a hospital.

Soviet soldiers who were prisoners of war in Germany and were freed by American troops are classed as suspicious characters. One of these came back from the war and resumed his post as head of the Publishing House for Foreign Literature. But when he put out the Russian translation of a history of American political parties he was removed from his job on the charge that he was an American agent who had been indoctrinated with "bourgeois ideas" while in American hands.

Of all the blows to normal relations between Soviet citizens and foreigners, perhaps the greatest was that suffered by





Russia's scientists during the past year. They are now forbidden to have anything published abroad, and communication with foreign colleagues is frowned upon.

Two of the best-known scientists in Russia, the husband-and-wife team of Nina Kliueva and Grigori Roskin, who discovered the anticancer serum known as KR and who have been praised extravagantly in the Soviet press, were recently given party trials and severely reprimanded for writing to American scientists.

Although all the representatives of "bourgeois Western decadence" are acutely uncomfortable in Moscow these days, it is the Americans who are snubbed the hardest. There are two reasons for this. The U.S. is the force Russia fears the most and therefore must oppose the most vigorously. But beyond that, the U.S. has always occupied a special place in Russian thinking as the home of good engineers, fine machinery, technical excellence and fascinating movies.

We had a fire in our neighborhood recently, and the Moscow Fire Department arrived with brand-new German equipment that had been liberated in Rumania. The elaborate setup included a telephone line from a command point to the fire fighters on the roof, and an automatic lift which traveled up and down the tallest ladder, making it unnecessary to climb.

The neighborhood kids nudged each other and said, "American stuff."

A whole Soviet generation grew up to admire the United States, but the job of reversing this attitude has not fazed the party functionaries and propagandists, or the Soviet writers and intellectuals, who are accustomed to meeting themselves coming back. All the stops have been pulled out in Zhdanov's propaganda program against the U.S.

The "Master Race" Motif Again?

Virtually only one theme is acceptable now in Soviet literature—the superiority of "Soviet man" and of the Soviet way of life over anything that America has to offer. Between vitriolic political articles in the Literary Gazette, attacking the President of the United States, the U.S. Secretary of State, or the British Foreign Secretary, Soviet novelists, poets and playwrights demonstrate in their creative works what they refer to as the spiritual ascendancy of the Soviet system.

The Soviet stage this season has been turned into an American rogues' gallery. The characterizations on parade include venal journalists, drunken soldiers, a lecherous sailor, a glamorous woman spy, an evil senator, and a Southern Negro-

phobe. Americans are shown as being nefarious, not only in the United States, but in Trieste, in occupied Germany and "Marshall Plan" France as well.

One or two American heroes put in an appearance, but they are defeated by the forces of reaction, of course. President Roosevelt appears as a character in one play, to confess that he is helpless against the Wall Street anti-Sovieters.

The novelists write of Soviet citizens who have been to America, and who are not dazzled; of Soviet soldiers who return to their native land uncorrupted by all the Western decadence they have seen. Yet such novels have been officially criticized for not going far enough in their portrayal of the decline of the West. They are accused of not proving their point. Two new books that came under fire are Ilya Ehrenburg's *Storm*, and Konstantin Simonov's *Smoke of the Fatherland*.

Soviet magazines are replete with articles about American slums, the iniquities of Hollywood, the lack of education and medical care in the United States, the omnipotence of monopolies, the corruption of American politics and other shortcomings of "the culture of Truman and Dulles."

The Soviet press not only prints full details of lynchings, evictions, strikes and unemployment, real or imaginary, in the United States, but also news of air crashes, fires, explosions, earthquakes and other disasters, as if they too were indigenous to capitalism. Needless to say, nothing is ever printed about air crashes, explosions or fires in Russia, and there can be no strikes.

More of life in America is portrayed by carefully selected American novels. This season's crop numbers three translations: *Tucker's People*, by Ira Wolfert, which is about the numbers racket and gangsterism; *Kingsblood Royal*, Sinclair Lewis' work on the Negro problem, and Lewis' *Gideon Planish*, which satirizes the professional social reformer. The only American play on the Moscow stage this season is *Deep Are the Roots*, which is also concerned with the Negro question.

The slogan of the current campaign is: "No servility to foreign culture." Russia today is apparently completely governed by anti-Western, anti-"bourgeois" sentiment. To a large extent, this is reaction to anti-Soviet feeling in the West. But it is bound to have a permanent effect, even if there should eventually be an improvement in international relations.

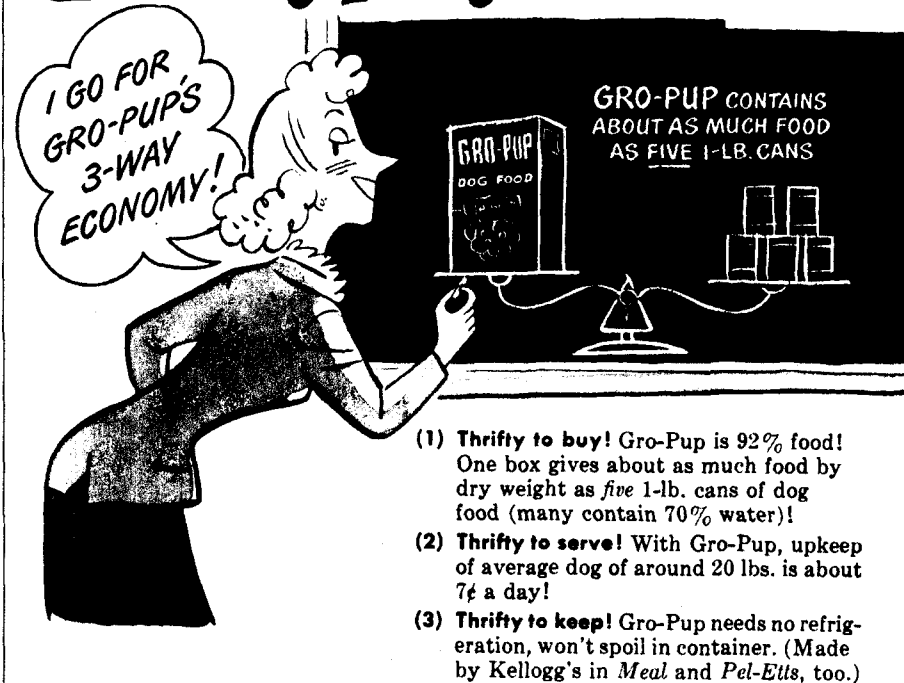
The window that Peter the Great opened on the West has been slammed shut, and nobody is looking out of it now.

THE END

"I'm sitting on top of the World-



"I'm sitting pretty!"



The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

... No child has the brain power to supervise his own literature. The parents and teachers of America need to wake up and use a little common sense before the next generation is completely ruined.

MRS. G. D. DURRANT, Elkton, Md.

... Why not a Collier's Jr. magazine written in a child's language?

MRS. BEVERS, Kansas City, Mo.

... Can Mrs. Crist and Dr. Wertham produce the young criminal who has formed his character on that of Shoulders, Mumbles, 88 Keys, B-B Eyes, Mrs. Pruneface, Flattop, Autumn Hews or Silvana? Nuts to the gloom-mongers and long live Dick Tracy! CONNIE STURGES, New York, N. Y.

... Could we have won the war without that greatest morale builder: the so-called Officers' Training Material, the relaxing, imaginative comic books ... ?

GEORGE SUMNER, New York, N. Y.

OUR GAMING READERS

DEAR SIR: Bill Fay in the March 27th issue stated that Mr. Howard Hill has killed at least one of every species of North American big-game animal, presumably with his bow and arrow (Collier's Sports).

I'll bet the best dinner in New York that Mr. Hill hasn't shot more than two thirds of the 27 kinds of game which rate separate trophy lists in North American Big Game, the official record book. The same bet goes that nobody has collected all of them with a rifle—or even come close.

To indicate what you are up against, only three living men—and two dead ones—are known to have accounted for all four species of mountain sheep, let alone the really tough ones from a collector's viewpoint.

GRANSEL FITZ, New York, N. Y.

... After reading Bill Fay's article on Ralph Kiner I have come to the conclusion that the modern athlete might as well give up—he can't win. If Kiner betters Ruth's home-run mark the experts will say the French horsehide or short fences made it possible. Next they'll be saying that if Walcott beats Louis (officially) he couldn't have done it when the champ was in his prime, which nobody will ever be able to prove.

JOHN MAUREN, Portland, Mich.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

DEAR SIR: Your editorial blast at the Anti-Saloon League (That Once Was Enough, Mar. 27th) is a masterpiece of misstatement, misrepresentation and innuendo.

The main reason for the so-called failure of prohibition was that its enforcement was in the hands of its enemies rather than its friends. R. E. BLISS, Rochester, N. Y.

REVOLT IN THE WEST

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re Morton I. Blender's denunciation (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th), it was the cream not the "scum" of which the "pioneer who pushed westward" was made. It is my impression that the scum who were forced to scam migrated eastward to Providence, R. I.

MRS. FRANK RUSSELL, York, Neb.

... What does M. I. Blender, Providence, R. I., know about "Western scum" when he lives in the East? There may be Eastern scum too, known as bellyachers who didn't have the guts to pioneer.

NED MAUSTON, Burbank, Cal.

KING OF THE MINORS

DEAR SIR: I wrote you recently concerning the item published on your page Keep Up With The World (Feb. 21st) and stated therein that Joe Hauser exceeded Babe Ruth's home-run record.

Is it not fair to Mr. Hauser and other sport fans that you publish a retraction?

HERBERT H. KELLY, Detroit, Mich.

Joe Hauser, the home-run king of the minors, topped Babe Ruth's total of 60 home runs in one season. In 1930, he knocked out 63 homers with Baltimore of the International League, and in 1933 with Minneapolis of the American Association he hit 69. His major-league career with the Athletics ended with a knee injury. Ruth's mark against big-league pitching still remains to be topped.

FORGOTTEN AMERICANS?

TO THE EDITOR: Re your editorial You Should Buy Savings Bonds (Feb. 28th), believe me, sir, these are not lush times for the white-collar worker. Every day sees the writer further in debt in the struggle to provide the bare necessities of life for his family. Now the U.S. Treasury is turning the heat on my employer to force me to buy these bonds—through the pay-roll savings plan.

I would like to see your publication present the plight of these forgotten men.

W. W. WEIR, Pitman, N. J.

Mr. Weir can read Lester Velie's article High Prices Make Cheap Living (April 3d).

THE TALKING MAN

DEAR SIR: Robert S. Allen's The Presidential Aspirants Speak Out, Mar. 20th, was an excellent idea, which should be carried further to find the right man.

An analysis of the views presented, checked and rechecked on a strictly scientific basis and reduced to the number of points out of a possible hundred, gives, as a measure of fitness for the Presidency, the following scores:

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., 17; Thomas E. Dewey, 45; Robert A. Taft, 45; President Truman, 0; Jos. W. Martin, Jr., 35; Harold E. Stassen, 38; Henry A. Wallace, 5; Earl Warren, 41.

Why not make this idea the basis of a Talking Man Contest the winner getting a complete white house with balcony attached, rent free for four years?

PAT SCAFLIN, Ponca City, Okla.

... I noticed four pages of Presidential candidates in Collier's. I am willing to bet \$10 that you have not got the next President in the bunch.

ROY A. WOOD, Castana, Iowa

... I couldn't read the article; there were too many candidates around laughing at me.

Why do cameras portray only teethty men? One opens a paper or magazine cheered by the dentifice-ad-like folk only to be disappointed by the legend beneath their names, to wit:

James A. High-Pressure: Has just murdered his wife and been hauled to the hoosegow. He's glad he done it.



Robert Mac Fumble: Got things in a jumble at the bank. He never could have accomplished it, if it hadn't been for his smile.



Top Hat Legislators Put Teeth in the Law.



Willie Muggins: Teeth knocked out by Mugg Guire.



I'm afraid of good teeth, so I didn't read the article.

HANNAH L. BAKER, Trenton, N. J.

P. S. Dear Mr. Allen, I'm sorry.



Collier's for May 8, 1948



Certainly
it tastes better—it's
a GENUINE ALE

THERE'S one big reason why DREWRY'S Old Stock ALE tastes so good! It's a genuine ale, brewed by the slow, costly "top-yeast" process—the only way a genuine ale can be brewed. Then it's aged and mellowed to the peak of flavor. Try DREWRY'S Old Stock ALE tonight. You'll discover the satisfying real ale flavor that is winning more friends every day!

DREWRY'S LIMITED U. S. A., INC.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

DREWRY'S

Old Stock ALE

Compare the real flavor of this GENUINE ALE

Canada's Pride Brand Since 1877

A Product

CODE OF THE WEST

Continued from page 41

Angeles before the railroad gets there and go into the real-estate business."

"How fascinatin'," Sydney said. "What?"

"The real-estate business."

"It'll fascinate me," I said, "if I can get out there and buy some ground before the railroads get there and if it goes up after they reach there."

"I'll bet Los Angeles is some place. I'll bet you'll be lonesome there."

WELL, I'd never been lonesome except riding from place to place—never being one to consider a horse much company in spite of the songs. But Sydney *had* kind of grown on me and I got to thinking I would be lonesome for her.

"You suppose I could hire a rig at the livery stable and you and me could go buggy ridin'?" Soon as I said it I knew there wasn't a chance of that. Her paw was awful strict and he'd been so savage with the few young fellows that had pined around their place that they'd give up.

"Oh, Amos," she said, "there isn't anything . . ." And then she stopped and tears got in her eyes and she turned and walked away.

You know, it's funny about the men of the Old West. Willis Anderson give me an idea about why they acted like they did. Like their attitude about women, there being bad women and decent women and not none in between. And their kind of unnatural gallantry. I think that it wasn't that way at first, but it was like elsewhere, but then fellows back East wrote books about 'em being like that and they read these books finally, or heard about 'em and got to acting like the fellows had 'em in the books. Kind of life follows art, though I don't suppose those books was much for art.

And that's important because it caused a lot of what happened.

And what happened was that I stood there rendering in that hot sun and watched Sydney walk away from me, kind of stumbling like she was blind, and I decided it was time for me to go.

I went over to the hotel and got my stuff packed and went down to the livery stable and told them to get my horse ready and then I went to the Oroport to tell Bill McCauley and Old Man Willis Anderson goodbye.

I bought drinks for them that was around, including Mr. Bigelow Johnson, and when they heard I was going on they complained about my leaving winner from them and so I set down with them for a last two hours and won seven hundred dollars more. There is nothing like having people trying desperately to beat you to make them easy to beat.

Then I went away from there. I went down to the Wells Fargo place, give them all but movement money to send along for me, and got my horse at the livery stable and headed toward the settin' sun, like they say. Only the sun wasn't settin' very fast and was up where it'd fry your brains out like it had them that lived there, I guess.

My horse poked along and I set up on him and thought about Miss Sydney Johnson, and I thought about her bottom bouncin' off up the street under them long skirts and her cryin' and it made me sad in an amorous sort of way. I didn't look up, hadn't looked up for a long time. I just set there bobbin' gently on my horse, feelin' kind of piny and terrible virile.

"Oh, Amos . . ."

I looked up. I knew Mr. Johnson lived out this way and I was goin' by his place and on the porch of the acobe house was standin' Miss Sydney Johnson, yoo-hoo'n' and wavin' her hand.

I rode up to the porch but I didn't get off my horse. I was scared to.

"Amos," she says, "are you leaving?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh." She stood there and I set there. "I came on home," she said. "Paw ain't coming till late tonight."

I didn't say anything. I was scared of my own feelings. Also Mr. Bigelow Johnson.

"Wouldn't you like to step down and get a glass of cold water?" Sydney asks. "And water your horse and let him have a little bite to eat? It's thirty-some miles to the next town."

"I aimed to ride while it's cool," I said. "I really ain't got the time."

Funny thing, I was standin' on the ground. The horse kinda edged into the shade and I kinda edged into the house.

She was handin' me a gourd full of water and I spilt it on my front and then I taken her around the waist and kissed her, with her helpin'.

"Oh, Amos . . ."

I had sense for just a flash. I knew if things proceeded and Mr. Bigelow Johnson came on us, he would nail my hide to his barn door and cure it with salt with me still in it. I bolted from the room and jumped my horse and give him the quirt. I run him for several miles through that sun and finally I slowed him down. I was in a turmoil. I'd have turned and gone back and married her if her paw would have let me. But I knew he wouldn't—me a Easterner, a gambler, in low-heeled boots. He wouldn't never let me.

IT CAME on night and started gettin' cool and then cold like it does in that foolish country and I figured that by the time the sun come up hot I'd be in the next town. I had decided by then to sell my horse and go on to Los Angeles by stagecoach. I had more money than I had figured I'd have.

Well, I struck a match to look at my watch and I heard the man say, "Don't make a move or I'll blow you in two."

I never made a move and I don't know yet what time it was.

"Stand down."

I stood down.

He come into closer range, then, holdin' a double-barrel scatter-gun and a-breathin' hard. He wasn't wearing no mask and for a minute it didn't figure.

Then I seen it was Mr. Bigelow Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson," I says.

"Don't you open your sweet-talkin' mouth," he says and he sounds like he's stranglin', "or I'll blow you plumb to pieces and stake down the remainders for the ants."

I never opened my mouth.

He put my hands behind me and tied 'em tight and put me up on my horse and taken a runnin' loop around my neck, snugged it up and got on his horse. "It'd be a pleasure," he said, "for you to run off."

He sounded like he was clean crazy so I didn't tell him he'd still have my head and half my neck did I try.

"Where you takin' me?" I risked finally.

"Back," he says. "And don't say nothin'. Not a syllable or I'll blow you in two."

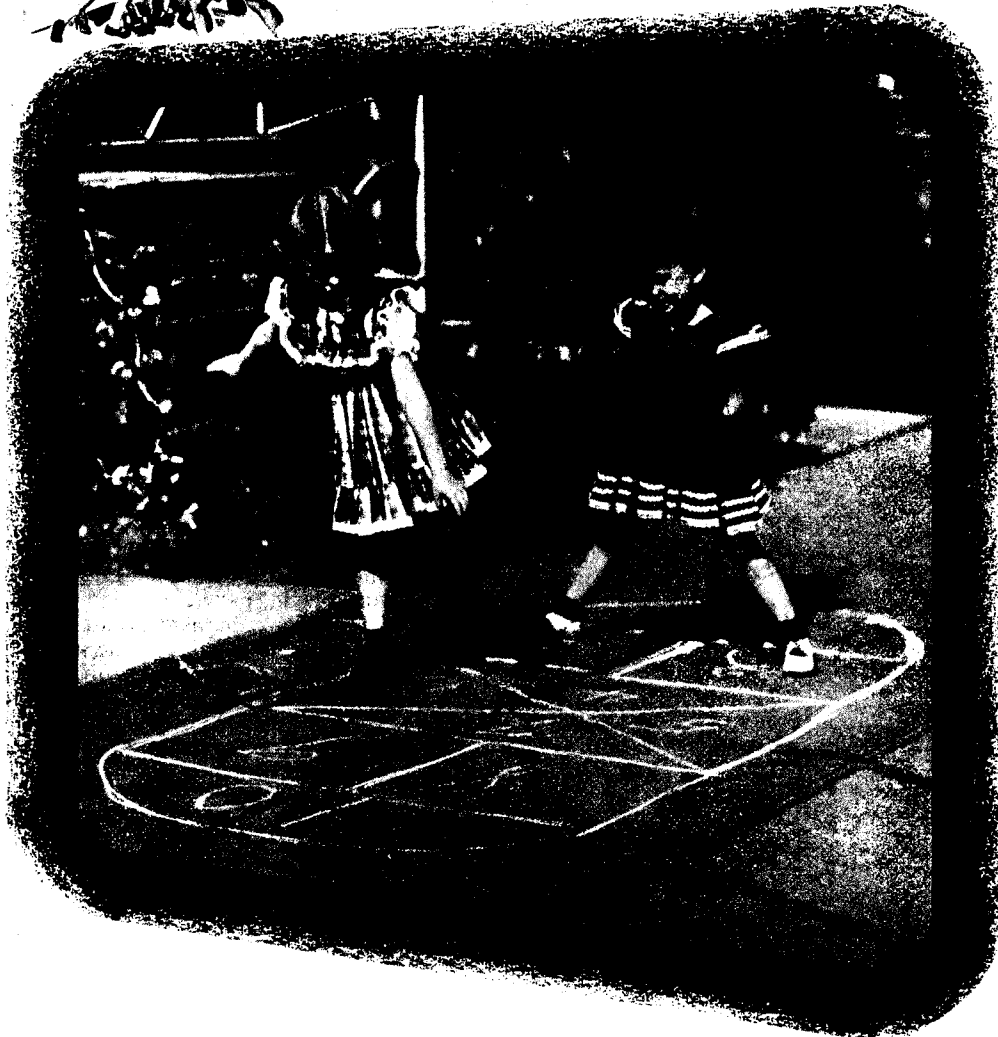
Well, I was scared all right, and mystified too. He seemed so hip on havin' me divided up I didn't say nothin'. I didn't even agree with him when he told me he rode a short cut—"like a madman"—to head me off.

He hustled me along at a good trot, makin' me quite sore for I don't jibe with a trottin' horse, and we passed his place about ten o'clock and got to the Oroport about one, I judge, for it was still lit up and they was three tables of poker and some fellows at the bar. It was Saturday night.

Old Man Johnson herded me in,



"Hurry, the movies are here!"

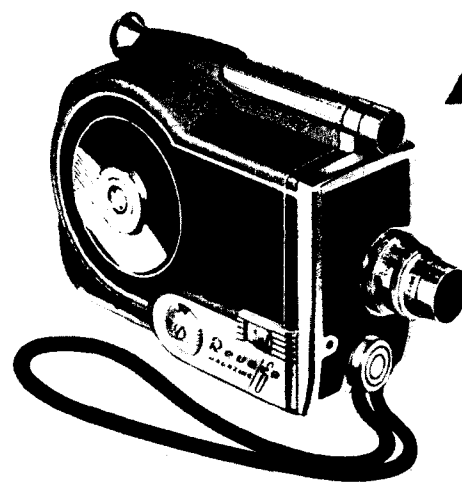


IT'S A GREAT DAY when the movies you've shot come back, ready to show!

Everyone's eager, excited—so, hurry, set up the projector! As scene after scene unfolds, your delight and pleasure grow. With each passing year these movie records become increasingly precious.

Now is the time to start taking movies the easy Revere way. No other hobby offers more satisfaction and entertainment for the entire family. To ciné enthusiasts who know, Revere is synonymous with the best in home movie equipment.

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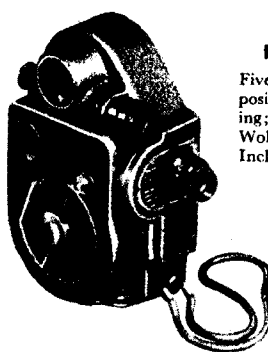


Revere
CINE EQUIPMENT

NEW! 16mm REVERE MAGAZINE CAMERA

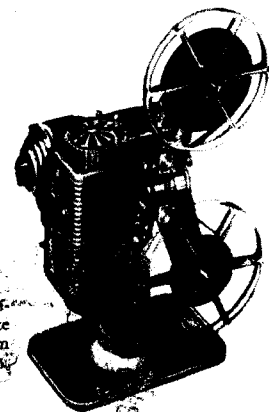
At the price of an "eight," it has rapid magazine loading . . . built-in Micromatic telescopic view-finder . . . five speeds . . . single frame exposure . . . continuous run . . . ratchet winding key . . . exposure guide . . . with F 2.5 Wollensak coated lens . . . including tax, **\$127.50.**

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REVERE EIGHT "88" CAMERA

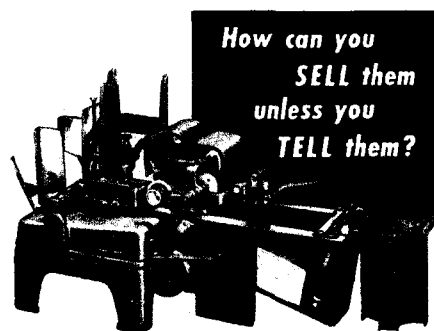
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IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS REVERE ADDS TO YOUR PLEASURE



How can you
SELL them
unless you
TELL them?

This Elliott Cardvertiser is the only machine in the world that both prints and addresses Post Cards and its speed is spectacular.

The period of hard-to-get Merchandise is changing to a period of hard-to-get Customers—and it is time for all business men to consider what and how they will advertise.

Newspaper and costly mail advertising is dominated by big business. But if you have the ability to compile a mailing list and tell your story on a penny post card, this Elliott Cardvertiser will save your business because it will get hundreds of accurately addressed and perfectly printed post cards into your nearest mail box within one hour of the moment you conceive the thought.

May we send you copies of letters showing how the Elliott Cardvertiser has saved and built many retail businesses selling exactly what you sell?

The Elliott Addressing Machine Company
149 Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.



MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

punchin' with his shotgun. We attracted some attention.

He went and spoke to Bill McCauley, and then he came back and herded me over to the safe room up on stilts, got old Willis Anderson to lower the ladder, and drove me up. He come up after me and taken a old pair of handcuffs from the wall and put one around the safe handle and the other around my right wrist though I was still tied up.

"Watch him, Willis," Mr. Bigelow Johnson said and then he climbed down again and went to the bar.

I INCHED over and looked down through a slit. Mr. Bigelow Johnson had quite a audience then and he taken a drink and turned.

"I brought this skunk back," he says, "to hang him official. He ruin my innocent daughter and rode off."

"Why, he's a big liar," I says to Willis Anderson who was watchin' out his slit. "I never done any such a thing. And anyway how's anybody going to hang anybody official? They ain't even a justice of the peace here."

Old Man Johnson had taken another drink and he was hollering now, workin' himself up. He was workin' up some others, too. Mostly ones I'd won money from playin' poker.

"That snake in the grass with them city boots and them lucky draws and them sweet-talkin' ways, comin' through here and winnin' our money—cheatin'—"

"I never has to cheat them morons," I said. I was plenty scared but I was kind of sore, too, by then.

"... then rides out to my ranch and ruins my daughter, leavin' her a ravaged bundle of tears..."

Old Man Willis Anderson looks at me and he looks right interested, but not sore at me.

"... ruinin' decent girls, rapin' helpless motherless females—"

"Let's hang him now!" somebody hollered.

I really got scared then. And I felt the cold sweat start on me and the handcuff cut my wrist, numb as it was from the rope.

Old Willis Anderson looked real interested at me.

"The murderin' drunken fools," I said and I guess I sobbed a little, thinkin' of Wells Fargo holdin' my money for me in Los Angeles and me only twenty-two years old.

"Funny thing about the West," Willis Anderson said. "Ain't got anything in it but trollops and angels. I'm a Kentuckian myself, been out here fifty years but it wasn't like that at home."

"You suppose they'll hang me?" "I guess," Willis Anderson said. "They kind of got to."

I didn't understand that then but he went on.

"They'll get really drunk and probably hang you at sunup. Make it kind of official."

"I didn't do nothing to that girl," I said.

"You didn't?" He seemed disappointed. He climbed down the ladder, and through my slit I seen him go over to the bar and talk to Mr. Bigelow Johnson. Mr. Bigelow Johnson was red and his neck was a-throbbin' but I couldn't hear what he said.

Willis Anderson come back up the ladder.

"The girl was layin' in tears when Bigelow came home early. She give you full credit for her condition, which she allowed was changed." Willis Anderson rolled a cigarette. "Or so says her paw."

"She's a big liar," I said and I was cryin' then. "And you'll let 'em hang me."

"I can't stop 'em, son," he says. "They got to hang you. You ain't only violated a girl, son. You've violated a code of the West."

I sat up there numb and watched them

get drunk and the clock over the bar crept around and crept around and they got drunker—even Bill McCauley who owned the bar—and they talked low now it was decided and every once in a while they looked up at where I was, though they couldn't see me, and licked their lips and turned and drank some more.

They was burns or they'd have been home—bloodthirsty stupid bums plannin' to hang me when it got light.

I prayed some and begged Willis Anderson to do something but he said he couldn't.

I told him to fetch the girl. He said they wouldn't expose her to the shame. "Lettin' people see her right soon like this after the talk..."

I looked down, and Bill McCauley's bald head was shining in the lamplight, and Mr. Bigelow Johnson's neck was gettin' redder, waddin' up, and those others were lookin' up toward me, lickin' their lips.

She come in then, all dusty, dust clean up to her waist where she'd been in weeds with dew and then walkin' in the dust, and hollows under her eyes.

"Where you got him?" she yelled.

"You go on home now, Miss," somebody said. "We'll take care of him."

Her cheeks was red as apples and she looked at her paw. "If you'd left me a horse to ride, hadn't turned 'em out, I'd have been here sooner."

"Daughter, spare me—"

"You bring that weasel-mouthed rascal down here right now," she said, seein' everybody lookin' up at where I was. "And marry him to me." She stopped and taken a deep breath. "I'm going to have a baby!"

My mouth fell open and the hangin' bee started fallin' apart. I guess that's quite a line and it numbs folks better'n most any other there is. Miss Sydney went over and put her arms around her paw and kissed that repulsive face of his and said, still loud, "You're going to be a grandpa."

Fellow named DeWitt Tyler, a hanger-on around there, he said, "How do you know?" And Mr. Bigelow Johnson went over and hit him, and knocked him down. "That for you," he says. "Of course she knows."

I didn't know whether I was wakin' or dreamin'. They taken me down and untied me and give me four-five drinks, and

Bill McCauley give me the loan of a ring—had it in the cashbox; somebody had put it up for drinks years ago—and Willis Anderson got up and said that by the power vested in him as a former town marshal of Amarillo, Texas, he pronounced us, if we would both nod, man and wife.

I nodded, glad to have a neck to nod and a head with it, and I guess that girl did, too.

She took her paw's horse and we rode out away from the rising sun. Headed west for Los Angeles. Last thing I heard was Bigelow Johnson buying DeWitt Tyler a drink.

She was pretty in the dawn, there, even the way she was, dusty and all.

"I told Paw that lie thinkin' he'd fetch you back and make you marry me," she said. "And then I heard you trottin' by the place and I hollered but you didn't hear and I tried to catch up a horse and couldn't. Paw had turned 'em all out. I had to walk and run to town."

"I see," I said.

"You take me along with you to Los Angeles," she says, "and I'll be good to you and take care of you and I can sell Paw's horse and saddle for enough to pay my share. I won't be bad." She blushed but she didn't stop talkin'. "I'm quite a girl when you get to know me."

"Damned if you ain't," I said.

"WELL," Grandpa said, "that's about all. I thought it was kind of interestin' though it come out flat. Sydney was your grandmaw—we had a hell of a time for sixty years. And she never had no baby till we was living in Los Angeles and had been for five years. She had your mother. And I guess Willis Anderson wasn't no official marrier at all and I guess all your descendants is really not quite legitimate, but they'll leave you the money. We never got married again. Didn't think we could improve on Willis."

I didn't say anything. Looking at this wizened old man, trying to see him seventy years or more ago.

"Some code," he said, "some West!" He grinned. "I never did no good playin' poker after that. Always impatient to get back to my wife or whatever you call her and you know there is nothing like a impatient man to be easy to beat."

THE END



"—and then put the fat into a frying pan and put in the meat, potatoes, salt and pepper, and moisten with beef gravy and cover—"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY



TO YOUNG WORKING GIRLS — WHETHER IN LOVE OR NOT

When a young girl goes to work, she is apt to look on her job pretty much as a fill-in between maturity and marriage.

Whether in love or not, she's confident that a handsome breadwinner will come along . . . to provide her with a nice combination of bliss and security.

"So why," she may ask, "should I save money out of what I make?"

There are a number of reasons why—all good ones. For example:

(A) The right man might not happen along for some time.

(B) He might not be able to provide quite all the little luxuries a young married woman wants.

(C) Having money of her own is a comfort to any woman, no matter how successfully she marries.

So we urge all working girls—if you're not buying U. S. Savings Bonds on a Payroll Plan, get started now.

It's an easy, painless, and automatic way to set aside money for the future. In ten years, you'll get back \$4 for every \$3 you put in.

Remember, girls—having money of your own may not make you *more* attractive, but it certainly won't make you *less*!

P. S.

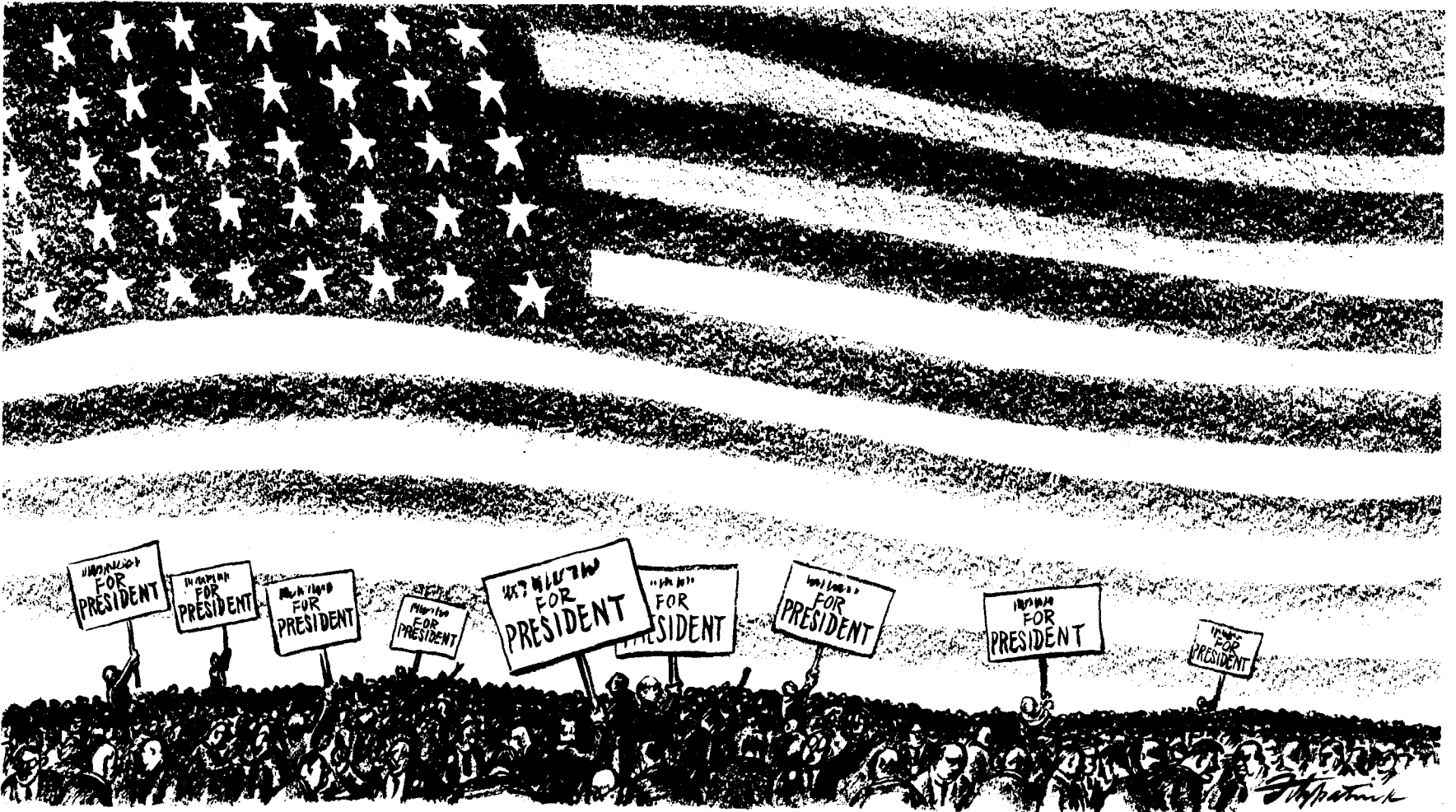
Women not on payrolls, but who have a checking account in a bank, should buy their Bonds on the simple, automatic Bond-A-Month Plan.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Collier's believes...



... AMERICA SHOULD COME BEFORE PERSONAL AMBITION

SIXTEEN years have passed since the Republicans have elected a President. Collier's is not now predicting they will win this fall. We as usual are nonpartisan. We are for country, rather than party. The polls of voters, however, indicate that Republican chances are good. Certainly their chances are better than at any time since 1932. But there is still time enough to mess up the coming Presidential campaign. Victory isn't sure for anybody yet.

President Truman is of course as certain of nomination as is possible in an unsure world. Any Democrat nominated this year has to accept responsibility for the record of his party during the last four Presidential terms. The Democrat in office seeking re-election is going to be blamed for a great many things for which he is in no way responsible. He will be blamed for Russia's aggressive imperialism. That is not just or reasonable, but it will happen.

It was not just or reasonable to blame Herbert Hoover for the depression in 1932, but he was blamed, nevertheless. So this year many people will be inclined to hold Harry Truman accountable for Joseph Stalin or for whoever operates in Stalin's name. A great many voters, discouraged by the world outlook, will be inclined to vote blindly against the man in office.

The easiest and surest way for the Republicans to squander their present good prospects is to repeat the 1920 Republican tactics. The Republicans had at least two good candidates in 1920 and neither was nominated. Instead, as successful managers predicted, a small group of cynical politicians trading in a smoke-filled room gave the nod to an amiable weakling who in the course of history did

unmeasurable harm to the party and to the country. The American people in a mood of disillusionment elected Warren Gamaliel Harding in 1920. Once was enough and if the Republican managers think that 1948 is the year for a repeat performance, we hope and believe they thoroughly misunderstand the temper of the American people.

This year the Republicans have as candidates a number of men of great distinction. Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York has a record that compares favorably with that of any governor of the Empire State, including Governors Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and not forgetting the undefeated champion, Governor De Witt Clinton.

Senator Robert Taft is conceded by men who hate his politics and dissent from his opinions to be one of the most useful members of the United States Senate.

Former Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota is beyond question a brilliant executive, a liberal, a citizen whose patriotism rises above party lines.

Senator Vandenberg of Michigan has the high distinction of having persuaded his party to adopt a nonpartisan attitude toward foreign affairs. He has the very great honor of being the nation's spokesman in the Senate at a time when the Republicans rule the Congress and a Democrat occupies the White House. Senator Vandenberg is not an avowed candidate for the Presidency, but he is among the group that at this moment Republicans must consider.

There is talk now that strong men such as Governor Dewey and Senator Taft, leading rival candidates, will each be strong enough to prevent the nomination of a rival, if not themselves to win the

nomination. This is conceivable. Collier's does not think so ill of either Governor Dewey or of Senator Taft, or of former Governor Stassen, for that matter, to believe that any such event is probable. We have too much faith in the intelligence, the patriotism, the essential good character of all of these candidates, to be willing to think that any one of them would put his own political preferment ahead of the welfare of his country.

We believe that in 1948, as at the time of the founding of the United States as an independent nation, we are peculiarly blest in that many of our political leaders are men of high character, of great intelligence and of complete devotion to the public welfare.

We have had our dark moments. Four years after the Republicans nominated Harding, the Democratic convention established a new and we hope a final low in petty partisanship when the McAdoo and the Al Smith forces fought to the bitterest of ends and guaranteed the success of the candidate of their rival party.

We do not believe that the Republicans this year will repeat the Republican and the Democratic mistakes of 1920 and 1924. We believe that out of an abundance of able candidates the Republicans will nominate a man who will appeal to the intelligence, to the character and to the imagination of the American people. We believe the Democrats also will nominate a man who puts the national welfare above all other considerations. Let us repeat—we endorse no man. We stand for the Common Good.

If this be idealism, we believe we will be confirmed and sustained by the candidates of both parties.

W. L. C.

Collier's for May 8, 1948

Is one of these Mothers yours?

PRACTICAL MOTHER. Is she the balance wheel of the family—the one person who keeps the rest of you running smoothly? She'll really appreciate the steady heartbeat of a fine Hamilton like the LYNN (below).

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER. Has she always been the embodiment of charm and graciousness? And does she believe in the fine old traditions? Give her America's traditional gift—a forever-faithful Hamilton like the B-4 (below).

GLAMOUR MOTHER. Do men still turn around when she goes by? And do you often wish you had inherited her perfect taste in everything? She'll be thrilled by the faultless taste of an exquisite Hamilton such as the FL-20 (below).

The gift that will best express your deep love for your mother on Mother's Day (or any other day) is an eternally lovely, eternally accurate Hamilton Watch. Every watch has the finest hairspring ever developed—Hamilton Elinvar Extra. (Remember Dad on Father's Day, June 20, with a fine man's Hamilton like one of those pictured below.)

Since 1892, America's only manufacturer of fine full-jeweled watches exclusively —priced from \$52.25 to \$5,000

LEFT TO RIGHT: LYNN—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **\$71.50**; **B-4**—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **\$150.00** (other distinctive diamond-set watches in gold and platinum); **FL-20**—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and smart link bracelet, *Medallion** movement: **\$250.00**; **MILTON**—19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled case: **\$71.50**; **KIRK**—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case, introducing a striking new style note in thin, round-case watches: **\$132.00**; **DWIGHT**—17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case: **\$55.00**. At better jewelers everywhere. All prices include Fed. Tax. Hamilton's experience making railroad watches assures greatest accuracy in every grade. Send for FREE folder and revealing booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. D-3, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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WORLD'S ROUGHEST RIDE!



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Hill-Climbing Champion
CLEM MURDAUGH
says:

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the Best Teacher
in motorcycling—
and in choosing a
cigarette, too!"

LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL
HAVE TO MAKE
ANOTHER RUN, CLEM!
I'M SURE THAT GUYS
BEATIN' YOUR
TIME!

WHEEL HER OUT!
I'LL SHOW THEM SOME
FANCY SLANT SHOOTING*
THIS TIME!

*SLANT SHOOTING—MOTORCYCLE SLANG FOR HILL CLIMBING

NOW—
ON HIS
SECOND—AND
LAST—RUN—
CHAMPION
**CLEM
MURDAUGH!**

MURDAUGH'S
GIVING HER THE
GUN... HE'S IN
TROUBLE! HE
CAN'T STEER!

THE TERRIFIC
JOLTING OF MURDAUGH'S
FIRST UPHILL RUN HAS
LOOSENED THE HANDLE-
BAR STEM BOLT. HE
MUST CALL ON ALL HIS
EXPERIENCE—STEER
WITH "BODY ENGLISH"!

MURDAUGH'S
MAKING IT—AND
IT LOOKS LIKE
RECORD TIME.
WHAT A
CHAMPION!

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST TEACHER**
—IN MOTORCYCLING—
YES, AND IN CHOOSING
A CIGARETTE, TOO.
CLEM MURDAUGH SAYS,
"THROUGH THE YEARS,
I'VE TRIED ALL BRANDS.
**CAMELS ARE THE
CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE
WITH ME!**"

GREAT GOING,
CLEM! WHEN I SAW
YOU COULDN'T
STEER, I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU
COULD MAKE IT!

DON'T
FORGET—HE'S
HAD PLENTY OF
EXPERIENCE.
HAVE A CAMEL,
MR. MURDAUGH?

THANKS!
CHOOSING CAMELS IS THE
RESULT OF EXPERIENCE TOO!

**YOUR "T-ZONE"
WILL TELL YOU
WHY!**

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T for Throat...

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ground for any ciga-
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don't suit your "T-
Zone" to a "T."

Motorcycle Champion **CLEM MURDAUGH** says:

CAMELS ARE THE
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WITH ME! THEY'RE
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Clem Murdaugh
1946—1947 National
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According to a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
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organizations asked 113,597 doctors to
name the cigarette they smoked. More doc-
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More people are smoking
CAMELS than ever before!

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